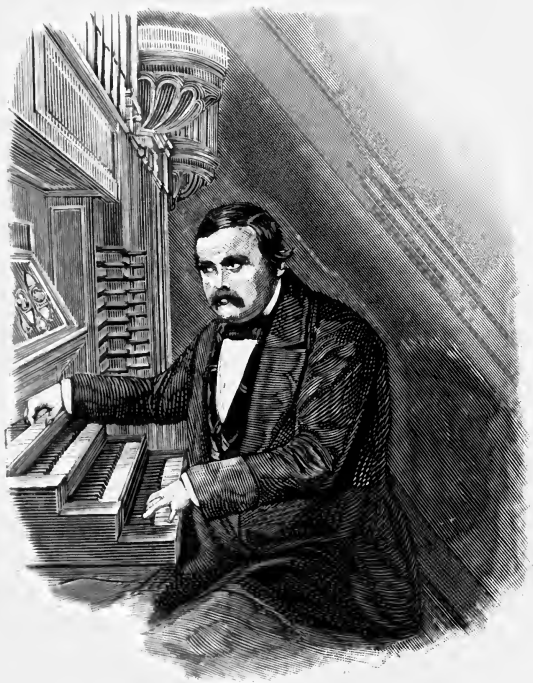


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The late Jaques Vogt, Organist, Fribourg, Switzerland.

Reputed the greatest Organist of the time.

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NOTES FROM  
THE JOURNAL OF A TOURIST

BY  
GEORGE BUCKHAM

VOLUME II  
ITALY, SPAIN, CENTRAL AND NORTHERN  
EUROPE

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

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1868-1876.

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## XX.

Road over the Apennines ; Spezzia ; Leghorn ; Pisa ; Rome, St. Peter's, Pope and Procession Display ; Vatican, Works of Art, Library, etc. ; Churches in Rome.

GENOA, *December 18th, 1869.*—Up at 5, breakfasted at 6, and off to the train which left at 7 for Chiavari, where we arrived at 9 and found our vetturino, Pietro Croce, waiting for us. Got our luggage loaded up and started at 9.30 for Spezzia. The route by rail from Genoa to Chiavari lies along the shore of the Mediterranean and passes through many villages, some of them interesting historically, and all of them beautifully situated, chiefly on the mountain sides which skirt the coast all the way. The journey from Chiavari is full of interest. The road leads directly into the heart of the Apennines and over their lofty summits, so that there is scarcely a quarter of a mile of level highway. Nothing can possibly be finer than this part of the great and far-famed Corniche Road, running, as it does, through such varied scenery, combining the sublime and the beauti-

ful in a manner unsurpassed by any other highway in the world. The gorges of the mountains are thickly inhabited, dotted all over by dwellings and in many places by villages. From one of the summits reached in our route we counted nine villages in sight, each having a church with a tall spire, some ruined castles and innumerable houses of the peasantry scattered all over the mountain-sides or in the gorges and valleys. Each has more or less cultivable ground, which in every instance has been made by walling up or terracing the slopes of the hillsides. We saw a number of high and steep hills that were terraced from bottom to top. These mountain farms and gardens are singularly beautiful. Cereals, vegetables, flowers, and fruits are grown on the earth thus reclaimed, and grapes and apricots are trained on the walls built for the support of each of these narrow plots; in the season of blossoms and leaves these walls and hillsides are said to be beautiful beyond description. Our road continued to ascend the steeps of the Apennines for five hours, a large part of which I walked, which afforded me a better view of the scenery. The air was bracing though soft and balmy, and everything tended to elevate and inspirit me. On descending, we passed some of these mountain villages, but found on closer inspection that distance lent enchantment to the view. Groups of the inhabitants were lounging lazily about and gazing at the passers by; men, women, and children were squalid and wretched-looking objects, with sickly, sallow complexions and mostly clothed in rags. We were surrounded by beggars old and young, who would not be driven off but would follow long distances, until they either succeeded or found further efforts useless. The churches and houses which appeared well at a distance we found in a dirty and dilapidated condition, which dispelled the bright delusions of the distant view.

The road descends abruptly after passing the summits and winds its tortuous course down the mountain-sides, some-

times passing through deep and very narrow gorges walled on either side by precipitous rocks, covered with brilliant mosses and dripping with perpetual damps, which the sun never reaches, and from which the daylight is almost excluded ; suddenly we turn an acute angle and the bright sun shines full upon us. Thus we went on until the darkness of night overtook us while yet down in the deep recesses of this wilderness of mountain peaks. Before the evening set in one of the windings brought us suddenly in view of a vast amphitheatre of mountains, with a snow range of great height, the surrounding wall and the whole grand interior being filled up by a multitude of high, sharp-pointed hills ; a more magnificent scene it would be impossible to imagine. Almost immediately after darkness set in the full moon suddenly came in view on turning out of one of these valleys, affording an instantaneous change from darkness to light, and heightening the effect of this picture in a singular degree. We soon came in sight of the bright lights of Spezzia at the foot of the mountains on the seashore, and at a few minutes before 8 we entered the " Hotel Croce de Malta " and were shown to well-heated rooms, with blazing wood fires burning on the hearths.

*December 19th* (Sunday).—Another sad day. It has been raining all night, and heavy banks of fog are rolling in from the Mediterranean. After breakfast we attended Divine service in one of the parlors of the hotel. The preacher is a Baptist, and an earnest, sensible man ; he gave us a sermon on the text " My times are in thy hands," which pleased us very well.

After lunch I took a walk through the town, a clean, active, bustling place, with a population of some twelve thousand inhabitants ; it is surrounded by the Apennine range on one side, and by the sea on the other. The high peaks immediately in the rear of the town are crowned with the ruins of ancient castles and fortresses, erected centuries ago by the

Genoese, for defence against the Saracens, Barbary pirates, and other enemies.

The Bay of Spezzia is so completely land-locked as to make it a perfectly safe anchorage for shipping ; the Italian navy, or nearly the whole of it, is now riding at anchor with numerous other ships of war of different nations, and a large fleet of merchant ships. The air is warm and summer-like, and the orange groves are laden with fruit. Beautiful roses and other flowers are in full bloom, and fill the air with their delightful perfumes.

Rain is falling in torrents, and it is said that the storm extends along the whole coast, and is particularly violent between this place and Rome. A great inundation is said to be now doing terrible work in Pisa ; thirty persons have lost their lives, and the destruction of property is immense. I fear this will prevent our visit to Pisa, and that we shall be compelled to pass directly through to Leghorn.

We found a very agreeable party of English and French ladies and gentlemen (all English speaking), at the table d'hôte this evening, from whom we obtained much information, as to Rome, with its sights and festivities, during the Christmas holidays and Holy Week.

*December 20th.*—Started at 11.10 for Leghorn by rail, our course lying parallel with the seashore and in sight of it much of the way. The mountain slopes like those already traversed are terraced from bottom to top, presenting a beautiful appearance and looking like an almost infinite number of galleries or tiers of gardens. We passed through many villages and saw numbers of the hillsides or peaks with many ruined castles, towers, and other buildings, some of them of great extent.

The train stopped at Carrara, where we took in an intelligent Italian gentleman and his wife and two children, who afterward gave me his card, on which was written the name of "Giovani Goldenberger, Propriétaire de Carrara de



marbre Carrara." This gentleman and his lady gave me much information respecting the marbles of Italy and invited us to come and see them at Carrara. We also passed through Massa-Carrara, noted likewise for the variety and excellence of its marbles. Presently the train neared Pisa and we soon saw the celebrated Campanile or Leaning Tower, one of the wonders of the world. Having but a short time to spend in Pisa, we took a carriage and drove through the city. We found it had just recovered from a dreadful inundation of the River Arno, the water rising five or six feet in some parts of the town ; everything presented a most distressing condition. The houses and streets were soaking wet and the inhabitants were engaged in repairing damages.

The walls of Pisa are very interesting and in a tolerable state of preservation ; they are very strong and high, and would seem to defy an assault at any time before the discovery of modern gunnery.

We drove to the Leaning Tower, to the top of which, by means of two hundred and twelve steps, I ascended ; it is one hundred and seventy-six feet high, and is constructed entirely of white marble which is considerably discolored by age. Its architecture is highly ornamental, having several galleries on the outside surrounded by rows of fine columns. It is thirteen feet out of perpendicular, so that the inclination is very strongly marked, especially when contrasted with the high and perpendicular walls of the neighboring Cathedral. From the top we had an extensive and most beautiful view of the city and surrounding country, which is very level.

We stepped over to the Cathedral and were conducted through it by a guide. This is indeed one of the most remarkable and splendid edifices. It is rich in marbles, bronzes, paintings, and sculptures. Two of the great altars and all their adjuncts are in silver, and the floors and ceilings are exceedingly fine, inlaid with Roman mosaics and frescos

in the most exquisite styles. The great columns in the interior are monoliths of beautiful granite. The front wall is purely Byzantine and the great bronze doors are of the best workmanship, each panel representing some stage in the Passion of the Saviour, or some other historical subject. We next visited the Baptistry, which is a circular building of large dimensions, finished in a great variety of marbles in the interior, sculptured in a style which cannot be surpassed. There was one other place of interest which we intended to visit, the Campo Santo, but our time was up and we feared to spend the night in the wet city, so we dashed off to the train, and in half an hour found ourselves at Leghorn, where we stopped at the "Hotel du Nord," our rooms being nicely warmed for us in advance of our arrival.

Recurring again to the Leaning Tower, I would say that I do not agree with the guide-books in the opinion that it was originally perpendicular ; I looked at the masonry all around and found the stones on the leaning side smaller and of a different shape from those on the opposite side. I also found that the columns on the opposite curves were set and shaped differently. So great is the inclination of this enormous mass that I cannot see how it escaped utter demolition if its present position were the results of the settling of the ground.

Going back to the marble quarries of Carrara and Massa-Carrara, I remarked that the mountain-sides were so white in many of the gorges from the summits to the bases as to give the appearance of being covered with snow. In other places the surfaces are of different hues, showing rich and inexhaustible deposits of these magnificent marbles, which for ages have contributed to the building and ornamenting of the palaces of the world.

*December 21st.*—A cloudy, damp morning. The "Hotel du Nord" is one of the best we have been in, the rooms are clean and well furnished and the cuisine is excellent. Our

parlor windows look out upon the quay and the shipping. On the piazza there is a marble group of great merit.

We leave at 11.55 in the train for Rome, and expect to reach there at 10 P.M.

After breakfast we took a stroll through the city to buy a few articles and see the sights ; the former are to be had in abundance and cheap, but the latter are scarce, Leghorn being a comparatively new city and entirely devoted to commerce.

The group referred to is composed of a grand centre figure in white marble on an elevated pedestal, at each corner of which is a colossal figure in bronze, bound to the corners with chains ; these figures represent an African, an Asiatic, a Turk, and an Arab, probably emblematical of the conquests of him in whose honor the monument was erected.

We left Leghorn at 12 M. by rail, passing through a lonely marshy country until nearly dark, when we reached a dense oak forest in Tuscany, which is the great hunting-ground for the wild boar. About 8 o'clock the cars were emptied of their passengers and contents in a drenching rain, to have their "small luggage" examined by the Roman customs officers. I showed my pass, which my friend, Mr. Inman, had kindly sent me, and found no difficulty, while all the rest of our fellow-passengers were detained in the mud under a dripping shed for half an hour, until the process was gone through. Here also our passport was examined and then we were under way again. The moon gave a tolerable light, sufficient to enable us to see ruins here and there as we approached Rome.

At 10.45 we arrived at the station, where we found our good friend Mr. Inman waiting for us ; he at once undertook everything for us, got a carriage, attended to our luggage, and then accompanied us to the "Hotel de l'Europe," where a room with a good fire was in readiness for us ; he also procured our letters at the bankers for us.

*December 22d.*—The church bells began to ring before daylight and woke us up after a short and restless night.

We drove to St. Peter's, the first sight of which disappointed us. Entered and felt more impressed with the grandeur and majesty of the enormous pile ; walked through it and began to realize, as I proceeded, the colossal dimensions of this wonder of the world. Standing under its huge dome, I must have looked no larger than an insect to persons who were on the top. Yet, with all the magnificence of this enormous temple, it failed to impress me with the idea of perfection in architecture ; this will be considered as very presumptuous on my part, and I will say no more until we shall have visited the building again.

As I wandered through the streets I felt carried back many centuries.

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. J. Buchanan Read called ; they are very agreeable people ; Mr. Read is painter, sculptor and poet, and the author of the picture and poem entitled "Sheridan's Ride."

*December 23d.*—About 10 A.M. the heavy weather cleared a little and we got a carriage and went to St. Peter's ; went through the great Cathedral, which to-day looms far above the sight of yesterday, when I confessed to a feeling of disappointment.

On returning to our hotel, we met the Pope's cavalcade, and in accordance to custom descended from our carriage until he passed. First came a fine carriage and four, with two outriders, two drivers, and two footmen, followed by a party of cavalry ; then came another carriage similarly driven, attended, and followed ; and then the splendid coach of Pio Nono, with six fine horses in splendid harness and trappings, with two drivers and five footmen behind, and followed by a large party of horsemen in military uniforms, the body-guard of the Pope, all of whom are noblemen. The procession closed with other carriages like the first two, each containing

the Cardinals and other high church and state dignitaries. We afterward learned that they were on their way to attend the funeral of a deceased Cardinal.

After lunch the sun came out clear and warm, and we drove to the Coliseum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Arch of Severus, the Arch of Titus, a mere cursory view of which consumed the afternoon.

*December 24th.*—Another rainy morning. It seemed as if all the bells in the city rang all night. I was roused several times by them. The whole day has been so bad that we could only go among the shops. John Inman led the way, and took us first to a jeweller's, where we left fifteen scarabæi to be set, ten in a bracelet, three as scarf-pins, and two as rings, to be finished in a fortnight.

*December 25th* (Christmas).—There was bell-ringing and cannon-firing all night. The moon shone out, and the weather seems to promise fair for the day.

I got up at 5.30, and found many persons driving off to St. Peter's at that hour. We are assured that there is no necessity of going until 9 o'clock, and the sequel proved it.

While standing at the hotel gate this morning, a donkey ambled up with a boy on her bare back; the rider jumped off, ran into a house, and soon reappeared with a large glass in his hand, which he filled with milk from the animal, ran in with it, remounted, and ambled off.

We breakfasted earlier than usual and found that all the guests had gone to St. Peter's long ago, which made us fear we stood no chance to get in.

At 8.30 Mr. Inman called for us and we drove by a circuitous way to the great Cathedral. At the door of our hotel we were saluted by Monsignor Capel in his scarlet robe and white down cape; he was going to the ceremonies also. We saw the Monsignor at Jerusalem last with the Marquis of Bute, with whose conversion to the Romish Church from Presbyterianism he is credited, and for which highly meritori-

ous service he received from the Pope the title of *Monsignor*, which is regarded as a high honor in the Church.

Accompanied by Messrs. Inman and Vail we drove to St. Peter's, where we arrived at 9 A.M., and found no difficulty whatever in making our way to a place directly opposite the statue of the saint and nearly under the grand dome. Mr. Inman procured a camp-stool for my wife, on which she sat or stood to see the sights remote or near. We had places against one of the immense marble pilasters and could not have been better placed both for seeing and hearing.

As the time for the Pope's entrance approached the crowd became more and more dense until the whole body of the vast interior was filled with a mass of humanity, except a narrow passage in the centre of the nave, which was guarded and kept open by a double file of soldiers in close order with muskets and fixed bayonets.

While waiting for the entrance of his Holiness, I improved the time by examining with my glass so much of the grand edifice as came within the scope of my vision.

At length a movement in the solid mass announced the approach of the Pope, and just as he entered a salvo of silver trumpets heralded his advent. He walked to the open space in the nave, preceded by high officials and followed by his Cardinals. After a short pause he was raised in a chair of state and borne on the shoulders of men. Over him was carried a splendid canopy of silver cloth bordered with gold, and on either side a huge fan of peacock's feathers in the centre and a broad white margin of down. He was robed in white satin trimmed with gold, and in his hand a papal crown of the shape and style with which pictures have made us familiar. Preceding the Pope-bearers were several tall lighted candles, and behind them followed the Cardinals and other ecclesiastical dignitaries in order of rank, attired in the splendid costumes and vestments of the Church. Before the grand procession moved, the solemn silence which reigned on

the entrance of the Pope was broken by a loud authoritative word of command, and in the next instant the vast interior resounded with the "grounding" of a thousand muskets as they obeyed in a single movement the word of command.

The procession now moved very slowly toward the grand altar, the military and others prostrating themselves on their knees as the Pontiff passed and acknowledged with a waving hand and approving smile the reverence and loyalty of his subjects. Non-Romanists did not prostrate themselves or even incline their heads as the Sovereign Pontiff passed, an omission which surprised me. Something, I think, was due to the temporal potentate in return, at least, for the hospitality and attention and privileges enjoyed by foreigners visiting Rome.

On reaching the apse, the Pope descended and mounted a throne draped in white, during which the grand chorus sang very effectively. This done, the Pope descended from his throne, and accompanied by his Cardinals advanced with slow and dignified steps toward the grandest altar in the world, which stands beneath a canopy or dais of enormous size, and, composed of the finest bronze, occupies a large space on the transept beneath the dome, and is elevated several feet above the pavement. He then ascended to the platform on which stands the altar and golden candlesticks, all of which are in proportion to the surrounding accessories. Here the Pope was engaged for some time in the performance of the usual ceremonies which accompany High Mass. After which the military—which had resumed their position with arms shouldered—again, at the word of command, grounded arms, as if the movement was that of a single man, and in the next moment they bowed low at the elevation of "the Host." It will scarcely be possible to forget the grand outburst of the silver trumpets as they announced this, the most solemn act in the worship of the Romish Church. The music seemed to come from a great distance high above the

earth, and descended until its clarion notes rang loud but in sweet and silvery strains, as they rolled through the recesses of the stupendous interior! When this ceased it was followed by a monotonous chant and we made our exit, after spending three and a half hours on our third visit to St. Peter's. As we emerged the rain was falling in torrents, but by the help of our servant we soon picked out our carriage from the thousands that were waiting in and around the grand piazza and returned to our hotel for lunch.

At 1.30 we were off again in the direction of the Santa Maria Maggiore, the third church in point of splendor and greatness of dimensions in Rome. Here the Pope, Cardinals, and other high church dignitaries were assembled for vespers. We heard some very fine vocal music and after examining various parts of the great and splendid edifice we made our way with some difficulty through the crowd to the Borghese Chapel. Here we found a splendid collection of works of art, chiefly sculptures; it was truly magnificent.

We next drove to the Forum, which is not to be seen from carriage windows so as to give anything like a description, which I shall attempt after another visit. The Coliseum came next in turn, our third visit, then the Arches of Constantine, Severus, and Titus, and the Temples of Vesta and of the Sun, and what is supposed to have been the Palace of Julius Cæsar.

As we drove through many of the dirty and narrow streets and lanes we came upon out-croppings of the ancient city in several places. One was particularly striking; it consisted of two once magnificent marble-fluted columns, with their Corinthian capitals well preserved, but coated with dirt. The place where they stood had been filled up with débris, perhaps centuries ago, and less than half the length of these columns was above the surface. In another place I saw a column with its capital and part of its frieze only six or seven feet above ground; against it stood a chestnut roaster



and the once beautiful capital was used as a place to stuff dirty clothing of the poor creature who was plying his vocation hard by. These are but a few of the many evidences that ancient Rome is in fact buried beneath the modern city.

*December 26th* (Sunday).—At 10.45 we drove to the American Chapel, which is outside of the walls, and found the services in the Episcopal form. In the afternoon went to the Scotch Church and were much pleased. This place of worship is also outside of the gates of Rome, Protestant worship not being permitted within the city.\*

*December 27th.*—This morning we went to the "Hotel Molars" and took a suite of rooms, as we found there was no prospect of a change of apartments in the "Hotel de l'Europe." After that we rode through a driving rain to the Church of St. Giovanni in Laterano, the second in Rome in point of splendor, and that in which the Popes receive their crowns. Here are to be seen the most magnificent triumphs of the chisel, in the statuary of the Apostles which decorate the huge piers on either side of the nave. These statues are colossal and cannot be viewed without astonishment at the skill which has almost inspired them with life; nearly as marvellous is it to behold the masses of drapery which hang in graceful folds on these gigantic figures, when one reflects that the whole were hewn from blocks of marble. There is about these statues an air of grandeur and majesty that defies description.

Beneath the Chapel of Pope Clement the Twelfth, in a vault some twenty feet below the surface of the Chapel, is a magnificent marble group representing the dead Saviour in the arms of his mother, whose face is the best expression of the dignity of grief that I ever beheld. The body of the Saviour is, I think, the most truthful and expressive representation of death that I have ever looked upon in art, and as forcibly tells the story in sculpture as does the "Descent

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\* Since entirely changed, the temporal power of the Pope being ended.

from the Cross" by Rubens in painting. There is a multitude of interesting things about this grand church and its history which would fill a volume.

A heavy storm of wind and rain, with large hail and terrific thunder, drove us home for the rest of the day, which we spent in our parlor.

*December 28th.*—Up before daylight. Our rooms in the "Hotel Molar" proving cold and damp, we determined to devote the day in efforts to find some place fit to live in. After inquiring at the bankers, Mr. Inman's, and Mr. Read's, we drove to several hotels, and finally took rooms, a parlor and two bedrooms, at the "Hotel de Russia."

We packed up again, and feel more at home than we have since arriving. The sun (if it shines again) will rest on our windows nearly all day, which in Rome is absolutely necessary for health, as the streets are damp and narrow, and the houses so high, that the sun rarely shines in the second stories of any of the hotels, except such as stand in open places.

In the evening at 9.15 we drove to Mr. Hooker's to a party, and found his splendid salons crowded with a gay and fashionable throng. Mr. Hooker occupies a floor in the Palace of Cardinal Bonaparte. We were introduced to a large number of sumptuously furnished chambers, which were also decorated with a great variety of works of art in sculptures and paintings.

Among the company were several ecclesiastics of different grades and various denominations, Roman Catholics, Dutch Reformed, Scotch Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Baptist. The Schools of Art were largely represented. The Bar of New York was there in the persons of Charles O'Connor and Lyman Tremain. Besides these there were many visitors from America, England, France, Germany, Italy, and other parts of the Continent.

Some of the best professional vocalists in Rome performed

their finest Christmas pieces, and at 11.30 the company began to drop off, all seemingly much pleased with the evening's entertainment. We were introduced to Mr. Rogers, the eminent sculptor, and others who have resided in Rome for thirty years, and who gave us much interesting and useful information.

*December 29th.*—We intended to spend the day in the Vatican, but failed to find an English-speaking valet-de-place; so we took a carriage and drove to the Baths of Caracalla.

The ruins of these baths are reached either through the Via Appia or the Via Antonina; we went by the latter, and on ringing at a gateway were admitted by the custodian, who conducted us through this stupendous wilderness of ruins, which I think are even more impressive than the Coliseum. The baths alone were seven hundred and twenty feet long by three hundred and seventy-five wide, and with the other buildings of gigantic size surrounding and attached to them, covered a space of one hundred and forty thousand square yards. It is said that one thousand six hundred persons could bathe in them at once; but while I surveyed the tremendous area of the swimming bath, I thought it large enough to hold three thousand bathers.

These baths were founded one thousand seven hundred years ago, and the mountainous masses of brick walls yet standing attest their enormous strength. The highest points of many of the walls are draped in ivy, or crowned with a heavy growth of different kinds of vegetation. The floors have been exhumed in many places, and are very beautiful; they are mosaics of the fish-scale shape made up of different colored porphyries and marbles. The roofs, which have long since fallen, and lie in huge blocks on the ground, were also inlaid in like manner, large sections of these beautiful mosaics being still visible.

The baths were surrounded by porticos, gardens, a stadium, a theatre, an immense reservoir, and in the centre of all a

grand library, the great dome of which was supported by splendid Corinthian columns, fragments of which with one or two of their beautiful capitals are still to be seen.

We next visited the Tombs of the Scipios, into which we were conducted by the female keeper, who handed each of us a lighted candle and led the way down a long tortuous and dark declivity for at least three minutes, when she paused and pointed out the sarcophagus of Scipio Africanus, and passing on she showed us those of the other Scipios in succession. These are the most ancient and perhaps the most interesting tombs historically that have yet been discovered. The burial place of this illustrious family was in dispute until about a century ago, when it was found by accidentally digging up some marble slabs with almost defaced inscriptions on them, which led to the finding of burial places which have remained undisturbed more than two thousand years !

Not far from these tombs are the Columbaria, or burying places of the ashes of the dead, so called from the manner in which they are built. We descended into two of these by narrow stone steps. The Columbarium is built in quadrangular form about twenty-five feet below the surface and about twenty feet square. Each side is walled up and contains nine tiers of small openings, each having two circular cavities containing earthen or marble vessels, wherein were put the ashes of deceased persons, and on a marble slab let into the walls was inscribed the name of the person.

These are very ancient, as it is known that the Romans abandoned the practice of burning their dead at a very early period in our era.

*December 30th.*—The clear, cold morning, sky and air give unmistakable assurance of the return of fine weather at last. I got up early to be ready to visit the Palace of the Vatican. We employed a valet-de-place to accompany us thither and started off at 9.30. As we drove along the bank of the "Yellow Tiber," we saw by the condition of the

streets that it had inundated them, and was now rushing in an impetuous and whirling torrent, swollen by the almost incessant rains of many days, toward the Mediterranean, distant about sixteen miles.

We soon reached the Vatican, the entrance to which is on the right of that magnificent basilica (St. Peter's) which grows in majesty and sublime grandeur the oftener I approach it. Guards in the peculiar uniforms of the papal service, with long pikes and battle-axes at shoulder, passed up and down in front of every entrance and at the foot and head of every flight of stairs. We passed into the grand ante-hall and ascended broad and lofty marble staircases until we arrived at the "Fabrick of Mosaiques," where we began the pleasant and, as it turned out, fatiguing work of the day.

It is said, and truly, so far as my experience goes, that no palace in the world approaches the Vatican in interest; either as regards its position in ecclesiastical history or the influence its vast collections have exercised on the learning and taste of Christendom for several centuries. This immense pile of buildings was founded about the year 305, and received great additions to its extent during the reigns of subsequent emperors and popes down to the present time, so that its development, which has progressed through so many centuries, has prevented any uniformity of plan, and the palace may be considered as made up of a number of incongruous structures. The space it covers is enormous in length, being nearly one thousand two hundred feet, and in breadth seven hundred and seventy feet. It has eight principal staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two rooms; these are all stored almost to repletion with vast and varied treasures of art, both ancient and modern. It may be said with entire truth that specimens of human inventions and skill almost from the infancy of our race to the present time may be seen within these walls. After this statement, it will not be ex-

pected that I can do more than notice very briefly only a few of the wonders of this most wonderful palace.

We were first introduced to the grand workshops or "Fabrick of Mosaiques," where we found a large number of artists employed in copying the portraits of a long line of popes in mosaic, which are to be used in the decoration of the great Church of St. Paul. These portraits are colossal in size and round in form. They are all done on a golden ground and in the brightest colors and tints of life, on account of the great height at which they will be placed. There were artists also employed in copying other pictures, large and small, for other churches, as this is the grand workshop of the Church, which relies so much on the use of accessories such as these in its worship. To us the process of working in mosaics was novel and interesting, and at the same time it appeared to be so entirely simple and mechanical that children might become experts in the business. Boys were employed in the primary parts, and men were doing such portions as required skill, care, and accuracy, but everything is done by rule; the work is all lined and laid out on the plan in sections, so that it seemed to need only a skilful hand and a correct eye for colors to select and place in position each fragment of stone.

We passed into the "Galleria Lapidaria," as it is called; this is an immense corridor six hundred and ninety feet long, and occupied mostly with ancient inscriptions and monuments in marble and bronze, and arranged in classes. On one side are to be seen Greek and Latin Pagan inscriptions, and on the other those of the early Christians. These comprise a vast number of intensely interesting relics of ancient times. It is curious to observe among the Pagan inscriptions those which were erected to the memories of all classes from the Potentate to the Freedman and Slave. Another curious feature is that the business, profession, occupation and rank of the deceased are stated. Besides these, there are many

other interesting relics in this grand corridor, such as sarcophagi, funeral altars, ancient lamps, architectural fragments, animals of different kinds. The subjects here would afford the most interesting studies to the antiquary and the curious, furnishing as they do evidences of the advancement of Christianity as it threw light into Pagan darkness.

The dawn of the Christian religion is here foreshadowed by allusions in some of the inscriptions to a future existence. Many of them begin with the letters "X" (Ch) and "P" (R), the monogram of the Saviour.

At the end of this great corridor we entered the "Braccio Nuovo," which contains many hundreds of examples of sculpture of high antiquity ; these are arranged in a large number of rooms, and were found in such places as the Baths of Caracalla, Hadrian's Villa, the Coliseum, the Quirinal. This is a most magnificent hall of two hundred and sixty-five feet in length and well lighted from the ceiling. The floors are composed of many beautiful and interesting mosaics ; among this collection is a grand statue of the great Emperor Augustus, larger than life size, one hand holding a sceptre and the other outstretched as in the act of speaking. There is also an allegorical figure of the Nile, represented by a recumbent colossal statue of a man with sixteen cherubs playing around him, which are supposed to symbolize the number of feet necessary for a fruitful rise in the river ; other figures are also sculptured on this magnificent work, such as the hippopotamus, crocodile, stork, ibis, ox, ichneumon, etc., the whole forming a group of exquisite beauty and skill.

But the most interesting object to me in this whole collection was the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus ; there it stands, a link to connect the era of two thousand years ago with the present hour ! It is said that when this sarcophagus was opened in 1781 the skeleton was found entire, with a ring upon one of the fingers ; the bones were reinterred at Padua, and the ring is in possession of the Earl of Beverly in Eng-

land. Here also are to be seen the "Perseus" and the "Two Boxers," one of Canova's greatest works. But what can I say of the "Laocoön," which is here also, except that I have seen it?

In this unrivalled collection there are two of the grandest sarcophagi perhaps in the world, or at all events above its surface; they are of porphyry, highly polished, and seemingly without a scratch, their surfaces are sculptured in the boldest relief, each figure seeming at a distance to stand quite out and disconnected. There are horses and men representing the triumphal procession of some victorious Roman emperor. In the train are to be seen slaves as prisoners of war in chains, and dancers with wreaths and garlands. In other places animals are being led to the sacrifice.

My valet-de-place could give no other account of these splendid relics except that they came from the Baths of Diocletian, which I consider very doubtful, and Murray, "On the Vatican," is almost as blind a guide; so I have yet to learn this interesting piece of information. We are now conducted to the three great halls called the "Arazzi," from "Arras," in France, where the great tapestries contained in them were manufactured from the cartoons of Raphael. These are considered very fine. They illustrate Scripture subjects, chiefly events in the life of Christ. Our valet-de-place completely upset the little reliance placed on his statements by telling me that the tapestries relating to our Saviour were more than two thousand years old!

The collection of Pompeian antiquities is large and intensely interesting; so also is the Greek collection, among which are rings, bracelets, chaplets shaped like oak-leaves, and acorns, coronets and breastplates, all of pure gold, with here and there a jewel still remaining to tell of their former splendor. The collection of Etruscan scarabæi is also large and beautiful, but did not interest me so much as the scarabæi of Egypt, of which the Etruscan seem to me to



be poor counterfeits. In this chamber stood a Roman chariot, with every evidence of genuineness about it. Here, too, we saw the apparatus on which the dead were burned, so as to collect their ashes, and near by lamps used at sacrifices. The Egyptian collection is large, and in some respects good.

We were next admitted to the *Biblioteca Vaticana*, or the Library of the Vatican, the great hall of which is two hundred and twenty feet long, and of proportionate breadth and height. A description of this magnificent chamber, its decorations and contents, would fill volumes.

From this we passed to the galleries, which are one thousand two hundred feet long, and stored with a wealth of literature and art which puts all attempts at description at defiance ; opening from these galleries to the right and left are other galleries, devoted to curiosities of every description, many of them marvels of rarity, skill, and beauty.

The panoramas from the windows and balconies of the Vatican are very extensive, beautiful, and interesting ; from some of them nearly the whole of Rome is visible, together with a great stretch of the surrounding country, lined and dotted by ruins of ancient aqueducts, temples, monuments, tombs, towers, and walls, and in the distance, far beyond, the hills and mountains with snow-crowned summits environing the whole scene.

We spent four and a half hours on our first visit to the Vatican, and finished the day by driving to and briefly visiting the following places :

The Church of *Minerva*, so called because built on the site of the temple of that goddess ; the columns in this church are numerous and magnificent : the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, at the foot of the Capitoline ; we descended into the dungeon, and found it dismal enough : the Pantheon, a splendid and well-preserved building ; but we could not be admitted, as the Tiber had got in, and they were trying to get it out : the Arch of Severus, the Temple of Concord, the

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Capitol, equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, statues on the Capitoline Hill, colossal equestrian statues on each side of the piazza front of the Capitol: the Torre Della Milezie, from which, it is said, Nero looked on Rome while it was burning and played on a harp: the Fontana de Trivi, most successful grouping of rocks in imitation of nature, forming a grand fountain, with colossal group of Neptune and horses; winding up with the Column and Forum of Trajan.

*December 31st.*—A clear, cold morning. Wife and I started out in an open barouche to spend the day in sight-seeing, and we used the last day of the year in the manner following:

First, we drove to the Basilica of "San Paolo," or Church of St. Paul, about two miles outside the walls. The drive was beautiful and interesting, leading through places of much historical interest. St. Paul's is perhaps the grandest and most magnificent church of its kind in the world. The stranger on entering it is struck with admiration and astonishment at the vast and gorgeous interior. The length of the church within the massive walls is four hundred and eleven feet and two hundred and eighty-three feet wide; there are one hundred and thirty-two columns of highly-polished gray marble ranged in four lines forming the nave and side aisles. The transept is free from all obstructions to the view except where the high altar stands; this is one of the richest altars in the world and stands in the centre of the transept, and like all others in the great cathedrals is very lofty and canopy-shaped, supported at the four corners by columns of the finest and most massive alabaster, which were presented to the Pope by Mohammed Ali.

In this church there are some very fine modern paintings, but few pieces of statuary; it contains a very remarkable holy-water font, which is supported by a group consisting of a child and the devil. The little fellow is trying to get Satan to take the water, but he turns from it with strong disgust;

this group is remarkable for its execution and conception. But the great feature of this wonderful temple is its superb floor of the finest variety of highly-polished marbles which, when viewed from either extremity of the church, has the appearance of a surface of glass. There is nothing to break the view of the entire grand interior, except its forest of light, airy, and graceful columns, the forms of which are reflected on the glassy floor; viewing the range of columns at either extremity which is next the eastern wall, they have the appearance of jewels of every hue, the gray being quite concealed by the reflection of the light through the stained windows. I never saw such an effect produced so splendidly by colored glass. The great panels are filled with hand-paintings illustrating the life of St. Paul; each painting telling its own story, even to the minds of children who have read the history. Colossal medallion heads of the Popes in mosaic on a golden ground are ranged in long lines over the columns.

From St. Paul's we drove to the Via Sebastian, till we reached the church of that saint under whose foundations are the entrances to the Catacombs; we did not go in, but kept on our way till we reached the Via Appia, from which the circuses of Claudius and of Nero with their gigantic ruins are plainly visible. We entered the ruined tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus; this is one of the best-preserved mausoleums about Rome, considering that it was erected upward of one thousand nine hundred years ago. It is a circular tower of brick and marble, and seems to have been built for the world's end, and might at this day have been entire but for the almost incredible fact that the materials for building the Fountain of Trivi were taken from it.

We drove some three miles farther along the Appian Way, both sides of which are strewn with fragments of art and the ruins of gateways, arches, monuments, and tombs; while on the left the long line of the Aqueduct of Diocletian stretches

as far as the eye can reach, a stupendous ruin of noble arches.

The spot on which the battle between the Horatii and Curiatii was fought was pointed out, with a vestige of the monument which was erected to commemorate the event ; and a little further on we were shown the ruined tomb of the heroic combatants.

After lunch we resumed our drive, and went first to the Church of Il Gesie, the finest of all the churches of the Jesuits in Rome, and we found it truly magnificent, rich in the most splendid and costly marbles, and crowded with statuary and paintings. This is the greatest of all the days of the year in this church ; the Pope and College of Cardinals and other high dignitaries of the Church were present, and a solemn Te Deum was sung by a most effective choir for the blessings of the year that has just ended. In this church Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order, lies buried, and here too is the celebrated image of the Madonna Della Strada, which is said to perform miracles.

We next visited the ancient Church of St. Clement's, and its far more ancient predecessor, which was recently discovered some thirty feet below it, and on the walls of which the present church was built. We descended and viewed by torch-light the original sanctuary where the earliest Christians worshipped, and saw the curious and interesting paintings, some of which are still fresh on the walls. This church was built very early in our era.

We next drove to the Sancta Scala, a flight of steps nearly worn out with age and use. These steps were brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and are said to be the same on which the Saviour descended from the judgment-hall. Only the faithful are permitted to ascend them on their knees. We witnessed the ascent of some of these as they toiled up step by step, pausing on each step to read a prayer ; they are so much worn that they have been partly covered with

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boards. At the foot of this staircase on the right there is a finely-executed group in marble, representing the betrayal of our Saviour by Judas with a kiss.

We next visited the "Basilica Santa Croce in Jerusalem," so called from its being built with earth brought from the Holy City, and because it contains a piece of "the wood of the true cross," as it is said. This church was finished in 331 by Constantine, and is in an excellent state of preservation ; it is full of interesting objects of great antiquity, such as marbles of the rarest and most beautiful kinds and in great variety. We were unable to see "the wood of the cross," which was contained in a casket on the high altar, the key of which was kept by the Superior, who was attending the festivities going on in some other of the three hundred and sixty churches of the Eternal City.

We reached our hotel after the last sun of the year had set, not a little fatigued, but grateful for the strength that enabled us to see such intensely interesting sights ; and so closes the year 1869 !

1870.

*January 1st.*—The year opens with a clear and cold morning ; vegetation in the gardens is covered with a white frost, and the oranges lie scattered below the trees.

After breakfast we repaired to St. Peter's, to witness the New Year's festivities in that grand temple. The streets were filled with people, the shops were all closed, and everything proclaimed a high holiday.

The Tiber, which has been revelling in the streets adjacent to it during Christmas, has returned to its channel, and the city wears a dryer and cleaner aspect.

The guns in the Castle of St. Angelo saluted the rising sun, and the military band performed its best music.

The great square in front of St. Peter's was margined on the right and left by thousands of carriages, and still there

was room for many more, and the people moved about in the centre looking like pigmies when viewed from the steps of the Cathedral. How unspeakably majestic does this edifice appear ! It seems to increase its sublime proportions with every visit. No language can express the grandeur of this temple, as it looms up on approaching it, or as you view its stupendous interior, looking and feeling like an atom in the midst of space.

We moved along till we came near the gigantic chancel, which was filled with gorgeously attired Cardinals and prelates of every degree, and on a throne in the midst, with a golden mitre on his head, sat his Holiness, Pio Nono, Pontifex Maximus.

We remained an hour gazing on this potentate, who claims to rule over two hundred millions of faithful adherents, and, after strolling through the church, entered our carriage to visit some of our artist friends. Called on John Inman first, and were, as usual, delightfully entertained ; then on T. Buchanan Read, and saw his "Sheridan's Ride " and "The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds," both admirable pictures ; then on Rogers, the sculptor, who was not in ; and lastly on Mazzolina, to see some pictures, at the request of Mr. Joseph H. Parsons, of Troy, for whom they were ordered, but found they had been sent home three months ago.

## XXI.

Vatican Treasures ; Quirinal and Other Objects of Interest ; Vatican Council ; Catacombs ; Doria Palace ; Capitol ; Baths of Caracalla ; Coliseum ; High Mass in St. Peter's.

*January 4th, 1870.*—A very bright but cold morning. Employed a Roman citizen, Casseli by name, as valet-de-place, to go with us to-day. Started at 10, and drove to the Vatican. Ascended by the Scala Regia and passed through the Sala Regia to the Pinacotheca, or picture galleries of the palace. The collection is not large, not quite fifty, but very select, and contains some of the grandest paintings in the world. I was particularly struck with three of them, as follows : "The Transfiguration," by Raphael, the "Madonna de Foligno," by the same, and "The Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino.

In the first the artist seems almost to have excelled himself, both in the conception and execution. Never did I see a face and form that so nearly approached my ideal of the Saviour. In the front ground is a group, in the centre of which a demoniac boy stands gesticulating wildly, and looking the very impersonation of madness. He is held by his father, who has brought him to Jesus to be cured ; while on one side is a female, perhaps the mother, who imploringly points to the child and tries to attract the attention of the Great Physician to him. The other figures, particularly those of the three disciples, are unspeakably fine. I cannot describe the second picture, it is so perfectly enchanting ;

form, color, expression, and conception are the productions of the grandest order of genius.

"The Communion of St. Jerome" is also one of the greatest works of art that I ever beheld. The saint is represented as in the very article of death receiving the elements of the communion. O what coloring and drawing are here ! And the accessories of the picture too are deeply interesting. St. Jerome died at Bethlehem ; in the background there is a swarthy figure with a turban on his head ; crouching at the feet of the chief figure is a sleeping lion, and the whole surroundings proclaim the place where the event occurred.

We next visited the stanza of Raphael contained in four large halls. These are all frescoed ; the drawings are by Raphael and the paintings in the Sala of Constantine are also by him. All the rest were painted from the drawings and designs of the great Master by Guido Romano. In the Sala of Constantine there is a representation of the great battle between that emperor and Maxentius, which covers the entire wall of the hall, and is perhaps the largest and most spirited battle painting in the world. This decisive battle took place not far from the Milvian Bridge, distant two miles from Rome, A.D. 312.

From these great halls we went to the Sistine Chapel, the frescos in which are perfectly marvellous, especially that by Michael Angelo, covering the entire wall in its height and breadth and representing the Last Judgment. This and the other deeply interesting paintings in this ancient chapel are greatly marred by the smoke and dirt of centuries, so that large portions of them are but dimly visible.

We descended from the chapel and made our fifth visit to St. Peter's, feeling at each visit how little we had seen of this most stupendous temple. Oh, how it grows on the beholder as he stands within its mighty walls just at the grand entrance, and begins to measure distances with the eye ! There, seemingly within reach, is a group of cherubs supporting the



Holy-water fountain. You approach it and the cherubs are colossal ! At the base of yonder column a little dove sculptured in marble sits, it seems but a few feet off ; let us look at it closer ; the walk is not a short one, and at the end of it the little dove has assumed gigantic proportions.

The Roman Ecumenical Council, so called, was in session, which is held in the north transept, where a grand hall has been created for the occasion, and yet the enormous section which is thus cut off seems scarcely to diminish the area of the immense interior. As we approached, we heard the voice of a speaker who was addressing the council in earnest tones, and while we stood near the entrance to the council chamber, which is cut off from the public eye, we saw several of the members pass out in the various rich costumes of the ranks to which they respectively belonged. Many were brilliant with jewels and had heavy gold chains around their necks. Outside stood the servants waiting for their masters, and showing by their varied complexions and costumes that they were from every quarter of the world.

After lunch we drove to the Pantheon, which is by far the best-preserved temple of ancient Rome. It is now a Romish church, and suspended over the great brazen gates is a Latin and Italian sign which announces that plenary indulgences may be had every day which are sufficient for life and death. On another church door I read "*Indulgenza Plenaria Perpetue.*" We saw the tomb of Raphael in this temple dedicated once to all the gods.

We now ascended the Janiculum Hill, which is one hundred and ninety-seven feet above the Campus Martius, and the highest of the seven hills on which Rome was built. From this eminence we had a magnificent view comprising the Aventine Hills, the Sabine, Albanese, and Apennine Mountains, the Quirinal, Esquiline, Capitoline, and Palatine Hills, the Temple of Peace, the Coliseum, the Palace of the Cæsars, St. Peter's, and indeed nearly the whole of Rome

and the surrounding country for many miles. After viewing this grand and extensive panorama we drove through the gates of the city and entered again in front of St. Peter's, arriving just in time to see the Pope as he was leaving the Vatican to take a drive. We had an excellent view of him as he passed within three or four feet of us to mount his carriage. He is a remarkably handsome old man, with a most benignant face which wears a pleasant smile, and has a soft, red and white complexion. A large number of the bystanders fell on their knees as he passed and cried out "Viva Pio Nono," which the so-called successor of St. Peter acknowledged with his blessing. We remounted our carriage and drove to the scene of the battle between Constantine and Maxentius, in which the former was victorious. We recrossed the Tiber on the bridge which was the chief scene of the dreadful carnage, and reached our hotel just after sunset, highly gratified with the sights and experiences of the day.

*January 5th.*—The morning is bright and mild. We set out at 10 A.M. with our valet-de-place to spend the day, and first visited the Palace of the Quirinal, once the favorite summer residence of Pius VII., and of the present Pope, who fears to occupy it since he was driven from it some years ago, and compelled to flee from Rome on the box of a diligence, disguised as the driver. This is said to be the most princely of all the papal residences in Rome. We ascended by a grand marble staircase to a splendid hall, which opened into the chamber in which the College of Cardinals meets to vote for a new pope, and from the balcony of which the name of the successful candidate is proclaimed to the people. This palace contains a multitude of works of art, chiefly in paintings and tapestries, some of which are extremely fine. There is an almost endless succession of chambers, devoted to various uses; but by far the finest is the Throne Room, or audience chamber, which is frescoed in the very highest style of art, and

contains many fine tapestries and paintings. After finishing the palace, we passed into the gardens, which are almost enchanting in the beauty and skill of their planning and adornment. All sorts of trees, flowers, and plants are to be found here, and such as will not grow in the open air are cultivated in conservatories, which are kept at the native temperature of the plant. Here are hedges of box twenty-five and thirty feet high, cut as smooth as a wall, with doors, gates, niches, balconies, and roofs, all formed of the trees themselves. Here also are fountains in endless variety and form, sometimes throwing jets suddenly from the ground and surprising the visitor. Here are musical instruments which are played by water, and representations of various trades, all put in motion by the same element.

The next place we visited was the Palace Respighiozi, on the Quirinal, built in 1603, the picture galleries of which are rich in fine works, the most celebrated of which is the fresco by Guido representing Aurora, a picture of which, in all probability, more copies have been taken than any other. Here also is to be seen Domenichino's "Adam and Eve in Paradise after the Fall," and the "Death of Samson," by Carani, also the "Triumph of David," by Domenichino; these are some of the finest paintings in this collection.

We made a second visit to the Church of St. John Lateran and had a fine view of it by the bright sunlight; a grand and gorgeous temple it is indeed, the rich and curious contents of which would fill a volume to describe.

From the church we went to the Gregorian Museum of the Palace of the Lateran, and spent all the time we could spare to-day in the halls of sculptures and mosaics; an entirely ancient collection, gathered chiefly among the ruined palaces and temples of Rome. We visited between twenty and thirty rooms, the contents of which might have served for the studies of many days, instead of the hour we devoted to them all. I think this collection in some respects exem-

plifies the perfection of the arts in early Roman times better than any other I have seen, especially the ornamental part of architecture.

The Baptistery of Constantine was next visited. This is contained in a small ancient building hard by the Lateran, and gives ample proofs of its genuineness in its highly antique exterior and interior. The baptismal font is in the centre of a circle paved with mosaics and surrounded by a balustrade of beautiful marble. The font itself is of green basalt and is very rich and elegant. There are several magnificent columns surrounding the chamber, surmounted with capitals in various orders, and half buried in the wall are columns of splendid porphyry. The heavy bronze doors which open into a small ante-chamber make music, as they revolve on their hinges, strongly resembling that of the organ. The monk in charge seemed to take great delight in giving us a performance on them.

On leaving the Baptistery we drove to the Esquiline Hill and visited the Church of San Pietro in Vinculi, built in 440, as a depository of the chain with which St. Peter was bound at Jerusalem. The chief object of interest is the tomb of Julius II., which was designed by Michael Angelo, though only one of the figures was executed by him, viz., the colossal sitting statue of Moses, a grand creation of the chisel of this mighty genius. The chain is kept in a casket over the altar and is shown by the custodian, who also sells facsimiles of it, to those who wish to buy, for one franc each. There are several other works of art by great masters, both in painting and sculpture. On the Esquiline are also situated the ruins of the Baths of Titus. It is not easy to describe these huge structures, both on account of their enormous extent, and because they were built on the site of the villa of Mæcenas, the patron of Horace, on the top of which Nero built his palace, so that the baths were the first structures which successively occupied the same spot, and

the excavation distinctly shows the existence of the three erections. Titus, as if to blot out every record of the tyrant Nero on the site selected for his buildings, seems to have filled up the palace with all sorts of rubbish, which is plainly visible in many of the great halls and rooms which have been cleared out. These must have been very magnificent, as abundant evidence still exists in portions of the marble floors, walls, and frescos of the ceilings. In one of these great chambers the inimitable "Laocoön" was found which is now in the Vatican, together with immense quantities of other works of art, which now adorn other museums. So odious does the memory of Nero appear to have been held by Titus that he sacrificed all the enormous treasures of this, perhaps the grandest palace in the world, to efface every trace of him.

We next visited the Baths of Diocletian, which lie between the Quirinal and Viminal hills. These baths were much more extensive and grand than those of Caracalla and covered the enormous space of one hundred and fifty thousand square yards, according to Murray. They were nearly one mile in circumference, and could accommodate three thousand two hundred bathers at once! Now, little of this noble pile remains except its stupendous ruins, and that portion of it which was the great central hall, which Michael Angelo rescued from the common ruin by converting it into the grand Church of Santa Maria Degli Angeli, one of the noblest and most imposing edifices in Rome. In this great temple there are many columns, some of red syenite from Egypt, which once decorated the Baths of Diocletian, and which, with a multitude of other works of art, found in excavating, attest the former magnificence of these wonderful creations. These columns are so grand and so enormous that they have a monumental importance about them. We spent some time in this great church, which is in the form of a cross, and I thought as I gazed on the marvellous height, length, and

breadth of the interior that it almost equalled St. Peter's. In this church there are no tiers or columns to break the space ; the enormous arches rest on the grand columns already mentioned, which stand next to the walls and leave the whole interior entirely clear. The spacious floors are of the finest marbles, in a great variety of colors and most beautiful designs. On the left corner of the vestibule is the tomb of Salvator Rosa, and on the right corner the tomb of Carlo Maratta, whose paintings have immortalized them.

We again drove to the Baths of Caracalla, near which some new excavations are going on and have developed wonders. Here we saw far down below the foundations of the baths the ruins of a great Pagan temple of worship which are of far greater antiquity than the baths. The floors were laid in splendid mosaics and the walls and ceilings covered with exquisite frescos, the colors of which were perfectly bright. Scattered on every side were fragments of statues and architectural ornaments which the workmen were finding, some of them while we were present.

As we drove along on returning, we suddenly came upon the Temple of Pallas Minerva, or I should rather say, as much of it as remains above ground, which is the portico. Only two Corinthian columns, on which rest the entablature and frieze, are visible. More than half of these columns is buried in the earth. The frieze is magnificently ornamented with sculptures, and over the columns the statue of Minerva in full size appears. Among the figures on the frieze are females engaged in various occupations, and a boy with an urn beautifully chiselled, and all attesting the ancient splendor of this temple, still splendid in its ruins.

In my drives and rambles through Rome I have frequently seen modern buildings standing on foundations of huge stones, and in the walls of mean houses it is not uncommon to observe beautiful fragments of marble in the forms of columns, capitals, and tablets ; indeed the evidences are su-

perabundant that ancient Rome is buried deep below the present city; nay, more, that several Romes have been built upon the City of Romulus.

*January 6th.*—We yielded to the solicitation of our valet-de-place and visited St. Peter's for the fifth time, to see, as he said, the Hall of the Ecumenical Council, which is to be opened to the public to-day, being Epiphany. Sure enough we found it as promised, and much more; the Council was indeed sitting with open doors! Before us in grand array were the great ecclesiastics of the Roman Church, clad in the splendid and various costumes and vestments of their respective ranks and degrees; the Cardinals in red with ermine capes and purple caps, the Bishops in white with mitres, huge gold chains, and enormous rings with all manner of settings. The Pope presided, but we could not get near enough to see the so-called successor of St. Peter. A grand Mass was being performed, in the course of which the responses were given by the vast assemblage as if they were the utterances of a single voice. I will not attempt to describe the majestic effect of the vocal performances, as they were repeated by the echoes of this the most splendid temple in the world. Although the council hall occupies only the north transept of the church, the space is most ample for the immense congregation, which will afford a slight idea of the magnitude of the whole interior.

Here were assembled thousands upon thousands of all occupations, ranks, and conditions of men, from the peasant to the potentate, and men of all nations under the sun, each marked by his distinctive costume, complexion, or language. It was indeed a most interesting sight, one that I am never likely to forget.

The military in their various gay and glittering uniforms, with their gleaming sabres, bayonets, battle-axes, spears, and lances, added greatly to the pomp and splendor of the occasion, as they marched with steady and measured tread,

filing right and left to keep an avenue opened for the members of the council.

We spent some time witnessing this grand spectacle and then drove off to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus on the Appian Way. These catacombs have recently acquired great historical interest from late discoveries of sepulchral inscriptions of very great antiquity. Some of the early Popes were interred here, as appears from the inscribed tablets on their tombs. Here too was found the sarcophagus containing the remains of St. Cecilia. The entrance to the catacombs from the Via Appia is through a gate with a marble tablet bearing the name. Passing through a vineyard some little distance, you reach the mouth of the excavation and descend by a flight of stone steps perhaps thirty-five or forty feet. Our guide gave each of us a light, and we followed him through the various labyrinthine windings and passages into crypts and dark chambers, in the sides of which from the floor to the roof are narrow openings which form the beds in which the dust of the uncoffined dead repose. Our guide assured us that these catacombs extended eighteen miles and contained hundreds of thousands of sleepers. With the exception of a few fragments of skeletons, and two that were entire, being in sarcophagi and covered with glass, every vestige of humanity has disappeared and mingled with its native dust. Here indeed may poor frail mortals learn a lesson of humility.

On returning we passed through the Gate of St. Sebastian and the Arch of Drusus, both of them very fine and of deep historical interest.

We next visited the Church of St. Stefano Rotondo, on the western side of the Cælian Hill. To all appearance this was an ancient building which has been converted into a church, and it is one of the interesting and very remarkable churches of Rome. The building is circular, as its name implies. It is one hundred and thirty-three feet in diameter and has fifty-



six columns of various orders. The walls are covered with frescos, representing the various kinds of martyrdom by which the early Christians suffered, and the whole forms the most painful, revolting gallery I ever saw.

Our next visit was to the Church of the Cappucini in the Piazza Barberini. Here is shown the great picture of the Archangel Michael, by Guido. The face of the devil is said to be a "likeness of Innocent X., who displeased Guido by his criticisms." Cardinal Barberini, who built this church, was buried in it, in front of the high altar; his grave is marked by this inscription on the pavement, *Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, et nihil*. Beneath this church is a building which is divided into four chambers, which is the cemetery of the Brotherhood. The earth was brought from Jerusalem in which they are buried, and as there is space for not more than ten or twelve graves the oldest one is opened when a friar dies, its occupant is taken out and dressed in a new robe of the Order and laid or placed erect in the Ossarium. Several of these skeletons are seen, and when they fall to pieces each is carefully gathered and put in place, the skulls being ranged together and the other bones being made into all sorts of fantastic shapes. One of the friars took me through the great convent of the Order. This is the headquarters of the Capuchins, and here the General of the Order resides. There are said to be the remains of many thousands of friars in the Ossarium, of which I have no doubt from its crowded state.

After lunch we drove for a couple of hours in the gardens of the Pincian Hill, where the Papal band performed some fine music, and we saw the equipages of the rich and great as they passed and repassed in long lines.

The valet we had for some days, and who was highly recommended as an intelligent man, rather shook my confidence in his intelligence to-day. I asked him where the Campus Martius was; he answered, "That was taken away some time ago to Tivoli."

This city absolutely swarms with priests and ecclesiastics of every order, from the Cardinal to the bare-headed and bare-footed Capuchin. The first rolls in his elegant carriage of red and gold, with gayly-caparisoned horses, driver, and two footmen in cocked hats, and dresses bedizened with many colors, and gold and silver lace in profusion; while the latter crowd the streets, begging alms, and looking poorer and more wretched than the worst mendicants in the United States.

*January 7th.*—A rainy morning; weather suitable for the picture galleries, and to them we devoted the day. Began with the collection in the Palace of the Borghese, a building interesting for its grandeur and antiquity, as well as its great extent. There are eight hundred and fifty pictures in all, forming the most remarkable and magnificent collection in Rome, chiefly by the best masters. The pictures I admired most were, "The Entombment of Christ," by Raphael; a "Descent from the Cross," by Carracci; Domenichino's "Cumæan Sibyl;" Correggio's "Danae;" a "Head of Joseph," by Guido; "The Return of the Prodigal Son," by Guercino; a copy of Titian's "Three Ages of Man;" "Archers Shooting at a Target with the Arrows of a Sleeping Cupid," from a drawing by Michael Angelo; and a "Samson," by Titian.

We next visited the Doria Palace, which is said to be the most extensive and most splendid of all the Roman palaces. The collection of paintings comprises eight hundred and over, and is contained in eighteen rooms and great halls. There are also some most exquisite antique sculptures and bas-reliefs; I think I never saw any superior to those which are on three sarcophagi. I can conceive of nothing superior to them in execution and design. Here also is a very curious ancient sculpture, representing Ulysses hiding under a sheep. There is also a magnificently executed River-God in dark marble, having on each of the four corners of the plate

on which it stands as many varieties of serpents so closely resembling nature as to make visitors shrink back ; these were found in the ruins of the Baths of Nero. Strange to say, that not a fracture or even a scratch is visible on these works of ancient art. The picture gallery contains the usual number of St. Sebastians, Madonnas, Crucifixions, and such subjects, and, considering the grandeur of the palace and the great wealth of the Doria family, it contains a very large number of what, in my humble opinion, were not very good paintings.

We next visited the Church of St. Augustine, in which there is a wonderful "Virgin and Child," a bronze group covered with jewels, which glisten in the light of the lamps and candles which surround it. The faithful fall down in adoration before this group and each in turn kisses the Virgin's toes, wiping them with coat sleeve or kerchief before and after doing so.

The most interesting thing in this fine church is a fresco by Raphael, representing the Prophet Isaiah, with figures holding a tablet.

On passing the Pantheon, which, as I have said, is now a church, I copied the inscription on the sign which hangs over the great bronze gates or main entrance ; it is as follows : "*Indulgentia Plenaris Quotidiana Perpetua Pro Vivis et Defunctis.*"

After lunch our valet-de-place proposed to show us a fox-hunt a few miles outside of the walls, so we passed out of the Gate of San Giovanni, near which was the gate (now walled up) through which Belisarius entered Rome. The walls now standing, with the exception of a portion that are modern, are the same that were built by Aurelian in the third century ; they are not protected by a fosse or moat, but have some three hundred towers, the most of which, though much ruined, are yet standing. The height of the walls is said to be fifty feet, the towers rising high above them. The

outer surface of these walls is smooth, with loop-holes at equal distances apart; the inside presents an enormous thickness of solid masonry, with strong buttresses and galleries for soldiers to traverse them in their entire length of fourteen or fifteen miles. The most of the gates are in a shaky condition and can hardly be considered as capable of defence. These walls and gates are very interesting in appearance as well as in a historical point of view.

Our route lay for some distance alongside of the aqueducts of Nero and of Claudius, the former a stupendous line of ruins as far as the eye can reach, the latter being still in use to supply the city.

We were disappointed in seeing the hunt, and met the sportsmen and women who attended it on their return, some on horseback, and others in carriages; so we returned with them, and reached our hotel in good time to prepare for dinner.

In the course of our ramble we saw a magnificent colossal group (equestrian), said to be intended for Castor and Pollux. I was almost riveted to the spot, and gazed on these grand figures in mute admiration. The anatomy and action of the horses excel any other I remember to have seen in marble. It seems that there is great doubt as to the origin, name, and authorship of these splendid sculptures, although, if the inscription on the pedestals is true, they were executed by those most renowned sculptors, Phidias and Praxiteles. There can be no doubt of their great antiquity, both from the style and appearance of the group.

*January 9th* (Sunday).—Church morning and afternoon. An interesting service, Scotch Presbyterian.

*January 11th*.—Drove to the Capitol, and spent five hours in the galleries of sculptures, paintings, etc. The collection of the former is very large, various, and magnificent, many of them in the highest and grandest styles of Grecian art. The Halls of the Conservatori are deeply interesting. The

walls are decorated with grand historical frescos, such as "The Discovery of Romulus and Remus;" "The Foundation of Rome;" "The Rape of the Sabines;" "Numa Pompilius engaged in Sacrificing;" "Battle of Horatii and Curiatii;" two on either side lie dead on the field, while the victor is in the act of giving the mortal wound to his last adversary. The story is exceedingly well told. In another chamber Mutius Scævola is holding his right hand in the altar-fire in the presence of Porsenna, and Brutus is pronouncing sentence of death on his two sons. Another chamber is painted with historic scenes in the Cimbrian wars. In this hall the celebrated "Wolf of the Capitol" is contained, with Romulus and Remus, forming a group of great interest. This group is in bronze, and is an interesting relic of antiquity, coming down as it does from a very ancient period in the history of Rome. The children are thought to be modern, but there is no doubt of the great antiquity of the wolf, which is supposed to be the same mentioned by Cicero in one of his orations. In the Hall of the Urns there is a sarcophagus which was found in a tomb on the Appian Way, and which is interesting for its splendid bas-reliefs, in which the numerous figures stand out almost entire, and are in the best state of preservation. They are said to represent a combat between the Romans and the Gauls, the latter with cords around their necks. The chief of the Gauls in the foreground is beautifully executed; he is in the act of killing himself after the defeat of his army. It is said that this sarcophagus dates long before the Christian era, and is on that account very remarkable, as showing the high state of art of that period. The walls of this room are covered with tablets and fragments of marbles, bearing inscriptions of the time of the infamous tyrant, Nero, taken chiefly from tombs.

In another chamber there is a sarcophagus containing bas-reliefs of ancient Roman instruments of architecture, the occupant having, no doubt, been of that profession. Among

these there is a measure which is divided into sixteen parts and is within a small fraction of the English foot.

Another grand sarcophagus represents in beautiful chiselled bas-reliefs a scene in the history of Troy ; there are Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, and Diomedes on one side ; the chiefs are entreating Achilles to avenge the death of Patroclus (Murray). The Hall of the Bronzes is a most interesting place ; among them there is a bronze horse of life size with the greater part of a bronze bull of same size, perfect in all their proportions, but badly damaged by corrosion ; these are unquestionably of very great antiquity ; besides, there are many objects of great interest which carry one back through long ages of antiquity. The walls of this hall and several others are covered in like manner with ancient relics and inscriptions, taken chiefly from the *Columbaria*, and giving the names and ranks of persons belonging to the imperial household of the Cæsars.

In many of the rooms leading out of the great gallery are the busts and statues of a host of emperors, great conquerors, and great philosophers and poets, also of distinguished women and personages named in history. The gods and goddesses are here also in great numbers. Here too is the celebrated Venus of the Capitol, on the perfection and beauty of which volumes have been written ; also the remarkable statue of Antinous which was found in Hadrian's Villa. But while these and many others will leave their impress on my memory perhaps for a long time, they will ever stand in the shade of that most remarkable of all triumphs of the chisel, "The Dying Gladiator." Perhaps there never was such a perfect counterfeit of man in matter as is seen in this most wonderful piece of sculpture. The figure rests on the right hand, having fallen to the ground with a fatal wound in his side, from which the life-current is ebbing fast. The expression of the dying man's face is inimitable ; a proud effort to suppress pain is only overshadowed by the death-like expression

which is gathering over the features. The Gladiator was, no doubt, a Gaul, from the rope on his neck, which is a distinctive mark of his countrymen wherever they are represented in other sculptures and bas-reliefs.

This is not a very successful attempt to describe the sights in the Capitol. A detailed statement would fill volumes of unceasing interest to almost every class of readers ; but I forbear the effort.

The Tarpeian Rock. We were admitted through a garden-gate by the female custodian, who led us to the spot from which we viewed all that can now be seen of this once wonderful place. The Rock is on a perpendicular precipice of perhaps thirty feet in height, on which and very near the Rock itself now stand several houses. From this point a splendid and very interesting view is obtained. Between the Rock and the Palatine Hill, on which stand the ruins of the Palace of the imperial Cæsars, there is a considerable plain where the Forum was, in full view of which and of the assembled multitudes those who were destined to death were cast headlong. In the distance is seen the grand ranges of the Sabine and Alban Hills, and overtopping these the snow-capped Apennines. From this point the traveller gets the best view of the ancient and modern Rome, as the line runs over the Capitoline Hill which divides the old from the new city. On one side may be seen standing in long lines and groups ruins of great interest, among them the Coliseum, many fine columns, magnificent triumphal arches, and long lines of ancient aqueducts, stretching beyond the reach of vision across the Campagna toward the mountains, and to the right the "yellow Tiber" pours its rapid torrent toward the "blue Mediterranean."

*January 12th.*—A foggy morning, cold and damp. Wife determined to remain at home. Mr. Hazeltine, the sculptor, invited me to accompany him through the vast galleries of sculptures in the Vatican for the purpose of explaining some

of the most noted in that unrivalled collection. So I made my way thither at an early hour, and spent the time agreeably in the great Hall of Inscriptions until Mr. H. arrived. This hall is at least one thousand feet in length by about twenty-five broad and thirty feet in height, and is well lighted. On the right and left are arranged tablets and fragments of tablets which have been found in tombs, catacombs, and the various ruins inscribed with rude letters in memory of persons in every rank, grade and condition of life, who died both before and since the commencement of this era. On many of these tablets were also inscribed figures of various animals and birds, and the instruments of the trade or business of the deceased. On the right are Pagan inscriptions and on the left are Christian inscriptions. The latter are clearly indicated by the figure of the cross which appears on many of them. This great collection of inscribed tablets is built into the walls and arranged in chronological order, and is chiefly valuable for the light it sheds on the manners, customs, and religions of ancient times.

Mr. H. did me a great service in giving me such explanations of the sculptures in the other great galleries as can only be got from an artist. He pointed out the difference between the productions of the various periods to which each belonged, showing how wonderful was the progress of this branch of art. The difference between Greek and Roman art he made very clear, and showed the vast superiority of the former over the latter ; in short, although I had already spent a good deal of time among these marvellous creations of the chisel, I only began to appreciate their excellences after hearing the explanations of Mr. H. Thus I spent four hours of this day most profitably.

After lunch wife accompanied me to the Villa of Wolkonski, which is on the Esquiline, and from the elevated and beautiful grounds of which we had an extensive panoramic view over the Campagna, the Alban Hills, and the Claudian



aqueduct, which supplied the ancient city with pure water, but now exists only in a long broken line of grand ruins. On the grounds of this villa a fine Columbarium has just been discovered, containing hundreds of urns in which repose the ashes of the dead. There is a terra-cotta sarcophagus in one of the chambers containing a skeleton, which is supposed to be of a period anterior to Nero.

*January 13th.*—Wife and I drove out and made friendly visits. Afterward drove to the Church of the Trinita de Monte and then to the Pincian Hill, which was almost full of fine equipages and fashionable people.

The Pope's band played some magnificent pieces of music, and we returned to our hotel feeling that we had made a satisfactory use of the day.

*January 14th.*—A clear, cold day. I spent two hours alone at the Baths of Caracalla, my third visit to these amazing ruins. I paced the width of one of the huge arches and found it about twenty-three feet, each extremity resting on a wall of about thirty feet in thickness. These I consider the most awe-inspiring ruins I have seen in Rome; they are mountains of masonry, rising so high that the spectator soon becomes wearied with looking up, and is lost in a maze of astonishment at the enormous extent of this wilderness of ruined grandeur. The great area on which the theatre stood and which was an adjunct of the Baths, is now an extensive vineyard, bounded by the massive ruined walls of the theatre. As Caracalla reigned in the early part of the third century these stupendous structures must be now about one thousand six hundred and fifty years old.

No language can express the emotions of the beholder as he contemplates these moss-clad remains of the distant past; even the ivy which festoons them looks like the growth of centuries. In the centre, where once stood the library, there is a great mass of ruined splendor in various shapes, such as fragments of columns of porphyry, granite and marble, with

here and there a beautifully sculptured Corinthian capital in pure white Pentelican marble, overlaid with huge masses of the roof, still retaining portions of the magnificent mosaics with which they were ornamented. It is said that when the roof of this enormous structure fell, it shook the earth so violently that it was supposed to be an earthquake by the people of Rome.

At 8 o'clock in the evening we drove to the Coliseum, to view this most perfect of all relics of ancient Rome by moonlight. The coachman took us through streets and lanes we had not seen before, under the grand Arches of Titus and Constantine, and over a part of the Appian Way which has recently been excavated, and is paved with the same stones over which many a triumphal procession has passed. We found several ladies and gentlemen (who, like ourselves, had come to view the grand spectacle), pacing up and down the immense arena which had so often been the scene of the most revolting cruelties, to gratify the brutal taste of the emperors and people. Now, the Cross, that emblem of peace on earth and good will to men, occupies the centre of that great arena in which thousands of Christians suffered martyrdom for their faith, and thousands of captives taken in war perished in the gladiatorial combats.

We stood in the centre of that arena to-night and gazed at its gigantic ruins as they appeared to us in the cold, solemn light of the moon, and our emotions almost overpowered us as we reflected on the past. In the subduing stillness which reigns within these mighty walls the very air seemed to be filled with the ghosts of the countless victims offered on this altar of horrid cruelty, and we imagined that we heard the voices of the "hundred thousand" spectators as they applauded the successful gladiator, or condemned to death the vanquished one. There is a grandeur about this stupendous pile which is fully developed by moonlight, which seems to bring out its huge outlines more effectively than the light of

day. The spectator views with awe the cyclopean walls which tower one hundred and sixty feet above his head. In these walls there are one hundred and twenty grand arches of solid masonry; in fact, the walls may be said to be one hundred and sixteen feet thick, taking the extreme diameter at five hundred and eighty-four feet, and deducting the outside diameter of four hundred and sixty-eight feet from it. The area covered by the building is said to be six acres.

One of the most curious things about this vast building is the almost incredible number of different species of plants which flourish among its ruins, and which have been arranged and catalogued by a distinguished naturalist, to the number of four hundred and twenty.

*January 15th.*—Took wife and visited the following places: Farnesina Gallery; Corsini Gallery; and St. Luke's Gallery or Academy of Fine Arts.

The first of these, in the palace of the same name, formerly belonging to the King of Naples, is chiefly remarkable for its grand frescos by Raphael and his pupils, representing the fable of Cupid and Psyche; these are in the great hall which opens into the court of the palace. The fable is told in a series of most exquisite paintings, chiefly designed by the great master and many of the figures executed by him; one of these is particularly splendid; it is in the group representing Cupid introducing Psyche to the three Graces, a figure with her back to the visitor. I think it comprises all the loveliness and grace that could be or ever was embodied in one form.

In the Hall of the Galatea there are some grand compositions beautifully executed. On the roof there is a painting of Diana in a chariot drawn by oxen. On another portion of the roof the story of Medusa is painted most effectively; but the most wonderful thing of all in this great palace is a charcoal sketch of a colossal head on one of the walls, by Michael Angelo.

We next visited the Corsini Palace, an extensive and very

beautiful building, with a large number of rooms filled with paintings, sculptures, and other works of art. This is said to be the next gallery in point of excellence to that of the Borghese, already visited ; indeed I found myself more interested with its wonderful art treasures than I was with the latter gallery. The paintings which gratified me most were the following : "Christ Bearing the Cross," by Garofalo ; "The Woman taken in Adultery," by Titian ; "Jesus before Pilate," by S. Van Dyck ; "Prometheus devoured by the Vulture," by Salvator Rosa ; "Herodias," by Guido ; "Virgin and Child," by Murillo ; "Niobe and her Children," a very ancient drawing ; "Christ laid in the Sepulchre," by Domenichino ; "Portraits of Martin Luther and Wife," by Holbein.

The Academy of St. Luke has some very fine paintings, among them I can only note the following : "Vanity," personified in a female viewing herself in a mirror, by Paul Veronese ; the same subject by Titian, a recumbent female figure ; "Wolsey Receiving the Cardinal's Hat," by Harlow ; "Lucretia Killing Herself in the Presence of her Husband, Tarquinius Collatinus," by Guido Cagnacci ; the far-famed picture of "Fortune," by Guido ; a fresco of a child, by Raphael, one of the most beautiful and remarkable pictures.

These are only a few of the wonderful creations of the pencil in these three great collections.

*January 16th* (Sunday).—Attended service at the Free Church, morning and afternoon. Heard sermon by the Rev. Dr. Gray of the Established Church of Scotland. The Holy Father of Romanists will not allow Protestants to worship within the walls of Rome ; so they go to their churches through the strait gate and the narrow way outside the walls.

The Sabbath is generally observed in Rome ; the shops are nearly all closed ; the Pope and his Cardinals are the chief violators of the day ; the soldiers of the former always parade, and the latter are to be seen on the Pincian Hill in their red cloaks and capes, mingling among the people in their amusements.

The Rev. Mr. Lewis preached a sermon against the Eumenical Council in the forenoon. The discourse was well written and showed great research, but I consider it better that the Protestant pulpit take no notice of the council, unless perhaps in prayer. From what I learn as to the differences in that council on vital questions, it is to be expected that good will come out of it. I am credibly informed that there is no hope of a reconciliation between the conflicting parties, so that there is hope of a new era arising which may see a thinning out of the ranks of Popery, or ultimately dismemberment of the Roman Church. If the question of infallibility is raised a large majority will vote affirmatively; but the minority, though small, is said to include the majority of the brains of the council. All things considered, it is reasonable to hope that good will come of the discussions of this great gathering of papal adherents. We were delighted with the services of the Rev. Dr. Gray, of the Established Church of Scotland. Text, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground," etc., John xii., 24.

*January 17th.*—Visited the following places: The Church of St. Anthony, which is thought to stand on the site of the Temple of Diana, a small portion of which (the porch) is still visible. The walls of this church are painted with historical frescos, representing scenes in the life of its patron saint. To the left, on entering, is seen "The Temptation" of the saint. The devil is trying persuasion and force, the poor saint is finally killed by the devils, who drown his voice with trumpets, drums, and other things. Devils put him in his coffin, and devils dig his grave. This, January 17, is St. Anthony's Day. The floor of the church is strewn with sprigs of boxwood, and many of the peasants in attendance have their hats adorned with roses. To-day the horses, donkeys, and animals generally, in and about Rome, are to be blessed, but we were too early to see the ceremony performed, so we made a visit to the Church of Santa Maria

Maggiore, and examined it carefully ; it is indeed a wonder of architectural magnificence, rich in gilding, frescos, marbles, bronzes, and sculptures, more especially the chapel of the Borghese family, the sculptures in which must have cost an enormous amount of money.

We again visited the Church of Il Gesu, the principal church of the Jesuits, of which so much has been said and written, and found it to be a perfect museum of curiosities, resplendent with the lavishments of art, gorgeous with gilding, painting, and the greatest variety of magnificent marbles. Here too are to be seen in rich abundance a variety of precious stones ; over the high altar is placed an enormous globe of lapis-lazuli ; in short, I think this is the most splendidly decorated church in the city.

After lunch we drove to the Ghetto or Jews' Quarter, within the limits of which the whole Hebrew population of about five thousand is compelled to live. Nowhere so much as in Rome are these people as tyrannically governed ; they are taxed very heavily and compelled to contribute largely to the expenses of the Carnival and other public amusements without enjoying them. There is a Roman Catholic church in this quarter into which, it is said, the poor Jews are driven by whipping, if they do not attend voluntarily. The streets are very narrow and the whole population of both sexes and all ages seemed to be out of doors, many of them lounging about listlessly, but the most of them engaged in some industrial pursuit. They are chiefly shop-keepers, and expose their wares in and around the doors for sale. There is a Latin inscription over the door of the church and a representation of the Saviour on the cross. The inscription is in English: "I have stretched out my hands to a stiff-necked people, and they would not obey."

The chief object of interest in the Jews' Quarter is the beautiful portico of Octavio, a remnant of which, consisting of a few splendid but ruined columns and Corin-

thian capitals, pediments, and entablature, attests the ancient magnificence of this grand building.

Visited the equestrian groups of Castor and Pollux, one of which is inscribed on its pedestal, "*Opus Phidiæ*," and the other, "*Opus Praxitilis*"; but it is very doubtful whether they are the works of the great sculptors whose names they respectively bear. They are of Pentelic marble, and are thought to be by German artists. The attitudes and "movement" of these groups are very grand; the figures are colossal, and portray admirably the ideas of strength, majesty, and grace.

Drove to the Church of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way, about two miles outside the Gate of St. Sebastian. This church, or rather one which occupied the same site, was built by Constantine the Great; it has many objects of interest which belonged to the old edifice. There is a splendid full length in marble of the saint pierced with silver arrows; he is reclining on the cover of a sarcophagus, into which, it is said, he was buried. The monks lighted the tapers at one of the altars, and, drawing a curtain, pointed out, among other things, a slab of marble with the imprints of two feet, which were said to be those of our Lord, when he came to visit Peter in prison. They also showed us other relics of saints and martyrs, such as skulls, bones, etc. The interior of this church is very rich in splendid marbles. The roof is particularly fine; it is panelled deeply, and ornamented with golden figures of various sorts; in the centre there is an effigy of the patron saint of colossal size; the whole is very effective and rich.

One of the monks lighted and handed each of us a taper, and we followed him into a deep and dark chapel under the church, and were shown more relics and a bust of the saint. Then we descended another dark staircase, and came to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, through which we groped by the flickering light of our tapers to various crypts and chap-

els in which the Christians in early times were wont to seek refuge and to worship God in peace. In one of these chapels we were shown the places of burial of a family of martyrs, consisting of the parents and five children; also the block on which Maximus, a Christian martyr, suffered. After wandering awhile in this solemn and dismal subterranean chamber, we were glad to return to the pure air and light of heaven.

We visited again the wonderful tomb of Cæcilia Metella, built about two thousand years ago so massively that it has defied the tooth of Time and only man has essayed to destroy it. Various popes and nobles have made it the quarry from which they have taken material to build palaces, but in spite of all this it is still a very grand and majestic monument, and forms the most splendid and prominent object on the Appian Way.

The neighborhood of this tomb, erected in memory of the wife of the richest Roman that ever lived, is deeply interesting for its many great ruins which dot the Campagna in every direction as far as the eye can reach. We had another fine view of the Roman walls and towers which guarded ancient Rome, and I must say that I have never seen anything which so strongly impressed me with Roman greatness and invincibility as these tremendous masses of masonry. I doubt whether modern gunnery, with all its power, could destroy these walls grey as they are with the moss of centuries.

*January 18th.*—Went again to St. Peter's to witness the performance of High Mass and the entry of the Pope and Cardinals in grand procession. The display was exceedingly fine and so was the music. We had a very near view of the Holy Father, as he was carried in his chair of state through the Cathedral, between long lines of soldiers with waving plumes and bright helmets. The military and greater part of the spectators knelt and bent down their heads uncovered, as the Pope passed on giving them



his benediction, with his fine jolly face all wreathed in smiles.

I had an excellent opportunity to study the interior with my glass while waiting for his Holiness, and I can truly say that all attempts to describe this "glorious structure" by any pen, far less by mine, would be utterly futile. The grand roof is divided into numberless sunken panels, all diverse from each other. Each one of these would take at least a page of descriptive matter.

On leaving at the end of the services, we took a position in the grand porch of the church to see the multitudes pass out of the great doors. There were Cardinals and Prelates of every grade in their peculiar costumes, the most of them being exceedingly gaudy; Princes and Princesses; nobility of many ranks, mostly distinguished by some badge or decoration; high military and civil officers, a large number of whom were resplendent with decorations. Also, a host of well-dressed people, jostled on all sides by a greater host of poorly-clad, the ragged beggar, the maimed and halt, forming altogether a strange but highly interesting medley.

On turning toward the grand square in front of the Cathedral a new and most interesting spectacle was before us; we saw hundreds of splendid equipages taking up their lordly owners; there were upward of thirty coaches of Cardinals, and as each drove off it took its place in line. Just as we entered our carriage the regiment which was on duty in the Cathedral marched out to the inspiring music of a large and very fine band. The day was bright and everything wore a gay and lively aspect. We supposed that the holidays ended a fortnight ago, but found we were mistaken. Each alternate day almost is a holiday about this time. Saints' days are of frequent recurrence and are kept religiously. The streets of Rome were crowded with beggars, who follow the traveller until they get a copper or a rebuff. Shopping is anything but an amusement. Prices are rarely fixed until

the purchaser is scanned from head to foot and his nationality determined. Americans are sure to be charged double at least, and if the article is coveted beating down must be resorted to ; of the two evils I prefer denying myself the wished-for article.

When I was last at St. Peter's I copied the inscription over the door of the great council-chamber ; it is as follows :

“ Docete omnes gentes ; ecce Ego  
Vobiscum sum omnibus diebus,  
Usque ad consummationem sæculi.”

## XXII.

Foundling Hospital ; Porta Pia ; Church of St. Agnes ; Pantheon ; Janiculum Hill ; Valley of Egeria ; Temple of Bacchus ; Protestant Cemetery ; the Forum ; Barberini and Colonna Palaces ; Monte Mario ; Villa Albani ; Campagna ; Tombs of Horatii and Curiatii ; Via Appia ; Villa Borghese.

*January 19th, 1870.*—Drove to the Foundling Hospital ; saw the window into which the waifs are put ; the depositor rings a bell, the cylinder containing the baby revolves, and it is forever separated from its parents and the world, to become a priest or a nun.

We were shown the house in which Raphael died. The balcony is preserved from which the body of the great painter was let down to the street ; he was almost deified at his death and burial. Perhaps no mortal ever received higher honors.

After lunch, wife accompanied me to the Porta Pia to get the grand and extensive views for which it is so famous, and we were indeed repaid. Between the Porta and the distant but very distinct mountain ranges, the great Campagna stretches its plains to a vast extent, and it is traversed by long lines of grand aqueducts, which are elevated high above the surface and carried over huge arches of solid stone masonry now in ruins and mantled with ivy and other plants and vines, which add greatly to their picturesque beauty. We drove some distance on the Campagna enjoying these grand views, and afterward drove in the direction of the Porta Maggiore, outside of which we saw the recently discovered tomb of the baker, Eurysaces, an erection of

great antiquity, supposed to be about 213 B.C. Until within a few years it was completely covered with earth, to which its excellent preservation is no doubt due. The sculptures on it are very fine and all relate to the trade of the wealthy bread-maker. The work of weighing the flour and making the bread, baking and weighing it, is all clearly and handsomely carved in marble, and the Latin inscription tells of the wealthy plebeian. This is one of the finest private tombs in Rome. The statues of the baker and his wife were found very near the tomb and have been set in a conspicuous place ; they are very fine. In this neighborhood stands the huge monument of the Claudian aqueduct, now in ruins, and part of the ancient walls of the city, of immense thickness.

*January 20th.*—Strolled through the Corso, looking in at shop-windows ; up the Via Fratina to the Piazza de Spagna, looking at Roman jewelry, mosaics, etc.

The hotel we are in is almost surrounded by churches, to some of which convents are attached, and we hear their bells calling the monks to prayer or other duties, at almost all hours of the night.

In the Capuchin Convent there are many old, frail-looking men who are required to start up at the sound of the midnight bell, and repair to their chapel for prayer, some of them barefooted, and the rest with sandals, which protect only the soles of the feet. They are, indeed, a most poverty-stricken body of men in appearance ; they go about the streets in a coarse, brown garment, fastened at the neck, and bound about the waist with a rope, the long ends of which are knotted to keep them from unravelling. These garments are manufactured in their convent and worn night and day, without change, until they are laid aside for new ones. Each monk is required to wear his gown or cloak for three years ; and when any die, they are buried in them, with the hood drawn over the head. Many of these monks are

large, well-made men, and some have good faces ; they go about the streets begging, and carrying home bundles of fag-gots and fire-wood.

There is another class of alms-seekers to be met frequently in the streets ; these are completely enveloped in a long gown of coarse material, covering the whole face, with holes for the eyes. They carry a box with a small opening in the lid, which they shake at passers-by, but never utter a word. These men are frequently of the higher classes, who are adjudged to do this service as a penance for their sins. The first we saw of this class was at Pisa ; they were enveloped in a black robe, and from the appearance of their hands and feet were not of the laboring or poorer classes. The other day two of these masked alms-seekers passed through the Via della Fontanella, one of the most frequented streets, one on each side of the street, shaking their boxes at the ears of passers-by, suddenly coming upon a group of ladies who were looking into a jeweller's window, and startling them by rattling their boxes at their ears, and appearing to enjoy the surprise of the party very much.

*January 21st* (St. Agnes's Day).—Drove to the ancient Church of St. Agnes, a mile or so outside of the Porta Pia, to see the ceremonies of the day, among which is the blessing of the lambs. A great many people thronged the highway on foot and in carriages, and the day was bright and cold. The entrance to the church is down a long flight of broad marble steps to the depth of forty-five or fifty feet below the surface. It was built by Constantine the Great, early in the fourth century, and is perhaps one of the best-preserved churches of ancient times. The site was the place of the martyrdom of St. Agnes, and the whole neighborhood is filled with Catacombs built by the early Christians. The old walls of the great entrance or hall of this subterranean church are covered with marbles taken from the Catacombs, and bearing rude inscriptions with dates, which make them very inter-

esting. Some of the inscriptions are in Greek letters which spell Latin words, and many of them bear marks of the cross, the olive branch, and the dove, emblems of the new religion at that time. I would have gladly lingered to spell and endeavor to decipher these Christian relics, but crowds of people were pressing in and I was carried with the tide. The church was full and we could see very little, until Paul hired a chair, on top of which we both mounted, and could plainly distinguish all the proceedings in front of the altar. There were Cardinals and other great church dignitaries officiating, and the vocal and instrumental music was very fine. Presently we heard the great rusty bolts of one of the ancient doors drawn, and a procession entered headed by several acolytes in white, each bearing a lighted candle. The audience gave way and they passed to the altar, followed by men bearing on silken cushions two lambs with snowy fleeces, and each dressed with ribbons and garlands of flowers. These were placed before the altar, and just as the ceremony of blessing began, the people in front of us suddenly grew taller, so that we could see no more. In a few moments the "blessed Lambs" were borne out of the church, every one pressing forward to put a hand on their heads. These animals are delivered to the nuns of the Convent of St. Agnes, whose duty it is to fatten them until Easter, when they are killed, their flesh eaten, and the wool used for making the palliums distributed by the Pope to the great ecclesiastics.

The interior of this church is exceedingly rich in works of art. The columns are all different one from another, and seem to have been gathered from ancient buildings and worked into this one. Some of the frescos are well executed; the most prominent is over the tribune, and represents the martyrdom of the patron saint, who is dragged from before the Emperor, seated on his throne, to the block, near to which a brawny lictor stands all ready to carry out the sentence; in the background is a well-painted group of

weeping females, whose grief is in striking contrast with the stern figures and faces of some Roman soldiers in the group.

Not far from the church stands the mausoleum of Constantia, the daughter of Constantine the Great. This is a circular building and is richly ornamented with a peculiar style of mosaics on the roof, which are very effective, representing all sorts of birds in trees. The dome is supported by a large number of marble columns with Corinthian capitals. It was from this mausoleum that the magnificent sarcophagus of porphyry was taken which is in the Vatican now, and in which were deposited the ashes of the daughter of Constantine.

After lunch we drove to the Coliseum to witness the religious services which take place there every Friday.

Presently we saw a strange procession moving toward us along the Via Sacra, which skirts the palace of the Cæsars. At its head were priests of the Capuchin order, carrying lighted lamps and candles, and a huge black cross ; several monks followed, and then came a large number of women bearing a cross. In this procession there were several of the masked individuals already referred to, one of whom was stationed at each entrance of the Coliseum, shaking his box at all who entered or passed out. The procession moved toward a rude stand erected in the arena, on which a monk mounted, and after fervently kissing an effigy of the Saviour on the cross, which was placed near him, he commenced an address in the Italian language.

We drove to the Museum of St. John Lateran, and went through its spacious halls and galleries of paintings and mosaics, many of which were exceedingly fine and interesting. In this collection are many mosaics of boxers, which were found in the Baths of Caracalla, also of gladiators, captives taken in war and slaves ; few sights have more interest than these ; they seem to bring some of the actors of bygone centuries so vividly before the spectator.

We finished the day by visiting for the second time the

ancient Church of St. Clement, and felt even a more lively interest than on our first visit. The roof of the more modern church (which stands over the old one) is perfectly magnificent ; like those of all other churches it is divided into deep sunken panels, ornamented with a great variety of designs, with a figure of the patron saint in the centre in bold relief ; the whole presenting a dazzling and most gorgeous appearance. Immense treasures have been lavished in gold on the Roman churches, evidenced by the extravagant amount of gilding, thus doing violence to them as works of real artistic merit. It is not an uncommon thing to see splendid marble statues and sculptures, also fine pictures, overladen with gold leaf.

In the evening we attended a vocal and instrumental concert, with which we were delighted. I never heard finer music and never supposed that flute and violoncello could do such wonders.

*January 22d.*—This forenoon was devoted to shopping, and we spent three hours and a half in the purchase of Roman scarfs, shawls, pearls and mosaics, the latter all blessed by the Pope.

After lunch wife and I strolled off on foot to visit the Church of Santa Maria del Popoli, the Westminster Abbey of Rome. We rang and were admitted by a monk at a side door, who locked and double bolted it as we entered. I tested the power of a franc with this gowned and skull-capped son of the Church ; he made a sign that we should enter another door and examine the place for ourselves. I answered by putting my hand in my pocket, a movement which he rightly interpreted and which brought him in a moment to my side ; the franc unlocked his tongue and relaxed the rigidity of his features, and he bowingly and smilingly led the way and showed us the many objects of interest in this grand old church, which was built on the spot where it is said the ashes of Nero were found and scattered to the winds.



There is a multitude of fine sculptured sarcophagi in this church containing the remains of Cardinals and others of high rank in church and state. Here also are many magnificent portrait-busts of the distinguished dead. The church also abounds in an almost infinite variety of splendid marbles. The sculptures of Sansovina, consisting of the tombs of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza and Cardinal Girolamo Basso, are the finest in this grand collection, and are said to be the most magnificent of the early part of the sixteenth century.

*January 23d* (Sunday).—A very rainy day. We have been to the Church of Scotland and heard the Rev. Dr. Gray with pleasure and, we hope, profit also.

*January 24th.*—The storm has given way to a beautiful and mild morning.

Visited the Pantheon, examined it carefully inside and outside; workmen are actively engaged in repairing the damages made by the Christmas visit of the Tiber.

I have already said that the Pantheon is the best-preserved of all the buildings of ancient Rome, and perhaps that is a reason why the most of travellers are familiar with it before they cross the Tiber. When I first laid eyes on it, I seemed to recognize an old acquaintance. How astonishing, when one reflects on its high antiquity, for the ancients wrote about its magnificence in raptures nearly one thousand nine hundred years ago; also, when it is considered that the Tiber has so frequently inundated it, the surprise is that this structure has not long since fallen to ruin like many others, which to appearance were more strongly built. There is nothing in architecture more grand than the Pantheon. The interior of the rotunda is truly vast. The centre of the great dome is open, and the winds and storms have free play through the great circular opening.

I quote Byron's description of this great temple, as given in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage":

“ Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—  
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods  
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blessed by time ;  
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods  
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome !  
Shalt thou not last ? Time’s scythe and tyrants’ rods  
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
Of art and piety—Pantheon ! pride of Rome ! ”

The inscription on the frieze tells us that Agrippa was the founder of this grand structure in the third year of his consulate. The inscription is as follows : “ M. Agrippa, L. F. Cos. Tertium Fecit.”

The Emperor Constans, in the fourth century, carried off part of the bronzes to Constantinople, and Urban VIII., in the seventeenth century, took the rest to make altar ornaments for St. Peter’s tomb, and cannon for the Castle of St. Angelo, as history tells us ; in short, papal vandalism seems to have stuck at nothing in its efforts to wipe out every vestige of antiquity until within the last century, when the popes have done much to develop and restore those which remain.

After lunch some friends accompanied us to the Villa Pamfili Doria, the country seat of the oldest, most wealthy and powerful family of this part of Italy, and which figured so prominently and in some instances heroically in the wars of the Middle Ages. The entrance to the princely grounds of this villa is through a grand triumphal arch, on passing which the visitor finds himself surrounded with a multitude of objects of great beauty and interest.

There is a columbarium here into which I descended and saw a great many urns in which the ashes of the dead repose ; there are also many of the marble tablets here inscribed with the names of the deceased ; also some fragments of busts rudely cut showing their great antiquity and low order of art.

We mounted to the roof of the casino, from which we obtained an extensive view of the magnificent gardens, parks,

and grounds of this lordly estate. I never saw gardening in such perfection. Fountains of a great variety of designs, with most elaborate sculptures, are interspersed through the grounds, and supply lakes and fish-ponds with streams as clear as crystal. The forests are very fine, and are composed chiefly of oaks and pines; here the oleander and magnolia and a large variety of ornamental trees and shrubs flourish in luxuriant profusion; and such lawns I never saw out of England; they are kept closely shaven, and present a smooth unbroken surface of a velvet-like green, most refreshing to the eye. The distant views of the Alban, Sabine, and other Hills, with the lofty Apennines towering far above and beyond them, covered with snow, completes the grand panorama. The sun was very bright and the sky cloudless, so that with the clearness of the pure atmosphere distant objects appeared very near. We descended and drove through the parks and saw the aviary, which is well stocked with a variety of birds, among them some fine specimens of the silver pheasant.

In this villa and its grounds Garibaldi maintained himself and his little army for a long time against a superior force, until they were compelled to evacuate by a strong accession to the French forces. Much damage was done to the buildings and grounds by these military operations and the furious fighting which took place here; and the Doria princes have erected a fine monument to the French who fell and were buried in the grounds.

We returned to Rome by a road along the outside of the walls which were battered down by French cannon, and which have since been rebuilt, and passed again over the Janiculum Hill, where we paused and had another magnificent view of the old and new cities. From this summit we could distinctly see the Seven Hills, on which the Rome of ancient days sat so proudly. We finished the day by driving to "St. Paul's without the Gates," and, for the second time, rambled over its grand and extensive interior. Perhaps no

other building in the world possesses such an immense wealth of marbles, mosaics, and precious stones and bronzes.

On the way to St. Paul's we saw the sportsmen returning from a fox hunt with a large pack of hounds, which showed their excellent training in a few manœuvres which the keepers put them through in our presence ; their prompt obedience to every word and sign was truly wonderful.

*January 25th.*—Spent two hours in selecting photographs of ancient Rome and some of its statues and paintings.

After lunch we again visited the Janiculum Hill and went into the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, built by Constantine near the spot where St. Peter was said to have been martyred. This church is a museum of fine arts, and contains a collection of splendid statuary, paintings, and bronzes. We were afterward conducted by the monk in custody of the place to a small chapel just outside the church, a circular building erected over "the very spot" where St. Peter was crucified. The socket of the cross is shown with a light which is kept incessantly burning and suspended over it. The padre took a stick, which had a small tube at the end of it, and stuck it into the bottom of the hole and brought it up filled with sand, which he offered us as a souvenir of the sacred spot, and for which we paid the usual fee.

We next visited the Church of San Onofrio, and the convent adjoining. This stands on a remote part of the Janiculum Hill, and is a very ancient structure. It is chiefly interesting as the burial place of Tasso, where his monument is seen ; it is in the cinque-cento style, and has a life-size statue above, and a bas-relief of the poet's funeral beneath. There are some excellent frescos in this church, among them the "Flight into Egypt," and the "Massacre of the Innocents." Besides these, this building contains a store of sculptures and other works of art, many of them possessing great merit, especially the sculptures on the tombs and sarcophagi.

I was permitted to visit the monastery adjoining the church, but Miss McQueen, who alone accompanied me to the church (the other ladies preferring to remain in the carriage at the foot of the hill), was not allowed to enter without a permit from the Pope. This is a very extensive building, of two stories in height, which are divided into long corridors pierced on either side with low doors opening to the cells of the Brotherhood (Monks of St. Jerome), who occupy the building. In the second story, at the extreme end of one of these long corridors, I was admitted to the room in which Tasso spent his last days when he came to Rome to be crowned. In this room the immortal author of "Gerusalemme" died, and it still contains many relics of him, such as an autograph letter, inkstand, crucifix, the leaden coffin in which his remains were placed before they were removed from their original grave. There is also a wax bust, taken after death, a photograph of which I bought from the monk who guided me. The view from the windows of Tasso's room is exceedingly fine, looking northward and taking in a large part of the city and distant hills, with the Campagna spread like a map between. The gardens of this convent are beautiful, and interesting on account of their association with the poet, who resorted frequently to them. "Tasso's Oak," under which he wrote and studied, still lives and flourishes.

We drove home shivering with cold, a sudden change having come over the temperature.

*January 26th.*—Our servant Paul is sick, so we started off by ourselves to visit the studios of American sculptors and painters. Called on the following: Hazeltine, sculptor; Hazeltine, painter; Rogers, sculptor; Mozier, sculptor; Hosmer, sculptor; Ives, sculptor.

This consumed the afternoon.

I bought two fine paintings, "St. Jerome," and "A Peasant Returning from the Vintage." They are by Navarro of

Rome, a Spanish artist of great merit, none of whose pictures are in America, where he was very anxious to be known.

*January 27th.*—Visited the following studios : Miss Vinnie Ream's, Story's, Reinhart's, all American sculptors, and Macdonald's, an English sculptor.

We drove through parts of Rome not before visited, and were much pleased with the great number and variety of designs of the public fountains ; they may all be considered as excellent, except one which is in the Piazza del Popolo. These fountains are all ornamented with magnificent statuary in marbles or in bronze. Rome is filled with fountains, all pouring out streams of the purest and clearest water, which has continued to flow for ages from the distant hills over lines of aqueducts which traverse the beautiful Campagna in its whole length and breadth.

After lunch we drove to the valley of Egeria, about two miles outside the walls ; although we had passed over the road or rather part of it before, we were interested afresh in all we saw. The valley is on the left of the Appian Way, and descends abruptly from the level on which stands the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, from which a view of the entire valley can be had. We dismounted and walked to the grove of Egeria, where it is said Numa Pompilius resorted to consult the Nymph. This grove crowns a beautiful hill on the edge of the valley and is made up chiefly of oaks. Whether the ancient grove occupied the same site or not is a matter of uncertainty, though I understand that good authorities hold this to be the identical spot. From the edge of the grove on all sides most beautiful and extensive views are obtained. The valley is watered by a clear and rapid stream through its centre, which is fed by rivulets which empty into it on all sides from the hills. One of these streams flows from the Fountain of Egeria, over which are still to be seen the ruins of a temple. We visited this fountain, climbing up and down steep hills to reach it, and found it very interesting. Remains

of massive walls supporting a noble arch from which the fountain pours its crystal stream are still to be seen, and a fragment of a magnificent reclining statue lies across the mouth of the fountain. On all sides the walls are covered with a rich growth of a variety of ferns and "Maiden Hair," some of them exceedingly delicate and exquisitely beautiful.

On the edge of one of the plains which overlooks the valley we came to a rude-looking structure of Roman brick-work, and on approaching it our attention was arrested by some splendid Corinthian columns and capitals, of which only a narrow line in each was visible, all the rest being concealed in walls of great thickness, which had been built around to support them. This, we learned from the custodian, was the Temple of Bacchus; after walking around and viewing the exterior—of which nothing really remains that belonged to the original building except the columns—we entered and found in the vestibule a very ancient altar with a Greek inscription on it, and several other curious relics which had been found in and around the building. The early Christians used this temple to worship in, and what remains of the ancient altar is used to place curiosities on for exhibition. The interior still retains some of its ancient frescos and a portion of the frieze, on which are sculptured arms and other war implements in bas-relief. The paintings on the walls are so much defaced by time that it is almost impossible to make anything out of them. The vault is very lofty and is divided into sunken panels with small fragments of gilding still adhering to it; midway between the roof and the pavement are suspended many curious things which were found in the temple, such as wine-jars and bottles, vases and goblets. At this place we met a party of young English artists just returning from an eight days' excursion on foot in the surrounding Campagna and the hills and mountains. They had been sketching and were an interesting and jolly party, with their legs tied up with goat-skins, hair outside, and

their dress very much in the style of the peasantry of the country.

We returned after glancing at the grotto of Egeria, and skirting the ancient walls of Rome on the outside for some miles, we visited the English cemetery, which is adjacent to the tomb of Caius Cestius, built in the form of a large pyramid, the only one in that style in Rome. This tomb stands partly inside and partly outside the Aurelian wall; its height is one hundred and thirteen feet, and length on each side at the foot ninety-three feet; it is of the time of Augustus and therefore about one thousand eight hundred years old.

We entered the Protestant cemetery, which is close to the pyramid, and wandered among its tombs and monuments, some of which are very fine and very interesting, but there are two which excite peculiar interest, those of the poets Shelley and Keats. The tombstone of the former is thus inscribed: "Percy Bysshe Shelley. Cor Cordium; Natus IV. Aug. MDCCXCII., obit VIII. Jul. MDCCCXXII."

" Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a *sea* change  
Into something rich and strange."

Shelley was drowned at Spezzia and his body was burned on the beach, and it is said that it was all consumed except the heart, hence the expression, "Cor cordium" (the heart of hearts).

John Keats lies in the old cemetery adjoining, and his monument bears this inscription:

"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraven on his tombstone: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' February 27, 1821."

The grave of John Bell, the eminent surgeon and anatomist, is near that of Keats.



There was a severe and sudden change in the temperature this evening and we returned home shivering with cold. The fountains bore evidence of the change, many of them being hung with bright icicles which glittered in the rays of the setting sun.

*January 28th.*—Visited T. Buchanan Read, who showed his pictures and studies, also a bust of General Sheridan in marble. All his works are very superior.

Took a carriage and visited the following places: the Arch of Septimius Severus, which has only been excavated a short time and is a magnificent relic of ancient Rome; it is entirely of marble and is exceedingly rich in fine sculptures and bas-reliefs representing grand triumphal processions. In these there are many prisoners in chains, with chariots and horses. Beneath this arch the ancient street runs, with the original pavements, in good preservation, over which those great processions passed up to the gates of the Capitol, which are very near. Here also is seen the great gateway to the Capitol prison.

A little to the left of the arch stands some of the splendid columns of the Temple of Saturn, and to the right of these the only three remaining columns and part of the entablature of the Temple of Jupiter, grand and stately ruins indeed. A little beyond, all that remains of the Temple of Fortune is seen, consisting of a few columns. Farther on are the ruins of the Temple of Vespasian, and the foundation of the ancient rostrum is pointed out where Cicero often harangued. The guide conducted me to the Via Sacra and the Via Appia, both of which at these points have been recently excavated, showing the ancient pavements in each. Near these stands the column of the Emperor Phocas, in the Corinthian style of architecture, standing on a square base of granite and reached by four flights of steps. Near this are three pedestals, on which statues of emperors once stood. The Forum Romanum occupied a grand area a little farther

on. Here is seen the site of the statue of Domitian, and beyond stood the Temple of Julius Cæsar. These sites still retain large portions of the ancient marble floors and fragments in beautiful varieties. Beyond stood the beautiful Basilica of Paulus, to the right the Arch of Fabius, and to the left the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina; near by stood the Temple of Castor and Pollux, of which three columns and a portion of the entablature are all that remain. Retracing our steps, the guide showed me the ruins of the School of Xanthus and the Basilica Julia, also the Septimian Arch, or rather its site, near which is the Mamertine prison, over which was built the modern church of "San Pietro in Carcere." Here also are seen the ruins of the Temple of Concord.

In the Roman Forum the place is shown into which, it is said, Quintus Curtius leaped. Also the place where the shambles stood from which Virginius snatched the knife with which he slew his daughter Virginia, to save her honor. In the comparatively small space which includes these most interesting places a large portion of the ancient city is to be seen, one of the most interesting features of which is the causeway which was trodden by the people of those times. I acquired a much better idea of the ancient city by rambling through these places on foot than I had before, although I had visited them frequently in carriages and viewed them from the modern level of this part of the city; in fact, they cannot be properly seen unless the visitor passes through the gate where carriages are not allowed, for the reason that the government shows a laudable desire to preserve these ancient remains from injury. I had an excellent view from the Forum of the position of the Tarpeian Rock, which cannot now be seen from that point, for the reason that many modern erections intervene; but I can understand that the rock itself, from which the condemned were hurled headlong, could be seen from the Forum in ancient times, as

history tells us. I mention this because I have heard travelers contradict the truth of this statement, and assert that the people gathered in the Forum on such occasions could not have seen the rock in ancient times.

I drove to the Forum of Trajan, and had an excellent view of that grand and extensive ruin, and also of the magnificent column of Trajan, which stands near the southern extremity of the Forum. The vast pavement of this Forum is laid bare, and all that remains of the grand structure which once covered it are the stumps of a multitude of splendid columns of polished granite and a few fragments of statues and sculptures of various sorts. What a scene of desolation is here ! I also visited the Church of "St. Agnese in Piazza Navona," which is interesting for its fine interior and spacious and lofty dome, covered all over with frescos by master painters ; also for its splendid marbles and sculptures in grand and imposing groups, one of which represents the martyrdom of St. Agnes, this church being built on the spot where, it is said, that event took place. Here are also to be seen a collection of fine bronzes in various forms and works of art. In front of this church and in the centre of the grand piazza is one of the finest fountains of Rome, with colossal groups in marble of men and animals, splendidly executed.

After dinner we attended a fair gotten up by the artists for the benefit of the Roman poor, and spent two hours very pleasantly there.

*January 29th.*—After lunch we drove to the studios of Miss Vinnie Ream and Miss Stebbins ; the first we saw, the latter was absent. We were all charmed with Miss Ream, who is a mere child in stature, years, and manners ; saw her cast of Lincoln's statue, life size, which she is about to begin for the Government of the United States, to be set up in the capitol at Washington ; she showed several of the casts and clay models, but she has done nothing yet in marble, having only arrived here lately.

We next visited the Barberini Palace to see its collection of pictures. In the first chamber is a large painting representing Joseph fleeing from the wife of Potiphar, beautifully done. There are other pictures in this collection by great masters, but none so attractive as the portrait by Guido of Beatrice Cenci while awaiting her execution. This wonderful face is too familiar to all the world and too magnificent for my powers of description. I don't think it possible to forget that face, the loveliest that was ever put on canvas, its beauty marred and yet not marred by the most profound emotions of the soul as it stands on the verge of eternity, conscious of innocence and condemned to a cruel and ignominious death. This palace is in possession of some of the descendants of the Cenci family ; with the condemnation of Beatrice and the other members of the family, this and all the other property of the estate was confiscated, but was afterward restored to their descendants.

We visited the studio of J. Warrington Wood, an English sculptor of celebrity. He is a genial man, and received us warmly and showed us his works, which pleased us very much. Mr. Wood has a very remarkable dog of the greyhound breed, but with long, half-curly hair. His name is Eric ; he is so intelligent that he does all but speak. The Queen of Naples coveted him, and to compromise the matter Mr. Wood had a portrait of him cast in bronze, which he intends to present to the queen. He has also introduced Eric into a very fine marble group, for which he is to receive a high price.

We drove to the Church Del la Pace and saw Raphael's four Sibyls," of which M. Angelo said that each head was worth one hundred crowns. This church is filled with fine statues (some by M. Angelo), and other works of art, such as bronzes and paintings, many of them by the best masters.

We finished the day and the week by visiting St. Peter's for the seventh time, where we saw the effect of the long

shadows at sunset in the grandest of all the interiors in the world. It was truly magnificent, and enabled us to form a better estimate of the vastness of this colossal basilica than on any former visit ; indeed, it requires repeated visits and much careful study to form any estimate of this immense interior and its endless collections of works of art. At this hour there were perhaps two hundred visitors, but so great is the space over which they were scattered that at first sight, and until we began to count them, they appeared few and far between, and they looked like children moving over the great marble pavement. While we were engaged in examining the high altar, one of the custodians announced that the church was to be closed, and we moved slowly toward the great doors, from which we looked back and saw what I considered the grandest effect of light and shade: while much of the interior was almost dark, the setting sun poured into a little corner and illuminated the objects around it with a peculiar brightness.

On reaching the piazza a long funeral cortége was crossing it obliquely at a little distance. The procession was made up exclusively of ecclesiastics—priests of various orders and in a variety of costumes, some black, red, yellow, white, and gray ; a number before, around, and following the corpse, carrying lighted candles. The corpse was not in a coffin, but laid on a platform covered with a gaudy cloth, in which gold and red predominated. We overtook the procession, and, while passing slowly, had an opportunity of seeing it well. At the head of it walked the men who performed the services at the grave ; these were covered from head to foot with cloaks, and openings to see through. The corpse-bearers were similarly attired. In the cemetery there are three hundred and sixty-five pits, the mouths of which are covered with flat stones ; each of these is opened in the morning of each day in the year and closed at midnight, and remains closed until its turn comes again. The body is stripped of

all covering, and rudely tumbled into the pit. I did not witness this, but have no doubt of its truth, my informants being persons of high respectability. The rich are more gently handled.

*January 30th.*—Attended the Church of Scotland morning and afternoon and heard Dr. Gray with much pleasure. From the outside stairway that leads to the little chapel a splendid view of St. Peter's is seen ; a portion of the Campus Martius of about half a mile in width stands between, but it is quite level and unobstructed by intervening buildings or other objects ; the grand cathedral stands on a slight rise on the other side of the Tiber, and the eye is filled with the view and dwells on it with intense admiration.

There is nothing in architecture to be compared with that vast and magnificent dome as it looms above every other object. The desire to gaze on this great temple as I entered and left the chapel was so irresistible that I had to yield to it. On the right of St. Peter's and standing above it are seen the extensive Vatican buildings, as they rise on the hillside and extend along its face in irregular lines.

The Sabbath in Rome is a holiday after early Mass ; the Pope, Cardinals, priests, and people amuse themselves, if the day is fine, by driving or walking, and the band of the government plays on the Pincian Hill for the pleasure of large gatherings of the people.

*January 31st.*—After letter-writing and lunch we visited the Colonna Palace, erected in the fifteenth century by Prince Colonna. The gallery of paintings was once the finest in Rome, but it has lost many of its gems, which have been distributed among the members of the family, and some of them sold to replenish their depleted treasury ; still there are several good paintings and sculptures left, and there are also many splendid frescos. There are works of Titian, Paul Veronese, Salviati, Claude, Raphael, Poussin, and other eminent painters. I was particularly pleased with a "Holy

Family," name of artist not given, a "Madonna," by Holbein, "Resurrection of Lazarus," by Rubens, and "Joseph and His Brethren," artist not known. The grand hall of this palace is very spacious, lofty and splendid. One of its marble steps was struck and badly broken by a cannon ball during the siege of the French, and the ball remains where it fell. The gardens are very fine and extend along the grounds of the Palace of the Quirinal, and are tastefully and beautifully ornamented with box and ilex trees. In these grounds many splendid, ancient ruins have been excavated, which are supposed to have belonged to the Temple of the Sun, erected on the Quirinal in the third century.

We next drove to Monte Mario, for the purpose of getting another and the best view of modern Rome and the surrounding country.

This hill lies to the left of St. Peter's, looking toward the Campus Martius and modern Rome; it is on the opposite side of the Tiber from the city, and commands a comprehensive and superb view of the river, with all its windings, for many miles. The Sabine and Alban Hills form the horizon to the northeast; from the bases of their heights the Campagna starts and extends toward the site of the ancient city, portions of which, such as the Coliseum, are seen; then comes the modern city, which extends toward the northeast; and then the Campus Martius, through which the Tiber meanders, extends to the base of the Monte Mario on which we stand; thus it will be understood what a grand and magnificent panorama lies mapped at our feet.

The day is brilliant, the blue Italian sky is cloudless, and the sun is setting behind us, lighting up one of the most interesting and beautiful landscapes imaginable.

This hill is beautifully cultivated with a variety of shrubs and trees; among the latter are the cypress, the ilex, stone pine, and oak. On a very prominent point stands a magnificent pine tree to which Shelley used to resort for study and

reflection. A fund has been set apart for the preservation of this spot, which has been purchased and dedicated to the memory of the English bard. We had a most delightful ramble through the grounds of the Villa Millini which crowns the summit of this magnificent hill, a pleasure for which each was taxed half a franc.

We returned by way of the grand piazza in front of St. Peter's, and found the streets blocked by carriages and processions, some at funerals, and others bearing the Host, so that our progress was very slow, and we reached our hotel only a few minutes before 6, to prepare for dinner and receive a guest (Monsignor Capel) who dines with us.

At 6 our guest arrived and dined with us, after which we had a pleasant résumé of our Jerusalem rambles and meetings, and almost agreed to go again next fall together.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany died yesterday, aged seventy-three. He had seen every phase of life ; once in the possession of enormous wealth and the sovereignty of a large part of the Italian territory, driven from his throne into exile where he died in comparative poverty. This was the man who did all he could to suppress the reading of the Bible by his subjects, many of whom were persecuted for having them in their houses. His funeral was conducted with great pomp from the palace in which he died to the Church of the Apostoli. The Pope, Cardinals, and high officials of church and state, including the ex-King and Queen of Naples, attended. It is said that ten thousand officers and soldiers were in the procession which passed through the streets after sunset, lighted by torches. I saw only a small part of it as our guest remained until it was nearly over ; from what I saw it must have been a grand and most imposing cortége.

*February 1st.*—After lunch called on the McQueens to go sight-seeing. Drove to the Church of the SS. Apostoli, where the funeral services of the Grand Duke of Tuscany had been solemnized in the morning. The vast building was



draped in black cloth bordered with gold. The workmen were busily engaged in taking down the catafalque, beneath which stood the burial case containing the remains. The candles were still burning and the undertakers were bustling about, stripping off the grand finery with which the catafalque was hung, and giving us a peep at the mean and cheap materials of which it was composed, consisting of old and new boards and timbers, which may have been used for a cow-shed. Nearly the whole of the paintings, statues, and other works of art were covered up with drapery of mourning, and I saw the great interior of the church without an object to attract my attention from it. The proportions are perfect, and nothing in architecture can be finer than the enormous arches which gracefully connect the piers.

One of the monks invited me into the great hall on the side of the church (but I was not permitted to take the ladies), where he showed me the sepulchre of Michael Angelo. The great architect, sculptor, and painter is represented reclining on the top of a sarcophagus, with his head resting on his hand as if in meditation. This work was executed by himself; there is no inscription on the tomb to tell who lies there. This is said to be a fine portrait of him, and as I looked at it I could not doubt the truth of the statement.

We next drove to the Villa Abani, about two miles outside the gates; it is the property of Prince Torlonia, one of the wealthiest Roman noblemen. The palace is a structure of the fifteenth century, but has been greatly enlarged and improved; it stands on a very commanding elevation, from which fine views in a circuit of many miles can be had. The grounds are very splendid and are laid out in gardens, parks, lawns, terraces, groves of beautiful trees and avenues of ilex, which meet in the centre and present walls of thick foliage on the sides, thus affording refreshing retreats in warm weather. These avenues are adorned with statues and busts so arranged as to produce a very fine effect when contrasted

against the leafy backgrounds. At the end of a long dark avenue may be seen magnificent statues in pure white marble, and in niches cut in the hedges other statues and busts are placed, the appearance of which is most effective. There are also long avenues bordered with hedges of box, cypress, and myrtle, radiating from the casino as the centre of a large circle, which present a magnificent appearance when viewed from one of the balconies. Interspersed through these gardens are many fountains in a great variety of forms, ornamented with statues and forms of animals of various kinds, and throwing jets in a multitude of shapes. The grand piazza of the casino is furnished with many splendid ancient statues of Roman emperors and mythological subjects, also an endless catalogue of vases of porphyry and other works of art in a variety of marbles. The long corridors and spacious rooms and halls are crowded with similar works of art, including paintings and frescos, which almost weary the eye and confuse the brain to look upon, to attempt a minute description of which would be almost an endless task.

We drove to the ancient Church of St. Clement, which was illuminated ; it was thronged with a crowd of strangers, chiefly Americans and English, drawn together on this special occasion. We had visited this most interesting relic of Pagan and early Christian times twice before, but did not see it to advantage on account of the dimness of our tapers. The general lighting up of the two subterranean buildings, one beneath the other, enabled us to see them perfectly. On entering the upper church we found an Irish monk, (Father Burke) in the tribune just closing a discourse ; he was very eloquent, and was advocating the claims of Mary to the adoration and worship of his audience. We then descended to the extensive building below the church, which was discovered only a few years ago, and which was the palace of Clement and Flavia, noble Romans who became converts to Christianity under the preaching of St. Paul,

one or both of whom is referred to, I think, in one of his epistles. Many of the splendid columns and walls of this palace are yet standing, with portions of the old fresco paintings on them.

Still lower down and beneath the foundations of the palace is the chapel in which these early Christians worshipped God ; here they retired with the converts to the new religion of the lately crucified Saviour, to conceal themselves from the persecutions which afterward overtook them, when they sealed their faith with their blood. These substructions were built long before our era by the Flavian family. Father Mullooly, the canon of St. Clement's, discovered them by accident in 1857, and is still carrying on the work of excavation, and developing something new and interesting every day by the aid of the contributions of visitors.

*February 2d* (Candlemas).—This is a high holiday in the Romish Church. All business is suspended. A shopkeeper told me that if he opened his doors they would be closed by the police, and he would be arrested and imprisoned.

Wife and Miss McQueen went to St. Peter's to attend High Mass and witness the ceremony of blessing the candles by the Pope. They had an excellent view and returned at 1 o'clock, pleased. After lunch we visited several places. First, the Tarpeian Rock, where, with the aid of our guide-book and Miss McQueen's knowledge of the locality from frequent visits in former years, we were able to trace to our satisfaction the positions of many of the interesting places which centred round this point, of which ancient history is so full.

From here the Forum is distinctly visible, where the people met to see the political offenders and others hurled headlong from the top of the rock on which we stood. Opposite stands the Palatine Hill, which is covered with the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars ; to the right the Aventine Hill, the foot of which is washed by the Tiber, and farther on,

still to the right, stands the Janiculum Hill, so that from the Capitoline Hill on which we stood we could trace in a semicircle from the Pincian Hill on the northern side of modern Rome, to the Aventine on the south, embracing the entire line of the city walls ; within this semicircle nearly the whole of the ancient city is included.

We descended to the Piazza, around which stands the Capitol, and viewed with increased admiration for the third time the magnificent equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which graces the centre of the grand square. The form and action of the noble horse are indescribable, but the figure of the Emperor did not please me as well, although it is very fine. We continued to descend the hill, intending to visit the Forum Romanum from its ancient level, but the gates were shut, as this is a high festival.

We next drove to the Temple of Vesta and viewed again with wonder and admiration this beautiful circular ruin, with its twenty magnificent marble columns in the Corinthian style, of which nineteen are standing and only the pedestal of the twentieth remains.

This temple was built by Vespasian, A.D. 70, and is consequently one thousand eight hundred years old.

We next visited the Cloaca Maxima, or ancient sewers of Rome, which run from the Velabrum to the Tiber. This is a work of stupendous magnitude, and better attests the enormous strength and durability of Roman masonry than any other relic extant ; it is as firm and solid as when first built, although it is one of the works of Tarquinius Priscus, who reigned in the year 616 before Christ, or nearly two thousand five hundred years ago.

Next we drove to the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, a magnificent half-ruined structure of white marble, supposed to be of the time of Septimius Severus. Just opposite is the Arch of Gallienus, built of travertine and marble, with some beautiful bas-reliefs, and supposed to be of the third century.

We next visited the Church of Santa Maria Egeziaca, which is built on the ruins of the Temple of Fortuna Virilis ; or, more properly speaking, the temple as it originally stood has been restored and converted into a church, in which the Armenian Catholics worship. This temple was built by Servius Tullius, and is about two thousand four hundred years old ; it is a beautiful structure, with columns in the pure Ionic style, on which are sculptured in bas-relief the figures of children, with the heads of oxen ornamented with garlands.

We next drove to the Church of Santa Maria Cosmadin, which was built on the ruins of the Temple of Ceres and Proserpine, early in the third century. Some of the fine columns of the temple are built into the front walls of the modern building ; they are beautifully fluted, and have splendid capitals of the composite order. This church is also called the Bocca della Verità, from a huge round stone which was found in it, and which is sculptured in the form of a mask with an open mouth, in which it is said that persons who were sworn as witnesses were required to place their right hand, and, if perjured, the mouth closed and took off the hand ; hence the name, "the mouth of truth." This curious stone stands in the vestibule.

We next visited the house of Rienzi, the last of the Roman tribunes, a curious and shapeless brick building, said to be of the eleventh century, and ornamented with most incongruous decorations, which seem to have been gathered from the ancient ruins and thrown together regardless of order or architectural arrangement. This is an object of deep interest, as the place where the last, and one of the noblest, Romans lived and died.

*February 4th.*—Our excellent friends, Mrs. and Miss McQueen, called, and we all drove off to the Via Appia. The day was magnificent, the sun bright and warm, and we had one of the most delightful excursions along that interesting road as far as the six-mile stone. The Campagna was most

beautiful, the new grass was springing up, and the lizards, (the harbingers of spring) were sporting in the sun over the ruined walls and ancient tombs which skirt the Appian Way on both sides. I never get tired of looking at the Campagna, enclosed between the Alban and Sabine Hills and the walls of the "Eternal City," and traversed by the long lines of ancient and modern aqueducts, the lofty, broken walls of the former spanned by noble arches, and many of them mantled with a luxuriant growth of ivy. The hillsides in the distance are dotted with many towns and villages; these elevated points are the resorts of the wealthy in summer, who flee to them to get away from the fevers and malarious diseases which prevail in Rome during warm weather. In ancient times the emperors and men of wealth, like Cræsus and Mæcenæ, had splendid villas on these eminences. The Villa of Hadrian, at Tivoli, is the most noted; it extended along the sides of the Sabine Hills for a distance of nine miles, and was stored with an incredible collection of the grandest works of art that was ever brought together; these have furnished the Vatican and a number of other palaces in Rome and other places, also the villas and museums, public and private, with vast quantities of the ancient relics which adorn them. Other neighboring places, such as Tusculum, Albina, and Frascati, have also poured out their rich art treasures, which have been appropriated to like purposes, far and near, so that it is quite impossible to estimate the enormous wealth which was gathered in and about Rome, as the fruits of its world-wide conquests. Truly she was the mistress of the world, whose storehouses were filled with all that was grand and magnificent.

The summits of the distant hills are crowded with ruined castles and strongholds; there are also many convents and monasteries on them, which are occupied by various orders of monks and nuns, who open their doors to entertain travellers.

Interspersed over the vast extent of the Campagna may be seen the ruins of many proud edifices which are now crumbling to dust, and the whole of the Appian Way is thickly strewn with fragments of statues, columns, capitals, friezes, entablatures, and sarcophagi, many of which are also exquisitely sculptured in fine white marbles ; these are scattered in great profusion along the sides of the road and over the fields.

Near the fifth mile-stone stand the tombs of the Horatii and Curiatii, which were built near the spot where these six heroes fell in combat, and which I have already referred to. Beyond these stands the remarkable tomb of the poet and historian Messala Corvinus, the intimate friend of Horace. This tomb was built in honor of Corvinus by the Emperor Augustus, who was his patron ; it is called the Casala Rotondo, as appears by an inscription on a tablet in the walls ; it is of enormous dimensions and solidity, and judging from portions of the marble decorations and sculptures which remain on the walls and are strewn on the ground, it must have been the grandest and most splendid of all the sepulchres about Rome. I ascended to the top, from which I had a magnificent view of the whole region for many miles in a circuit. On one of the lower slopes there is now a large barn, adjoining it a sheep-house, and further on, the dwelling of the shepherd. On the summit there is a large field of grain, wheat, and an olive grove. The diameter of this tomb is three hundred and fifty-four feet, and I estimated its present height at about fifty feet. Around the walls at the base there are the remains of a moat, showing that it had been used as a fortification, perhaps in the wars of the Middle Ages, just as the tomb of Cæcilia Metella had been used. As I descended I met the shepherd, who was clad in a suit of sheepskin with the wool outside, a pair of sandals bound on the feet with leather strings crossed and recrossed over the legs and tied under the knees ; he wore a high conical hat with a broad brim and a red and yellow string for a band ; he carried a

shepherd's crook ornamented with carving and faded blue and green strings ; his complexion was dark olive with a bright tinge of red in his cheeks, fine regular features and a pair of black, good-natured eyes ; his long raven hair fell in thick, glossy profusion over his shoulders and on the sides of his face ; in short, he was as perfect a model as a painter could wish. He spoke in Italian and put out his hand to beg, and was overjoyed when I gave him a quarter of a franc.

Near this huge sepulchral pile stood many other tombs bearing fragmentary inscriptions, from which I could make out such names at "Quintius," "Julius," "Decumius," "Flaccus," etc., all of great antiquity and most of them splendid workmanship. In fact, the Via Appia between Rome and the Alban Hills, some twelve or thirteen miles, runs through a vast unbroken cemetery, where the dust of multitudes of noble Romans sleeps. In ancient times this was the grand highway over which returning conquerors passed in triumphal processions, with long trains of prisoners bearing the rich spoils taken in war. These processions, as history tells us, were always graced with the captive generals and kings of the conquered nations, and nothing could exceed the pomp of these trains as they entered the gates of "Rome, the mistress of the world."

I walked back part of the way to have a better opportunity of examining the interesting relics on all sides. Some men were breaking stones for macadamizing, among which I saw some marbles with inscriptions on them, and thus after a few more years have rolled away, there will be nothing remaining of the treasures of art which adorned the grandest highway in the world.

*February 5th.*—Lunched and called for the McQueens ; drove to the Villa Borghese, which is just outside the Porta del Popolo, and occupies the northern slope of the Pincian Hill. This is a favorite resort of the Romans in summer, and on account of its proximity to the city is a very con-



venient and beautiful promenade at all times. This villa and the extensive grounds which surround it suffered very much during the siege by the French army in 1849, but it has been restored by its princely proprietor, who, with great liberality, throws it open to strangers. The grounds are very extensive and are laid out with very great taste and skill, and at an enormous expense.

The Casino, which contains the works of art, is a very large and imposing-looking building, standing on an elevated part of the grounds. It is two stories high and is divided into a number of vestibules, salons, halls, and rooms, which are devoted to the variously classified contents of the museum. The floor of the grand salon on the ground level is laid in mosaics, said to be of the third century, representing men and animals of life size contending in mortal combat. There are lions, panthers, tigers, deer, oxen, buffaloes, antelopes, ostriches, and other animals. These mosaics are not remarkable as works of art, for they are rudely done, but for their antiquity and the costumes worn at the time. In this chamber there is a life-size alto-relievo, representing Quintus Curtius leaping into the gulf on his horse. Here too are some splendid statues of emperors and others; a colossal Hercules, a dancing faun, and a great variety of other works of art. The lofty arched roof is done in magnificent frescos representing the arrival of Camillus at the gates of Rome. In one of the grand halls are seen the busts of the Twelve Cæsars, and a great variety of the most splendid works in porphyry and colored marbles. In one of the rooms on the second floor there are three groups by Bernini, representing Æneas carrying Anchises, Apollo and Daphne, and David in the attitude of slinging a stone at Goliath. These are all magnificent.

There are many paintings, also, but they did not interest me very much.

We afterward drove to the fountain of the Aquacitosa,

which is three or four miles from Rome on the banks of the Tiber ; the road to it was through narrow by-ways in which two carriages could not pass, hedged and frescoed so high as to almost exclude the sun in some places. The country about Rome has a dead, deserted look ; the farmers do not live on their farms, but in the cities and villages ; we found this the case in many parts of Italy and it is the rule all over the East. The waters of the fountain are not unpleasant to the taste and are said to possess curative properties.

*February 6th (Sunday).*—Heard Dr. Gray morning and afternoon with great pleasure.

*February 7th.*—Dined at the “ Lepre,” where the artists resort, and then visited the “ Café Greco,” where they spend their evenings.

*February 8th.*—Strolled over the Pincian Hill and enjoyed the sights. The fountains of Rome are very wonderful for their magnificence of design and execution ; they are almost innumerable, being met with at every turn.

### XXIII.

Leave Rome ; Sights on the Road ; Naples ; Museum ; Objects of Art ; Vast Collection ; National Gallery ; Pozzuoli ; Cumæan Sibyl's Cave ; Baïæ ; Lake Agnano.

*February 12th, 1870.*—Took our departure at 8.30 for Naples. The train started at 9.20, and passed through a most interesting region of the country, which brought vividly to recollection many places mentioned in my early reading.

The road follows the course of the ancient Via Latina until it intersects the Via Appia at Capua. I can only refer to a few of the places through or in sight of which we passed, and note some of the general features of the country. Our passport was duly *viséed* and handed to the authorities when we started, and it was returned to us on reaching the Roman and Italian frontier.

As we sped along the view of the Sabine, Apennines, from Soracte to Palestrina, and also of the Alban Hills, was very fine. The Via Appia on one side, marked by its long lines of ruined tombs, and the Campagna on the other, traversed by its equally long lines of ancient and modern aqueducts, were peculiarly impressive and beautiful sights. We ran nearly as far as Frascati, when we struck off to the right. The town of Marino stands on one of the slopes of the Alban Hills, and is a picturesque group of curious and quaint buildings, as seen from the train. As we passed we got glimpses of Castle Gandolfo and Monte Cavo ; then we reached Velletri, which stands on a high point of the Monte Artemisia, on the northern line of the Pontine Marshes. This town stands on the

site of the Volscian city of Velitræ, which was strongly fortified by Coriolanus, during the bloody wars between the Romans and Volscians, centuries before our era. Here are seen many ruins of the ancient city, besides some walls and fortifications of the Middle Ages. At the station we saw some women, whose fine faces and picturesque costumes were very attractive. The road passes through an oak forest after leaving Velletri, and on the right are seen the lake and also the town of Ginlianello; then another oak forest, until the town of Valmontone comes in sight, perched on the summit of a lofty and precipitous hill, the most prominent object of which is an ancient baronial castle, surrounded by a wall of equally ancient appearance. On we went till another town, "Monte Fortina," came in sight, perched also on a lofty hill, a spur of the Volscian Mountain range. This is said to be the most infested by fierce brigands of any part of Italy. The next station was Signia, a place of great antiquity, built, it is said, by Tarquinius Priscus. After passing this point the view over the extensive valley of the Sacco and the surrounding mountains is exceedingly fine. The road runs along the Sacco and passes many ruins of greater or less antiquity, until we reach the town of Garvignano, and after that Anagni, once the chief city of the Hernici, and a city of great wealth. The next station is Sgurgola, near which stood on a high hill the ancient city, some of the ruins of which are still visible. The next place is Frosinone, also on a very lofty hill. Here we saw several of the female inhabitants, whose costumes were very attractive and beautiful. The loveliest pastoral scene I ever saw was just after leaving Frosinone. A flock of sheep in a bright green meadow guarded by a girl with a most picturesque costume, in which red predominated, stood on one side of the flock, and a large dog on the other, so attentive to his trust that he did not turn his head to look at the train. On we went, through a country of greatly diversified and most beautiful scenery,

passing in sight of cities and villages, all set on hills, and ruined castles without number.

The peasantry were engaged in the cultivation of their lands in large numbers, and it was curious to observe that all the land is turned up with a spade, and not a plough was to be seen. Long lines of men and women were digging side by side, and preparing for the spring sowing. On reaching Ceprano our passports were returned to us, and some of the baggage was examined by the Italian customs officers; ours was not troubled.

We passed in sight of Rocca Secca, the ruined castle on the summit, in the rear of which was the birthplace of Thomas Aquinas; near this stood the town of Aquinum, where the poet Juvenal was born. A little farther on is the town of Casinum, the neighborhood of which was frequently the scene of many bloody battles. Hannibal laid this entire country waste in one of his inroads. This region abounds in ruins on every side.

As we passed on we saw the world-renowned monastery of Monte Casino, which is one of the most extensive and massive piles I ever saw, and it crowns the summit of a very lofty hill. This was once the house of St. Benedict, who founded it in A.D. 529, on the spot where once stood a temple of Apollo. This monastery has far more the appearance of a grand palace than a convent; it is lofty, and covers a very large area of ground, and is built of travertine, and is said to be altogether the most extensive and splendid monastic structure in Europe. It is said that the church far surpasses every other in Europe in point of magnificence, elegance, and costliness of decoration, St. Peter's scarcely excepted. Tasso spent much of his time here. The Abbot holds the rank of first Baron of the Kingdom.

We next passed the town of Rocca d'Evandre and San Vittore, also Mignano, each built on high hills. The latter was once a strong station, judging from the immense ruins

around it. As we progressed our interest seemed to increase as we passed in sight of many ruined castles and towns of ancient times, and through a country of surpassing beauty. We passed in sight of Caianullo Vaviano, Maazanello, Riardi, Teano (from which we had our first view of the island of Ischia), Sparanise, Calvi, Pignataro, until we arrived at Capua, renowned in the histories of ancient and mediæval times, and now presenting a very interesting aspect with its walls, towers, and fortifications, which are gradually going to decay. The road here strikes into a great plain, and the train passed on until it reached Caserta, where it stopped in front of the once favorite palace of King Bomba of Naples, a building of immense extent and grandeur. Shortly after leaving this we caught our first glimpse of the towering volcano of Vesuvius, and we were soon at the station of Naples, where, after the usual Custom-House formalities, we drove off to the Hotel Washington, and soon found ourselves comfortably housed, and seated at dinner, with the good-natured landlord (Conci) at our side, who entertained us while at our repast.

*February 13th* (Sunday).—Last night was very boisterous ; there was a heavy gale which continues this morning. We are just on the mole, opposite the Castello del Ovo, which is built in the sea ; the wind blows on the shore, and the breakers are running high over the stone walls and dashing furiously over the parapets and on the terrace. Directly in front of our windows Vesuvius looms up grandly, farther to the seaward, Castel-a-Mare, Herculaneum, and Pompeii ; and still beyond, the celebrated island of Capri.

*February 14th*.—A dreadful storm of wind and rain is raging.

After lunch strolled out a little, went into a coral shop and looked at the stock. This is almost a lost day.

I omitted to say, in my notes of the 12th, that Thomas of Celano, the learned prelate and author of that magnificent

hymn "Dies iræ, dies illa," resided at Velletri, and was Bishop of that diocese. He lived in 1243 at this place, and was constantly doing good; his memory is said to be revered in the neighborhood to this day.

*February 15th.*—The rain is falling in torrents and there is no prospect of clear weather to-day.

After breakfast I was attracted by the music of bagpipes in the street, and looking out saw twelve or fifteen Calabrian musicians, men, women, and children, playing and dancing. The instruments were two bagpipes made of undressed leather and in the shape of the animal from which the skins were taken, and a clarionet made of a rude stick bored in the centre and a flute made of a reed. The music was of the same wild sort that is heard in the Highlands of Scotland, and indeed I could see not the least difference in both the music and the dancing of these Calabrian peasants and that of the Scottish Highlanders; both dance the Highland Fling exactly alike. The costumes of these simple, good-natured people were highly picturesque; their feet and legs were enveloped in cloths bound on with a variety of colored strings and ribbons, short yellow trousers and blue jackets, held together by sashes of bright colors of red and green, the long black hair of the men hung in glossy ringlets under high, conical broad-brimmed hats, with bands of bright colors ornamented on the ends with acorns. The women and female children wore short petticoats, with white bodices striped with gay colors, flats on the heads of some and bright kerchiefs on others, with bits of aprons decorated at either end with designs in bright hues. The party was in high glee, and danced as if they enjoyed it as much as did the lookers-on.

I spent three hours in the Museum, which is a world of wonders. During the time which was devoted to the relics found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, I was told by the guide that I had not seen a hundredth part of the whole, which I found was not far from the truth, on reviewing the account con-

tained in Murray, and looking hastily over the vast catalogue of what remains to be seen. The chief objects of interest which I saw to-day were ancient paintings, frescos, and mosaics, taken from palaces and dwellings in the two overwhelmed cities. I need hardly say that these are intensely interesting in many points of view ; they show how far advanced art was in these times of remote antiquity ; some of the pictures were exquisite in execution, design, and coloring ; but I was most interested in the historical lessons to be learned from them ; they show the manners, customs, religion, occupations, and employment of the people who lived in this country many centuries before the Christian era. There are representations of battles, games, sacrifices, and religious rites which cannot fail to interest every beholder ; from these can be learned most forcible lessons of the refinement, luxuriousness, the cruelty, and gross immorality of the inhabitants of these doomed cities, whose fate was similar to that of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Mythological subjects are numerous ; most of them are exceedingly well executed and several, especially of the paintings, are really exquisite. Among them there are many mosaics. Of the pictures in this style of art is a very curious one, representing a furious watch-dog chained, and beneath it the words "Cave canem ;" this was found at the door of a house in Pompeii. There are also two pictures in mosaic splendidly done, representing masked figures in one picture sitting at a table conversing, and in the other picture dancing to music. Another represents a cock-fight done to the life. Another, a human skeleton holding a vase in each hand, thought to be one of the pictures used in ancient times at feasts ; this is admirably drawn. Then there are several representations of the three Graces ; one of them is perfect as to drawing and coloring. Dancing figures, male and female, abound ; also, animals of all sorts. There are many specimens of mosaic floors and pavements ; some of them are



exceedingly beautiful ; in one the sea is represented, with all kinds of marine animals ; in another the Nile is portrayed, with examples of the animals and birds peculiar to it. Many of these are perfect gems of art, and it is wonderful how closely nature is imitated in them, not only in the drawings and colors but in the action ; you see a fish before you which really seems to swim. All the floors are perfectly splendid.

I passed out of these most interesting rooms into the grand halls of the statues and sculptures, leading to which are lofty and wide halls, the walls of which on both sides are covered with tablets of marble and bronze, which were found in Herculaneum, Pompeii, and the neighborhood of Naples ; these are inscribed with Greek and Latin inscriptions, some of which are said to be deeply interesting as sources of history. One of these bronzes contains an inscription which dates three hundred years B.C., and relates to local matters.

The afternoon was spent in coral shops.

*February 16th.*—Another stormy morning ; rain continues to fall in torrents, and the sea is dashing furiously on the rocks under our windows. Vesuvius stands before us in awful grandeur ; a line of clouds runs across its face midway between the base and summit, and a dense volume of smoke is issuing from the crater, overtopping it in a huge black and gray column, which there is not wind enough to disturb.

After breakfast the weather very unexpectedly cleared off, and wife and I drove to the Museum, her first and my second visit. We were fortunate enough to procure the aid of one of the custodians, who, though his English was both scant and bad, made himself tolerably well understood, and we had a most satisfactory visit.

The building in which this collection is contained was erected in the sixteenth century for military purposes. I could not learn its dimensions, but they are immense. The collection, which I think competes in size and interest with that of the Vatican (I refer more particularly to the marbles,

bronzes, and painted and engraved mural inscriptions), is distributed and arranged in twenty-five departments ; but, unfortunately, only the paintings are yet catalogued, so that the visitor is obliged to guess at the meaning of many objects which he is eager to have explained.

We entered at the right, and examined, first, the Pompeian and Herculanean paintings, frescos, and mosaics which I have briefly mentioned ; we then visited the ancient sculptures and marbles, which are contained in a number of halls to the left of the great vestibule. Of this vast collection, which is almost interminable, I can only mention a few of those which interested me most.

A bust of Brutus, said to be a likeness, but very disappointing to my ideas of the great Founder of the Republic. The work is admirably executed, but there is an absence of that massiveness and grandeur of head and features which constitutes one's *beau idéal* of greatness. Everything about it looks diminutive, and the expression does not come up to the idea one is apt to form of the sturdy, firm, and unbending character of the great Liberator.

A wounded gladiator, known by the name of the "Farnese Gladiator," cannot fail to attract the attention of every visitor by its painful truthfulness. It represents the man in the suppressed agonies of death, his weapon by his side on the ground, and a mortal wound in his side ; the powerful effort to conceal pain, and the mortification of defeat, are grandly depicted in every feature and limb. This statue is smaller than that of the Dying Gladiator of the Vatican, but, as a masterpiece of art, it is almost its equal.

A Dacian King as a prisoner is also a fine statue. The noble form and features display the mortified pride of fallen power in eloquent language. A dead Amazon and a dead warrior are inimitable ; a faun with a youthful Bacchus on its shoulders is magnificent. A bust of Alexander the Great is no doubt a true likeness of the man. A Julius

Cæsar, colossal in size, is pronounced the finest portrait extant of the great Dictator. A statue of Caligula gives a countenance expressive of low cunning ; the coat of armor is very fine ; among other bas-reliefs on it there is a splendid horse, perhaps the same that was made a senator by his master. It is a matter of history that the Romans destroyed every vestige of this cruel tyrant, and it is therefore strange to find this statue of him which has escaped their vengeance. A splendidly executed bust of Caracalla has a face full of cruelty and bad passions. A magnificent vase of porphyry is of immense size, the handles of which represent serpents. There are also a Mercury, a Eurydice and an Orpheus, in bas-relief, which are exceedingly fine. A Centaur and Scylla are represented as guardians of Hades. A magnificent Flora, of colossal size, is taken from the Baths of Caracalla ; a statue of Aristides is thought to be one of the greatest in existence ; a mosaic floor, representing the battle of Issus, is a most magnificent and spirited work ; in it are seen the figures of Darius and Alexander the Great in the thickest of the battle ; this was taken from a house in Pompeii ; a torso of Bacchus is inimitable, said to be by Phidias ; a sarcophagus in alto-relievo represents a Bacchanalian feast, with Bacchus in a car and a drunken Hercules leaning on other figures ; it almost made me drunk to look at this and a staggering statue of Bacchus in another room. Perhaps the world does not contain another such piece of drunken marble as this Bacchus ; it is perfect, entirely true to nature ; the gazer finds himself actually unsteady while looking at it. Psyche, with the crown of the head broken off, is one of the most remarkable figures I ever saw. It is not possible to make another such statue. A lovelier face and greater delicacy of form and posture never were represented in hard, cold marble. Another sarcophagus, in bold relief, represents the attendance of the gods at the creation of man, an artistic, curious, and interesting work. There is a beautiful bust

of Homer, another of Juno, another of Themistocles ; also, a Bacchanalian procession in bas-relief on a splendid vase.

But the most wonderful of all the marbles in this immense and grand collection is the great and justly celebrated Farnese Bull, which Pliny called one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity, and which he says was the production of two brothers, sculptors of Rhodes, named Apollonius and Tauriscus, who cut it from a single block of marble. It was removed to Rome and placed in the Baths of Caracalla.

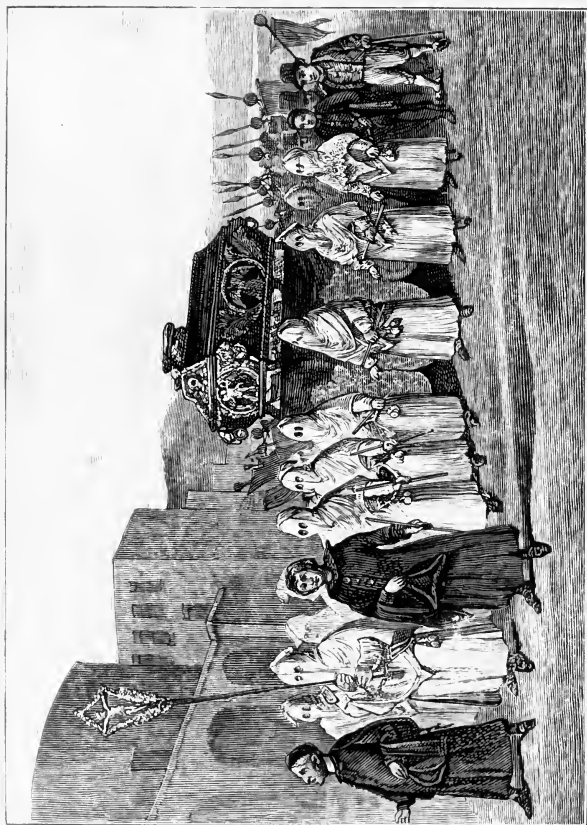
All the figures are a little above life size ; the subject is the tale of the revenge of Antiope and her two sons, Zethus and Amphion, on Dirce, who enticed the affections of her husband Lycus, King of Thebes, who, being enamored of her, despised and repudiated his queen. Zethus and Amphion, enraged at the insult to their mother, resolved on tying their victim to the horns of a bull ; but Antiope interposed and prevailed with the young men to restrain the animal and unbind her rival. (See Murray's Southern Italy.) There are also several other animals represented in this astonishing group.

The Farnese Hercules is another very remarkable colossal statue, at the other extremity of the same hall which contains the bull. The god is represented as worn out with his labors and leaning on his club, which bends under his great weight.

In the rooms beneath this hall there is a collection of very fine Egyptian antiquities ; among them is a statue of Jupiter Serapis on his throne, with his right hand placed on the head of Cerberus. There are several very fine mummies and a very large mummied crocodile.

The collection of ancient bronzes is very large, very fine, and very interesting. There are three large glass cases, covering the entire walls on three sides of one of the rooms, containing ancient Greek and Roman armor, and armor of the gladiators. An equestrian statue of Nero is very fine.





Funeral—Naples. Hired Mourners.

One of the finest examples of Roman armor is a shield ornamented with bas-reliefs of the deaths of Priam and Cassandra and the flight of Æneas ; this was found at Pompeii. Many of the ancient arms were found at Pæstum. There are two Discoboli in the act of throwing the discus and watching it intently ; these are remarkably true to nature ; the expression of anxiety on their faces is perfection, and the attitudes of their bodies are full of natural grace.

We left the Museum to return to our hotel, lost in wonder and admiration at the sights of the day. On the way we encountered a funeral, preceded by a long line of men completely enveloped in white robes and masked in white. Then followed a splendid catafalque gayly decorated with golden ornaments, placed on a platform which was covered with a rich velvet pall embroidered with gold lace. Then followed another procession of men, clothed in black suits with caps, also wearing masks. After them came a hearse enclosing the coffin, on each side of which, at the head and feet, two monks kneeled, each holding a burning candle in his hand. Following in the rear were several carriages, which closed this strange funeral.

*February 17th.*—I was up before the sparrows began their chorus under our windows this morning. The day opened bright and warm and we were cheered with the prospect of a permanent change in the weather, which has been permanently bad for some time. After breakfast we went to the Museum to spend our third day among its wonders. We began in the series of rooms containing the "Cinque-cento Collection." The first object of curiosity here is a bronze Sacramental Tabernacle with bas-reliefs, representing the Passion of Christ, which was said to have been designed by M. Angelo. A bronze chest, called the "Cassetta Farnesa," has beautiful bas-reliefs and plates of crystal, on which are engraved the battles of the Centaurs and Amazons, and some others which I could not get an explanation of. There is a

very large collection of ancient glass and terra-cotta ware, chiefly from Pompeii and Herculaneum. Among the glass are wine bottles, water jugs, flasks for travellers, much like those of the present day, cups, tumblers, decanters, chalices, cruets, scent-bottles, rouge pots, funnels, medicine bottles, fruit dishes, necklaces, cinerary urns, some of which still contain human bones and ashes; some window glass from the house of "Diomedes," which proves how early that luxury was known. Among the vases is one of great splendor which was taken from a tomb near the "House of the Mosaic Columns," and which still contains human bones and ashes.

The terra-cotta ware is very abundant and in almost every conceivable shape and form which can be adapted to the uses of life and also of death. By far the greater part of these vessels and domestic utensils are almost identical in form and uses with those of the present day. There is in one of the glass cases a drinking bowl made of red earthenware and ornamented with raised figures, and has the following inscription on it in clear distinct letters "Bibe, amice de meo." There are several Etruscan urns for the ashes of the dead, and several sarcophagi in red ware with full-length figures on the lids. There are several earthen money jars or jugs, many of them precisely like ours, with a narrow slit into which the coin can be introduced, but cannot be withdrawn without breaking the vessel. In one of these a number of coins of the reign of Vespasian were found, no doubt the savings of some inhabitant of Pompeii, which remained undisturbed for nearly two thousand years. In one of the rooms the cases are filled with earthen lamps, small busts, legs, arms, statuettes, and numerous other figures, including vases. Many of these were the penates or household gods, familiar to our early classical reading, but of which I had very imperfect ideas until now.

The Cumæan collection is all interesting and consists of objects gathered at Cumæ, such as terra-cottas, bronzes, mo-



saics, colored glass, ladies' ornaments of different sorts, some fine Greek jewelry of gold. On one of these terra-cottas there is a representation of a battle between the Amazons and Lapithæ.

In another room there is a large and very valuable collection of gold and silver ornaments, vases, cameos, gems, articles of food, such as loaves of bread, cakes, honeycomb, cheese, fruits, nuts, etc., also paints and colors of several varieties, medicines, etc. There are also some splendid bronze tripods, incense burners, beautiful cups with foliage in relief, vases with cupids in relief, vessels of silver and a large number of articles of silver plate, such as dishes, jelly moulds, etc. In one of the cases there is a fine collection of gold ornaments, all very heavy and of splendid workmanship. Among them are a gold chain, an armlet, necklace, ear-rings and finger rings, all found with a female skeleton in the house of Diomede at Pompeii, who was one of the magistrates of that city, as the inscription on the cenotaph denotes ; under the inscription are the fasces, showing that Diomede was also a chief magistrate and had plenary powers. In the same house were also found several other gold ornaments, such as bracelets with serpents' heads, breast-pins, figures of Bacchus and other gods, acorns, smelling-bottles or flasks for perfumes on gold stands. Among some gold rings found at Herculaneum is one with the bone of the finger on which it was worn still remaining. There is also a large gold lamp found at Pompeii in 1863, and many other things of the same precious metal.

In 1862, there were found in a baker's oven in Pompeii eighty loaves of bread ; several of these are in this collection. They are all stamped with the maker's name on the top of each loaf thus, "Q. Cranius." There are also pieces of net for fishing, which are like ours. In the middle of this room there are several glass cases which are filled with gold, silver and bronze jewelry, and ornaments with precious stones,

cameos, some of which are exceedingly fine, one representing Jupiter destroying the Titans.

The collection of Etruscan vases is the largest and finest in the world, it is said ; eight rooms are full of them ; there are three thousand six hundred in all. In one of these rooms there are models of two Etruscan tombs, each containing a skeleton and a number of vases, showing how the vases in this great collection were used and placed. The vases are all ornamented with many figures representing various subjects, the chief of which are battles between the Amazons and others, combats between the centaurs and the Lapithæ, Perseus killing Medusa, the burning of Troy, the gods in council, and many other representations. One is particularly beautiful ; it shows Æneas carrying Anchises in his arms. One of the finest of the vases and one of the largest was taken from the tomb of Patroclus ; on it is represented the funeral pile with the words *Πατρόκλου Τάφος*, "the tomb of Patroclus ;" a human sacrifice has been made and other victims await the same fate, and Achilles is pouring out libations. This is one of the most interesting of all the vases.

Department XXII. contains the collection of papyri ; this cannot fail to excite the interest of every visitor as much as it excited mine. These papyri were found in Herculaneum in 1752, in a room which had, no doubt, been a library. They were contained in closets around the walls of the room, and looked so much like charcoal that the workmen employed in the excavations burned a number of them. Much time and ingenuity have been spent in devising plans for unrolling these precious manuscripts and the work is now in process of successful performance ; five hundred out of the one thousand seven hundred and fifty have been spread out and translated. They are all in Greek, and it is said that thus far they are found to be treatises on the Epicurean philosophy ; some are on music, some on vice and virtue, and others

on rhetoric. We saw the process of unrolling these papyri on sheets of white paper ; it is very ingenious but very slow.

In the afternoon we drove over the heights which surround Naples, and had a beautiful and comprehensive view of the city, its magnificent bay, and Vesuvius and the Islands in the distance.

I afterward mounted the steep rock to the Castle of St. Elmo, and enjoyed a different view of the same grand scenery, until the sun set behind the mountain.

*February 18th.*—The morning is fine, bright, and warm ; sea calm. Vesuvius is issuing a dense volume of smoke and vapor ; a bank of clouds is resting on its Naples side and moving slowly up ; this is considered an indication of fine weather, a prediction which we hope will be realized, as it has rained nearly every day since we have been here.

We again drove to the Museum and finished it, my fourth day there.

The "National Gallery" of paintings is contained in seventeen large halls, and comprises nearly one thousand works, classified in accordance with the school to which they respectively belong. There are many fine pictures in this vast collection, but I freely admit that I do not understand the art sufficiently to appreciate the "Old Masters," and this department was the least interesting to me of all the departments in this wilderness of the wonderful and the beautiful. After spending some hours in the "Pinacotheca," we passed into the last chambers of all, which contain an immense collection in variety and quantity of small and large bronzes, found in the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Here we were both deeply interested in everything we saw. What most excited our amazement was to find that most of the articles which were in use two thousand years ago in these engulfed cities, are precisely like those used in the present day by ourselves in the United States. Of the kitchen utensils there were pots of various sizes, frying-pans, kettles,

gridirons, saucepans, forks, spits, choppers, spoons and ladles ; also, a portable stove in the shape of a castle, with places for cooking and a compartment running around it for heating water. There were moulds of various shapes for jellies, such as animals and birds. There were steelyards and weights precisely on the principle of ours ; the weights were in great variety of forms, adapted to the trade or business in which they were used. A butcher used a weight in the form of an ox or other animal ; a fruit-seller's weights were in imitation of fruit ; there was a cluster of grapes, a pear, an apple, etc. One of the steelyards bears an inscription to the effect that it had been compared with the standard in the Capitol.

The great variety of lamps are in exquisite taste, very graceful in form and ornamented with bas-reliefs. The candelabra are also in great variety of form, of the most beautiful shapes and designs ; some of these are inlaid with silver vine leaves, grapes, and other things ; there are altars with fires burning, figures of Bacchus, drinking-cups, panthers and other animals, beautifully represented on many of these bronzes. There are urns for heating water on the table just like ours ; then there are beautiful tripods for braziers, ornamented with winged sphinxes, bulls' heads, flowers in silver. There are surgical instruments, many of them the same in form as those of the present day. One of them is precisely the speculum of this day ; scalpels, lancets, saws, forceps, and other instruments, the names of which I do not know, but which are just like modern ones. Writing materials, comprising inkstands, many of them very fine and inlaid with silver, reeds cut in the shape of modern pens. The tablets were covered with wax, on which the writing was done, and each tablet was separated from the other by a sort of button to keep them from adhering. Among the musical instruments were flutes, brass cymbals, clarionets, cattle bells, exactly like ours ; fish-horns the same precisely.

Toilet articles, such as metal mirrors, pins, bodkins, rings, necklaces, combs, hair-pins, distaffs, thimbles, spinning-wheels, which were used by the ladies in Rome. Then there are dice, some of them *loaded*, door hinges, locks, keys, knobs, latches, bolts, door handles, screws, horse bridles, stirrups, and other parts of horse trappings. Then there were iron stocks for the ankles. Several skeletons were found with these instruments on them. Some large money chests, made of iron and bronze, and looking very like modern safes, were found in 1864 in Pompeii. There is an immense bronze water cock which was used in a street aqueduct, and which still contains water, after a lapse of one thousand nine hundred years and upward ; this is ascertained by shaking it. It has been hermetically sealed.

There are several hooks like those which were used in the torture of the Christians. Several bedsteads have recently been found, all made of bronze, and several couches of the same material, which were used by the ancients at table, as history tells us that they reclined when eating. Among the busts there is one which is especially worthy of note, as showing how the ladies dressed their hair ; it is combed over the forehead and crimped, and on each side of the face a curl hangs, extending down the neck on the bust ; it is, in fact, exactly the modern style of hair-dressing. Truly, there is nothing new under the sun, and we both thought so after examining this most interesting and beautiful collection of relics, many of which are more than two thousand years old.

Afterward we drove to the "Palazzo Reale di Capodimonte," a suburban villa of the king's ; it occupies the summit of a hill which commands an extensive and magnificent view of the city, bay, island, and surrounding country. This palace is immense, and covers a very large area ; unlike other Italian royal residences, it is a bright and cheerful building. The interior is on a very grand and magnificent scale, abounding in the richest marbles used in its construc-

tion. The halls and chambers are spacious and lofty, and decorated in princely style, regardless of cost; or I might say, rather, that the architect tried his best to see how much treasure he could lavish on it. The floors and pavements are in splendid mosaics, and the wall and ceilings in the most artistic frescos. The building is filled with modern paintings and some marble and bronze sculptures. Of the paintings, I thought there were not many good ones. Of the latter, I was most pleased with the "Assassination of Julius Cæsar," the "Death of Virginia," and the "Lucrezia Borgia."

We afterward drove through the spacious grounds, which extend three miles in a circuit, it is said, and are divided into magnificent parks, forests, and gardens, pierced in all directions with splendid avenues of box, cypress, oak, and other woods, in some instances forming a densely enclosed tunnel for long stretches, into which but little light comes, except at the termini and transverse crossings. In these thick shades large numbers of fine large marble figures occupy niches cut in the solid foliage in the hedges, which often take the visitor by surprise as he suddenly comes upon them.

*February 19th.*—We devoted this day to church visitation, and drove first to the Church of "Gesie Nuovo," a building of the sixteenth century, very rough in its exterior, but grand and vast in its interior, which is on an entirely novel plan. The building is square, and divided by enormous piers which are spanned by arches, on which the roof is sustained. The whole ceiling is done in brilliant frescos representing religious subjects, and the piers are faced with the most elegant and costly marbles in a great variety of colors. There are several very fine statues, among which those of David and Jeremiah are perhaps the best. This church and the adjoining convent were the chief quarters of the Jesuits, until they were expelled in 1860.

The Church of "San Giovanni a Carbonara," built in 1344, is also a splendid edifice, but not a large one. It is chiefly interesting for the tombs of distinguished personages, among which the most prominent is that of King Ladislaus, a grand and lofty monument behind the high altar. In an elevated position, a representation of the king's body is reclining on a couch in a tent with curtains which are drawn aside by angels. On the top of the monument there is a fine equestrian statue of the king. Opening out of the church are several chapels, one of which is filled with the richly sculptured tombs of one of the wealthy families of Naples, some of whose members were poisoned and others assassinated. Other chapels are crowded with fine statues, busts, and marbles, commemorative of the great and wealthy.

The Church of Santa Maria della dei Sangri, which is a private chapel of the Sangro family, who were Princes of San-Severo, is decorated with an immense variety of rich marbles and statuary of the very highest order of art. There are statues on the tombs of many of these princes and princesses, each representing some particular virtue which the deceased was noted for, such as self-control, sincerity, modesty, conjugal affection, etc. There is a figure of one of the princes rising out of his tomb armed. But the most remarkable of all these statues is a dead Christ, with a sheet over it which is represented as clinging to the skin by the sweat of death, a most astonishing production, about which there is a strange fascination which attracts the beholder, while at the same time he is disposed to shrink from the sight.

The Cathedral of St. Januarius is built upon the site of the Temples of Neptune and Apollo, from which it probably obtained many of the ancient columns which appear in its interior. The building was founded in the thirteenth century and finished early in the fourteenth; it is of great size and fine proportions, and like nearly all other churches, it is a complete museum of fine arts.

Under the high altar the remains of St. Januarius are buried, and near by there is a kneeling statue of Cardinal Carafa, which is considered very fine. Behind the high altar are kept the two vials of this saint's blood, which, it is said, becomes liquid three times a year. The custodian who had the keys was absent and we could not get a sight of these vials.

After visiting these churches we started on a long up-hill journey of an hour to see the Church of San Martino, which, with its extensive monastery and cloisters, crowns the mountain-top which overhangs Naples. On another part of the summit and a little higher up, stands the historic Castle of St. Elmo, which I shall again mention. On the way to the church we stopped at the Villa Marotta, from the plateau in front of which we had the most extensive and magnificent views of Naples, its bay, Capri, Ischia and other islands, Vesuvius, the vast Campagna in which it stands, the sites of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the many towns and villages which cover the shore from Posilippo on the right to Sorrento on the left ; it was, indeed, a grand panorama, a never-to-be-forgotten sight. We left our carriage here and went to San Martino, where a very civil guide, who spoke tolerable English, conducted us through the immense extent of buildings and explained everything clearly.

I quite concur in the statement of Murray, that no church in Europe (as far as I know) surpasses this in its wealth of art. I don't think there is any work in it, whether it be painting, mosaic, fresco, or sculpture, that does not rank in the highest order ; it is truly a grand collection, and contains nothing to offend the eye or the taste of the visitor. What is quite wonderful also is that nearly everything was made by the monks who have lived here for ages until 1867, when they were expelled ; the chief paintings and some of the statues and sculptures only are by masters.

These buildings were founded in 1325, by one of the



Dukes of Calabria, for the Carthusian monks, who occupied them until driven out three years ago.

Among the paintings is that of "Moses and Elias" at the Mount of Transfiguration, by Spagnoletto, a very fine work ; so likewise is the picture of the Saviour and two disciples at Emmaus ; but the most beautiful picture is an unfinished one by Guido, representing the Nativity, on which he was engaged when he died.

The view from one of the balconies of the cloisters surpasses that of the Villa Marotta ; indeed, we could hardly leave the balcony, so enchanting was the panorama.

We could not pass the guard of the Castle of St. Elmo, not having the requisite order, and so we had to abandon our visit to that very interesting fortification.

*February 21st.*—Started off sight-seeing for the day. We drove along the beautiful shore for three or four miles, and ascended to the ridge of the hill, along which the high-road runs, until it begins to descend to the beautiful valley on the other side ; then it winds round the hill, having alternating views of the valley and mountains, with their tops crowned with monasteries and hermitages, and the beautifully indented Bay of Pozzuoli (the Puteoli of the New Testament), dotted with islands. We soon came in view of the Island of Nisida (a volcano in ancient times), now crowned with a fine mediæval fortress. This is the island on which Brutus took refuge after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and here Cicero consulted with Brutus on affairs of state. In later times it was a place of exile, and still later, a prison in which the Bourbon tyrants immured its most eminent victims. We traversed the shore road of the Bay of Pozzuoli until we reached that town. The inhabitants are mostly fishermen and very poor, so that our carriage was constantly beset by beggars clamorous for alms. Here a dozen guides offered their services to conduct us to the ruins of Baiæ and Cumæ. We selected the most intelligent looking of them, who spoke

English pretty well, and took him in with us. We found him good-natured and well-informed, and he pointed out places of interest to us as we passed along, such as the famous islands of Procida and Ischia. In the first of these, the Greek costumes of ancient times are still worn, and the tarantella is still danced to the sound of the timbrel. Ischia is particularly famous in history ; it was a station of the fleet of Æneas.

The Monastery of Camaldoli occupies the crest of one of the lofty hills, at the base of which we passed ; it is one thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and stands in the principal volcanic region in this part of Italy.

We passed through and in full sight of the ruins of the Villa of Cicero, which are a short distance from the Temple of the Nymphs, which stood just on the shore. This was Cicero's Villa Puteolana ; the great orator had another villa very near this one at Cumæ.

We passed over the ruins of the Villa of Julius Cæsar, in which, it is said, he took so much delight. Our guide, having furnished himself with a supply of torches, conducted us through a winding but very beautiful road leading along a canal, which was made in the Middle Ages to drain Lake Avernus, and which runs among the interesting ruins of the ancient city of Cumæ, until we reached the lake, along the shore of which we walked to a narrow path, alongside which he led us to a gate opening into the side of a high, rocky bluff. The custodian soon appeared and opened the gate, and with him some rough-looking old fellows, whose appearance we did not fancy. This was the entrance to the celebrated Cave of the Cumæan Sibyl. Our torches were lighted and on we went for a long distance, followed by our ill-looking attendants, until we had proceeded some five hundred feet into the cave, when our guide pointed to a very narrow entrance on the right, as dark as Erebus, into which these fellows first went and we were told to follow, if we wished to

cross the River Styx. After passing along a rough labyrinthine passage up and down, sometimes stooping low for about two hundred feet, one of these fellows splashed into water and the other motioned me to get on his back. I soon found that this was my Charon, and I mounted and was carried across the Styx, not to the regions of the dead, but to the chambers of the Sibyl, where Æneas had his interview with her (as related by Virgil), and where he was to offer sacrifices to the infernal gods, a most fit place, filled with gloom.

On reaching the chamber I was landed on a stone, on either side of which there were oblong vessels sculptured from the tufa, and behind was a sort of altar of the same material; these, I was told, were the baths of the Sibyl. I remounted and was carried to another part of the chamber, or rather to an adjoining chamber, where I was shown a fragment of an ancient marble statue of the Sibyl. One side of this chamber is highly polished and has a beautiful surface of various colors. There is a flight of stairs, up which I was told to ascend, and did so until I was stopped by fallen débris. I could not learn for what purpose they were made or where they led to. From a chamber adjoining that in which the basins are, the Sibyl (as it is said) pronounced her oracles from a throne erected in it. This cave penetrates the hill on which stood the ancient acropolis, whose immense quantities of huge, ruined structures are now visible, the destruction of which is attributed to earthquakes and the volcano of Solfatara, one of whose eruptions, in 1325, made such dreadful havoc for miles around. A curious phenomenon of this eruption was the raising of a mountain in the midst of a lake, an event of a night; this was pointed out to us; it is a regular, conical-shaped hill, perhaps five hundred feet in height, and is a mass of black lava, on the surface of which a little vegetation grows; this is called Monte Nuovo.

The Lake Avernus is a good-sized pond, environed with hills, and no apparent natural outlet; an artificial one was

made to drain the lake and carry its waters to the sea, but it is nearly filled up. There is nothing remarkable about the appearance of this lake, but it is indelibly impressed upon our memories by the Greek and Latin lessons of our school and college days. The Cumæans gather shells and catch a curious fish, the head, body, and tail of which resemble those of a horse ; these are offered for sale to the traveller. Our guide gave us one which we brought with us, also some shells and other relics. The waters of this lake come from springs in the bottom ; it is said to be two hundred and sixty feet deep and one and three-quarter miles in diameter, and nearly circular in form. This lake is still noted for the noxious vapors which rise from it, and which in ancient times were so prevalent that it is said birds could not fly across its surface ; this is accounted for by the volcanic character of the whole region. The water of the lake is now so free from gases that fishes live in it and water-fowl are found on it in winter.

The whole character of the region, which is thickly overgrown with vegetation, giving it a gloomy look, and intersected with caverns and passages and overhanging woods, may readily account for the superstitions which clustered around it in ancient times and made it the subject of the Greek and Latin fables.

Around Lake Avernus and Cumæ lived a strange people called the Cimmerii, who occupied the numerous caverns. These places were the scenes where the oracles of the infernal deities were pronounced. This lake and Lake (name forgotten) were reduced to the level of the sea by Agrippa, who otherwise cleared and improved the neighborhood ; the two lakes were converted into a pool, in which it is said the whole Roman fleet could manœuvre. On these lakes Agrippa gave a representation of the battle of Actium, in the presence of the Emperor Augustus.

The eruption of Monte Nuovo in 1538 destroyed the communication between the lakes and produced such an upheaval

that the port was obliterated, and the face of the neighborhood materially changed. Now, the surface of the ground is covered with a thick growth of low timber, brush, and myrtles. Avernus was thought in ancient times to be unfathomable. The stream called the "River Styx" flows through the Sibyl's Cave, and its waters, like other subterranean streams and springs, for a circuit of several miles are warm; some of them so hot that eggs are boiled in them in four and one-half minutes.

This neighborhood abounds in vineyards, from the fruit of which is made the celebrated Falernian wine mentioned by Horace. I had a bottle of it at luncheon; it resembles our sweet cider in taste and color.

We drove to Baiæ, passing several ruined buildings of ancient Cumæ. At Baiæ we visited the ruined Temples of Pluto and Apollo, Palace of Julius Cæsar, the Baths of Nero, the subterranean grottoes leading to which are so hot that in passing through them I found myself in a dripping perspiration.

The ruins of ancient Baiæ are exceedingly interesting. The city was said to have been named in honor of Baius, the pilot of Ulysses, who was buried there. The castle towers high above the shore and is a very picturesque object. We visited the ruined Temples of Diana, Venus, and Mercury, all of which are deeply interesting. This whole coast for many miles was built up in ancient times with the villas and palaces of the most renowned Romans, and it also abounded in temples to the gods, theatres, and amphitheatres of grand proportions.

The Serapion of Pozzuoli (the ancient Puteoli) is a most interesting ruin; several of its huge columns (single shafts of marble) are yet standing in their places; also the altar on which the sacrifices were offered to the gods. The amphitheatre is also a most interesting ruin of immense size, second only to the Coliseum in Rome.

We also visited the Temple of Neptune, and the Cathedral, which was built on the ruins of the Temple of Augustus, and has many of its fine columns and capitals and other parts still visible. Here we walked over part of the Appian Way, which passes through Puteoli, being its original causeway still undisturbed. Over these stones, there is reason to believe, St. Paul passed when he landed and went on his way to Rome, to be heard on his appeal to Cæsar.

We passed on to Lake Agnano, which is encircled by mountains, and on the surface of which continually rise gaseous bubbles, produced by the subterranean fires which are burning beneath. The guide conducted us to the "Grotto del Cane," three inches above the floor of which a body of carbonic acid gas constantly floats, and so powerful is it that blazing torches are instantly extinguished. The custodian held a dog in it for half a minute, and on putting him again into the fresh air the poor animal could not stand; another half minute would have finished him. Streams of hot air, smoke, and gases issue from the surface of the ground in all directions here, showing the violent volcanic action going on underneath. On stamping, the earth has a hollow sound, and the surface in many places is quite hot.

We returned by way of the town of Posilippo, through which we passed; the inhabitants live in the air and lounge about the roads and streets, sometimes besieging our carriage with extended hands and hats, and the most woe-begone expressions of countenance, craving alms for the "povera familia."

We drove through the Grotto of Posilippo, which is an ancient tunnel cut in the solid tufa or volcanic formation. The length of this tunnel is about two thousand four hundred feet; it is kept lighted day and night with gas lamps. At the Naples extremity of this tunnel we alighted, and made the ascent of a very high and precipitous hill, difficult of

access, to visit the *Tomb of Virgil*. After toiling and reaching the spot almost out of breath, the custodi unlocked the gate and placed himself across the entrance, until the accustomed fee of half a franc a head was paid; this done, we entered the almost sacred precincts, hat in hand. The grave is on the summit of a cliff, a spot in which the poet requested to be buried, and near his favorite villa; a sort of cavern, open on three of its sides, contains the honored dust, and on it is placed an humble marble slab (a modern work evidently), with a simple Latin record of the poet's death inscribed on it. In the walls of the tomb there are several cinerary urns for the ashes of the dead, similar to those I saw in the Roman columbaria. It is said that Virgil wrote his *Eclogues*, *Georgics*, and part of his *Æneid* here, and the best authorities agree in the opinion that this is the place in which he was buried.

After the visit, we drove through the great fashionable thoroughfare of Naples, in which we met many princely equipages, returning to our hotel much delighted with the day's excursion.

## XXIV.

Pompeii ; its Instructive Revelations ; Visit to Herculaneum and Vesuvius ; Sorrento and Capri ; Royal Palace of Naples.

*February 22d, 1870.*—Birthday of our immortal Washington. In the evening, I went with Paul to the San Carlo Opera House, and saw "Puritani" admirably done by leading vocalists and a most effective chorus. King Victor Emanuel, his son, Prince Humbert, and Princess, occupied a private box just opposite me and in full view, so that I became quite familiar with their faces.

*February 23d.*—A very fine morning, so we got a carriage and started at 8.15 on a visit to Pompeii, a Greek name meaning store-houses. (See Murray.)

This city was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in A.D. 63, and was buried under a shower of volcanic matter in the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, and remained lost and almost forgotten until 1748, when discoveries were accidentally made in sinking a well, which were prosecuted vigorously until it was ascertained that the long-lost Pompeii was found after a lapse of over one thousand seven hundred years.

On the way to Pompeii we passed through the most densely populated part of Naples. The people of all classes were crowding the thoroughfares, and a more miserable and beggarly looking race I never saw ; men, women, and children were commingled with wretched-looking, small-sized horses, donkeys, oxen, swine, goats, and other animals ; now and then there passed us curious vehicles, on each of which from ten to fourteen men were clustered, and all drawn by



one miserable horse that the driver took delight in thrashing at almost every step. Our road lay through what seemed to be a continuation of Naples for many miles, as there was no break in the lines of buildings ; but we, in fact, passed through several large towns, such as San Giovanni, Portici, Resina, in which is the entrance to Herculaneum, over which Resina chiefly stands, Favorita, Torre del Greco, Rossi, and Torre del Annunziata, all large and bustling places. We alighted from our carriage at a part of the Appian Way and walked over it to one of the city gates ; this part of the Appian Way is called the Via Domitiana, and is paved with the ancient causeway of huge blocks of tufa fitted together, and much worn into ruts by chariot wheels. On arriving at the gate we purchased our tickets, two francs each, and were furnished with a guide (No. 5), a good-natured, intelligent fellow, who showed us nearly all that was to be seen in a continuous walk of four and a half hours.

We were first shown the so-called House of Diomedes, the name being discovered on the tomb of Diomedes, which stands just on the other side of the street. This, by the way, is the beginning of the Street of the Tombs. We passed through a great many halls and fine chambers, many of them ornamented with beautiful columns, and the walls painted with very graceful arabesques. We passed through the slaves' hall to the extensive cellars, which pass entirely around the house ; here are to be seen a number of amphoræ or wine-jars standing against the wall in an upright position.

A skeleton, supposed to be the owner of this villa, with another of an attendant, were found near the garden gate. One of them is grasping a key in his hand ; in the hand of the other is a purse containing a large amount in coins of gold and silver of the reigns of Nero, Vitellius, Vespasian, and Titus. (See Murray.) These cellars also contained eighteen other skeletons, no doubt of other members of the family who fled

there for refuge. On the necks and arms of nearly all of these were many gold ornaments, showing that they were probably females. The skeletons of two were of children. On the skull of one there was still found some light-colored hair. We passed along the Street of the Tombs looking at the inscriptions. We entered a columbarium, and saw a large number of urns which contained the ashes of the dead, and in one corner of the enclosure was a sort of oven or crematory, used to burn dead bodies, the ashes of which were gathered and deposited in urns. In this street, also, we were conducted into the Columbarium of the Gladiators, which was filled with urns. Just beyond these tombs we entered a street of shops, and next to these the Pompeian House of Cicero, which is beautifully frescoed and otherwise ornamented. We had already seen a number of splendid paintings and mosaics in the museum of Naples, which had been taken from this house. We were shown an altar on which sacrifices were made.

It is said that Cicero wrote his *De Officiis* and *De Amicitia* here. This house and its grounds were also ornamented with many beautiful columns, friezes, arabesques, statues, and fountains. I omitted to note that just outside the city gate by which we entered the skeleton of a man was found grasping a spear, supposed to be a sentinel who died at his post rather than flee. The authority for this is our guide.

The Street of the Tombs is full of interest. Monuments in variety are there, each with its appropriate inscription, and all differing in style. One is very large, and contained a triclinium or dining-room, surrounded on three sides with wide marble seats, on which the guests reclined as they eat from a marble table in the centre.

The walls of the city were broad enough to allow two chariots to pass abreast ; they were of immense solidity, and very high, in some places forty feet, and varying according to irregularities of the ground. The walls had a double para-

pet with a space of fifteen feet between. The towers were very numerous and lofty, built square of immense blocks of stone from eight to ten feet long; they had archways for the defenders to pass and sally-ports for exit or entrance in times of siege. These towers are in a very ruined condition. The streets are nearly all narrow, and paved with huge blocks beautifully fitted together. In some of the streets deep grooves have been worn by the chariot wheels, the sidewalks are narrow, and elevated about a foot above the level of the streets, and divided from them by broad curbstones. At the crossings there are large elevated stones to enable passers-by to get over dry-shod in rainy weather.

The city was well drained by an ample system of sewerage, and was supplied with water by an aqueduct from the River Sarno, which continues to flow rapidly on through the city to the sea, as is visible at a point near the Forum. The shops seem to have been well distributed, and are found under palaces as well as humble dwellings, just as now in Naples. The interiors are small, and were fitted up with a marble counter and shelves for the wares. Over the doors of several are the names of the occupants in red letters rudely made, while the character of the business was indicated by terracotta bas-reliefs on the doors; for instance, a man whipping a boy, elevated on the shoulders of another boy, indicates a school-house. A goat-market, a milk-shop; two men carrying a jar (amphora), a wine-shop; two men fighting together was the sign for a school for gladiators; and the sign of a checker-board marked (just as now in Naples) the house of an inn-keeper.

In one of the large tombs an urn was found with ashes and a gold ring, and hermetically sealed; the contents were said to have been still moist, and on being analyzed were found to contain all the ingredients of wine, oil, and water, used as libations on such occasions.

On the opposite side of the street from Cicero's house is

the Hemicycle, which is a semicircular seat, very deep, with a vaulted roof and two lines of columns and pilasters ; the walls are panelled and painted with beautiful arabesques. Here were found four skeletons of a mother and three children, all clinging to each other. The mother and larger children were loaded with gold jewelry of splendid workmanship and many pearls. The House of the Vestal Virgins is near Cicero's; it is very large and extends from street to street in front and rear. There is an ample vestibule, an atrium, with a number of apartments on each side, a triclinium, which is beautifully painted with frescos, and paved with mosaics. At the entrance the word "Salve" is worked in the mosaic floor to welcome visitors. In one of the chambers a quantity of ornaments used by females was found, also the skeleton of a dog. When the kitchen was excavated large quantities of fruit, corn, bread, and wine-jars were found, and in the streets at the rear were found a number of skeletons.

In the House of the Surgeon many instruments were found which we saw in the Museum, a large number of which closely resemble those now in use by surgeons.

But to avoid the tedium of going into details, I will only mention some of the other houses, temples, and buildings which we visited. In the Temple of Vesta the altar of the sacred fire, which was required to be kept constantly burning, is seen. This temple still contains many marks of its former splendor, such as columns, paintings, and mosaics. Near this is a bake-house in which are mill-stones, ovens, etc. Here we remembered our sandwiches, and lunched and rested for a few minutes. In a temporary house erected over this there are three glass cases containing four bodies of full-grown persons, three females and one male, also two skeletons, said to be of gladiators, found in the amphitheatre, and both much above the average size. Two of the women died in each other's embrace; one had a ring on her finger. These bodies are in a sort of petrified state, produced, no doubt, by being instantly

enveloped in pumice and soft mud which fell suddenly on the city from Vesuvius.

The House of Sallust (from an inscription in red letters, "C. Sallust, M. F.," on the outer wall): this is one of the largest and most magnificent in the city, as shown by the amount and quality of its decorations. It fronted on three streets, and was divided into a large number of courts, halls and chambers, the uses of which were indicated by the paintings on the walls; a great variety of fruits, game, etc., were beautifully frescoed on the walls of the dining-room; also a large painting representing "Diana and Actæon." Here we saw a very fine fountain beautifully ornamented with marbles and a cascade. The wine vault, with the amphoræ standing on end against the walls, were very perfect.

The House of Venus and Adonis, so called from a picture beautifully executed on one of the walls, abounded in fine paintings and mosaics.

We walked through a street called Mercury, which is one of the finest, and was entirely occupied on both sides with the splendid houses of the wealthy. At one end of this street there was a triumphal arch, from the top of which was taken a fine equestrian statue of Nero, now in the Museum, erected by that emperor.

The House of Apollo was filled with paintings and mosaics and very curious fountains, also an extensive garden, richly ornamented with columns, statues, and variously colored marbles finely sculptured. Here, also, we saw a fine mosaic, representing "Ulysses and Achilles," and a sort of picture gallery, the walls being covered with fine arabesques and paintings.

The House of Meleager was still finer than any we had seen, rich in marbles, most of them splendidly sculptured, statues, busts, etc., wine-coolers of marble, and curiously shaped fountains directing their streams among the wine vessels. The frescos and arabesques are in great profusion

and magnificently executed. There are also splendid fish-ponds constructed of marble, surrounded by fine balustrades, the standards of which were adorned with columns which had statues on them, now in the Museum. A beautiful marble cascade was illuminated by invisible lights; dining and dancing-rooms also, in the latter of which there is a splendid fresco, representing the "Judgment of Paris."

The House of Castor and Pollux is still more extensive and splendid than the last.

A restaurant is well filled with fine pictures of dancing groups, etc.

The House of the Fountain has numerous fine paintings and mosaics.

Another house, name not ascertained, in which was the most beautiful of all the fountains, was filled with paintings and mosaics. This house is in a fine state of preservation.

Each house contained a stone mill, some entire, others broken, with which the family flour was ground.

The House of the Dancing Faun was where that fine statue, now in the Museum, was found; here also was found that splendid mosaic, also in the Museum, representing the great battle between Alexander and Darius. This house is indeed a splendid ruin; it must have been the finest in the city; there is an extensive and magnificently ornamented court, surrounded by fifty Doric columns, and paved with splendid mosaics, and lined with exquisite marbles. A large number of wine-jars were there, and in one of the windows there was a piece of ancient glass still remaining.

We walked up through the Street of Fortune, the causeway of which is deeply rutted by chariot wheels. The Temple of Fortune which stood on this street retains traces of its ancient magnificence, in portions of the flight of marble steps and one of the balconies, where are to be seen the large copper and bronze bolts which riveted the stones to-



Painting on the wall of a dwelling-house in Pompeii.









Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter—Pompeii.

gether ; several fine statues were taken from this temple and placed in the Museum. Near this street we saw a large bronze faucet in an opening of the street, which cut the water off from the pipes beneath ; it is precisely like those of the present day. It was open and water was flowing through it.

The House of Glaucus, the tragic poet, had a beautiful and very perfect peristyle, and the house abounded in splendid and very well preserved paintings. From the vestibule of this house the fine mosaic (now in the Museum) was taken representing a savage watch-dog chained, and having the words "Cave canem" under it. The triclinium was finely painted with various subjects and designs, the colors retaining all their brilliancy.

The public baths are extensive and ornamented with very fine mosaics and bas-reliefs. One chamber, probably the waiting-room, was splendidly painted. There is a "heating-room" to which bathers retired after the bath ; this was warmed by a large and magnificent brazier elegantly ornamented with bas-reliefs in bronze. The roof of this chamber was beautifully adorned with bas-reliefs. Here were warm, cold, and vapor baths, and beautiful fountains for washing. Not far from this great bath-house, and opposite the Temple of Fortune, stood a very fine statue of Cicero, which is now in the Museum ; the most eloquent marble I ever saw. We were conducted to a building erected for the reception of all articles found in excavating ; there was, however, nothing in the collection the like of which we had not seen in the Museum at Naples.

The Pantheon is an extensive ruin and retains many evidences of its ancient magnificence in its fine frescos, arabesques, fragments of old columns, etc. In the centre are twelve pedestals, whereon the statues of the gods stood, and on the right were twelve chambers for the priests.

We passed successively through the Temples of Jupiter,

Venus, and Mercury, the Basilica, the Forum, and the Senate House, all of which were deeply interesting. The Forum is much larger than that of Rome and must have been very splendid; nothing now is there to be seen except long rows of broken columns and capitals, fragments of fountains, and beautifully sculptured marbles, statues, and parts of statues, all attesting the luxuriousness and refinement of a population that lived and died here nearly two thousand years ago.

On the walls of the Pantheon are seen some large and exquisitely painted frescos. The Temple of Mercury is filled with fragments of beautiful marbles, carved with a skill I have never seen surpassed, as if each piece was executed by the hand of a master.

The Basilica or Palace of Justice is an immense ruin; the tribunal, which was elevated about six feet above the grand mosaic pavement, still remains, and long lines of broken columns, as in the Forum, attest its ancient grandeur. Our guide conducted us through the Streets of Abundance, the carriage-way and sidewalks of which were almost in a perfect state, except the deep ruts worn by the chariot wheels. Here we saw street fountains which still retain the marks of their ancient splendor; the marble slabs on the right and left of the mouth of these fountains were worn by the hands of persons in leaning over to drink.

The House of the Wild Boar is replete with splendid mosaics and frescos.

The House of Marcus Olconius was one of the largest and grandest yet uncovered; its contents are suggestive of every luxury and elegance.

The House of the Bear has a beautiful mosaic vestibule with the word "Have" in the centre, which our guide translated into the English word "Welcome."

There were several very fine fountains in the courts and rooms of this house.

In many of the Pompeian houses the word "Salve" is seen on the floors of the vestibules.

The House of Marcus Lucretius contains a very elaborate and curious fountain, adorned with statues and small animal figures, all of the finest workmanship; it also abounds in splendid frescos.

After rambling some hours, we were conducted to the place where the workmen were engaged in excavating. Here we saw some very interesting things, such as walls of chambers laid bare in our sight with beautiful paintings on them. On the outside of some of the houses, and over the doors, were words painted in red letters, which indicated (as the superintendent told us) that the owner, or occupant, was entitled to vote.

We passed on and were conducted into the House of Caius Cornelius Rufus, so called from an inscription found within. This house is filled with beautifully sculptured marbles and splendid frescos. A bust was found here, marked "C. Rufus." This house stands on the Via Stabia, a beautiful street in fine preservation, at the crossings in which there were stepping-stones on a level with the court, to allow pedestrians to cross in rainy weather or during floods, which it is said often overflowed the streets of Pompeii.

The Temple of Isis is small, but must have been very fine, from the fragmentary evidences which are visible on every side. Here is to be seen a fine statue of Isis, and an altar of sacrifice. In the court there is a well of great depth, at the bottom of which is seen a rapid stream; this is the River Sarno which flows through the city, and in many places (as here) under it.

The Tragic Theatre is a very large and fine ruin; all the seats are of sculptured marble, and so also are the numerous flights of steps leading to them.

The ancient Barracks are very extensive and splendid structures, and are surrounded by long ranges of splendid

marble columns. The Comic Theatre is small, but has the remains of very great beauty in its finely sculptured marble seats and colossal figures of men and animals.

The Amphitheatre is immense and in an excellent state of preservation. Like all other buildings of this kind it is elliptical; the seats are of marble, rising in gentle gradation from the arena to the roof, bringing the entire audience in view at a glance. The arena is very spacious and was adorned with fine statues and other sculptures, portions of which are still to be seen. There are various openings in the sides of the arena, which communicated with the cells of the wild beasts kept for the performances. I descended and saw the arrangement of the subterranean portion of the building, which was divided into cells for animals, a school for gladiators, and rooms for the gladiators and other performers. The lower part of this enormous building is very interesting; the foundations are of hewn stone and brick, with walls and arches beautifully made, at least twelve or thirteen feet in thickness to support the immense superstructure. The guide told us that an audience of twenty thousand could be seated in this amphitheatre, but we thought this below the true figure; some affirm thirty-five thousand.

At the gate of exit we bought some photographic views of Pompeii from our guide, the only way they are allowed to receive compensation from visitors.

We again mounted our carriage and drove back to Naples, reaching our hotel in two hours, after spending one of the most interesting and pleasant days in all our journeying.

Just as we alighted from our carriage King Victor Emanuel drove slowly by within five feet of us. As he passed he gracefully raised his hat to Mrs. B.

*February 25th.*—Another rainy day. Mr. D. B. St. John and I strolled through Naples on foot, and spent three or four hours in gazing into the shop windows.





A daily scene in Naples.



Pocket picked twice, first of a scarf, and secondly of a pair of gloves.

*February 26th:*—In company with Mr. St. John and other friends visited Herculaneum. The entrance to the ruined and buried city is by a long descent of stone steps, through dark and damp passages, along which (each carrying a candle) the party was conducted by a guide. Herculaneum was completely engulfed during the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., the same which swallowed up Pompeii and Stabia, cities which are several miles apart. The stream of lava and mud flowed into Herculaneum, while Pompeii and Stabia were covered by a shower of ashes and small pumice stones. The present town of Resina, population ten thousand, is built on the volcanic tufa which covers Herculaneum. .

At the foot of the long flight of steps we entered the ancient theatre, which has been excavated sufficiently to show its enormous size. From the building many splendid works of art, chiefly statues, were removed to the Naples Museum. It is said that thirty-five thousand could be seated in this Theatre. The guide placed a light at each extremity of the orchestra, which afforded us an idea of the magnitude of the building ; but the interior is so much encumbered with piers and buttresses to support the houses above, that it is impossible to get any other view of this great interior. The pedestals from which some of the splendid equestrian statues now in Naples were taken still remain, with the inscriptions yet visible, giving names, dates, etc.

From this badly ventilated place we were glad to follow our guide to other parts of this long-lost city which are better lighted and aired. Comparatively a small portion of Herculaneum has been opened, in consequence of the immense superincumbent mass, which, in some places, is over one hundred feet in depth, and as hard as stone ; so much of the streets and houses as have been excavated bear a marked resemblance to those of Pompeii. Only one street has, in

fact, been uncovered, and is similar to those of Pompeii. The ancient pavements, sidewalks, and curbs are the same, but the houses are on different plans; neither are any, which have thus far been discovered, so expensive and magnificent as those of Pompeii, although, in point of comparison, the works of art found at Herculaneum are pronounced superior to those found at Pompeii. The interior decorations of the dwellings of Herculaneum, like those of Pompeii, are exquisite. Most of the paintings, frescos, and arabesques are nearly perfect and fresh in color. Here, also, as in Pompeii, we saw many fine mosaic floors, and in one of the largest houses we saw some arabesques done with consummate skill and taste.

A couple of hours sufficed to see Herculaneum, and we drove off in the direction of Vesuvius, the ladies to go as far as the foot of the mountain and return to Naples, while Mr. St. John and myself determined to ascend. For this purpose, we engaged a guide at Resina, a boy, and three horses. The ascent is so rough, uneven, and steep that our horses could not be driven faster than a walk most of the way; this is in consequence of the destruction of the old road by the terrible eruption of a year ago, so that there is no road for a considerable part of the ascent. The new road is laid on sharp, jagged beds of lava, making the footing by no means easy for the horses. We skirted the lava streams of 1859 and 1868 for a long distance, and were deeply interested in them, extending, as they do, many miles beyond the craters from which they flowed, and being so wide in some places that we could not see across them. Some of these huge rivers of lava present on their surfaces a great variety of strange, fantastic shapes, such as of men, animals, serpents, birds, and fishes; in other places the flow has cooled in huge circles, like whirlpools, corrugated masses, and long, straight lines; in short, every variety of shapes and forms were traceable. The volumes of lava must have been belched forth in

tremendous columns and masses, which poured their molten tides down the steeps with inconceivable force, and many of these streams must have cooled rapidly, as the current, in some places, is elevated fifteen or sixteen feet above the natural ground level, looking as though it congealed instantly. Many evidences of the damage done by the eruption of 1868 are still to be seen in the ruins of many villas and vineyards ; the whole of the cultivatable ground of the mountain, which is a very small proportion of the entire surface, being covered with grape-vines and a few little vegetable gardens, with here and there a small field of grain.

The slopes of Vesuvius grow the wine called *Lachrymæ Christi*. The peasants come out of their cabins and offer this wine to excursionists ; it is pleasant and refreshing.

In an hour and forty minutes we reached the plateau above the Hermitage, where we dismounted and left our horses, and from whence we began the most difficult part of the ascent on foot, each aided by a man who earns five francs for doing little or nothing. These fellows put a rope over their right shoulders, at one end of which is a loop and a sight-seer, who is told to hold on, and he will be pulled up ; but the sight-seer does not discover till the contract is complete, and he is liable to pay the consideration, that he could get up quite as well alone, trusting in his legs and staff only. The first part of the ascent was over sharp, pointed rocks of lava, threatening the destruction of our boots, and in some places so steep as almost to seem insurmountable, so that short intervals for rest were necessary. In about fifty-five minutes we reached the plateau at the base of the cone, along which we walked some distance through a bed of hot, soft ashes, until we came to several openings covered with masses of pure sulphur, from which volumes of smoke and intense heat issued. On putting our sticks into these openings they ignited immediately, the fire being within four or five inches of the surface ; gases which almost stifled us

as we passed issued in volumes from these openings. Following our guide, he took us to a small crater, where we were nearly choked by the fumes and sulphurous gases and smoke which poured from it ; the guide loosened a quantity of the sulphur on the surface with his stick, and throwing it in, it blazed up furiously with a rushing and hissing sound. We found it necessary to retrace our steps as the wind was changing, and passing half round the cone again, we began its ascent through a bed of hot, light ashes, sinking over our feet at every step.

At length, after a fatiguing tug, we reached the summit, and stood on the tip-top of the Great Crater, consuming sixty-nine minutes in the ascent. Until we reached the cone the day was very cloudy and unpromising, so that very few persons made the ascent. From below, the mountain was completely hidden, and after passing through the clouds, we could not see beyond a circuit of twenty or thirty feet, and we abandoned all hope of accomplishing the object of our laborious ascent—an uninterrupted view—so we opened our lunch-basket, and after refreshing, we threw the empty bottles into the crater, and with a feeling of deep disappointment we gathered ourselves up from the ashes in which we sat, and turned to descend ; but on turning, we had the great satisfaction of seeing a movement in the clouds, which began to roll away eastward in heavy white luminous bodies, until we caught a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean, then of the Island of Capri, then of the green Campagna, and in succession, as the majestic drapery of clouds rose or fell, or shifted like scenery in a great theatre, we had views of the cities, towns, and villages which cover the whole coast from Posilippo to Nasso. *Now*, beautiful Naples was spread out at our feet, and in a few minutes it was concealed behind rolling clouds. It is quite impossible to describe the splendor of these sights, and the wonderful effect of light and shade, which was exemplified on this occasion as I never saw it

before. Turning to the left, and looking down into the crater, we had a brief but distinct view of the yawning gulf as the wind lulled for a moment, as if to gratify our curiosity; then, turning again to the right, we found that the clouds had shifted again, and the only object visible was Capri, nineteen miles distant, looking like a bright gem in the blue sea in a setting of opals, such were the peculiar tints of the clouds with which for a few moments it was encircled. I was riveted to the spot by a strong fascination, having my attention divided by the sights on the right and left; at one moment, watching for glimpses into the stupendous furnace, as a puff of wind passed over it; and when the thick, impenetrable smoke concealed it entirely, looking off to the more pleasing and picturesque, though by no means so grand and impressive views of land and water, to which the constantly shifting clouds imparted an almost unearthly beauty. I have no power of language sufficient to portray or describe the glimpses thus obtained of the boiling caldron of Vesuvius on the left, and the fresh, brilliant, indescribable views on the right.

While thus contemplating these scenes, the clouds rapidly passed off, none remaining except a few bright masses overhanging the sea in the distant horizon, and which seemed to settle down on the water and form new islands of great beauty. On again looking into the crater we saw great volumes of round, bright-edged clouds of steam rising in majestic grandeur, and forming a brilliant crown on this monarch of volcanoes, the top of which was gilded by the brilliant sun which was setting behind us. In a moment an opening was made in the dense mass of smoke and vapor, so that we could see to a great depth into the heart of the yawning gulf, and for at least two-thirds of the circumference of the precipitous walls of the crater, from which thousands of forked flames and streams of smoke were pouring forth.

Our guide warned us that it was time to return, and we

started to descend, our feet sinking deep into the soft, warm ashes which cover the cone. Occasionally we paused to look at the unspeakably beautiful scenery. Before us on the right lay the widespread city of Naples, with the beautiful Campagna intervening between the foot of the mountain and the great city, dotted thickly with towns and villages, gardens and vineyards. In front the blue expanse of the Mediterranean lay before us, with its beautiful bays, indented shores, promontories, and numerous islands. On the left, and in front, were seen Resina, Portici, Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunziata, Castel-a-Mare, Sorrento, Massa, and numerous other towns and villages, with the Monte St. Angelo Range bounding the eastern horizon.

While on the summit we had an excellent view of Pompeii, with the aid of our glasses, lying about eight miles to the eastward. So clear was the atmosphere and so elevated our position (four thousand feet) that we could look down into the streets of the long-lost city, and could distinctly see its ruined houses, temples, and amphitheatre.

Down we went, pausing at intervals to gaze and admire, until we reached our horses and remounted, continuing the descent, with our eyes fixed upon the enchanting scenes before us. The sun was setting brilliantly, and its rays were dancing on the distant windows of Castel-a-Mare and giving it the appearance of an illuminated town. At length we reached our carriage, and though somewhat fatigued, we felt that we had never before so thoroughly enjoyed an excursion of six hours.

*February 27th* (Sunday).—A very stormy day. In the afternoon it cleared, and I went to the Free Church of Scotland, and I heard the Rev. Mr. Buscarlet, on Eph. vi., 12. Good.

*February 28th*.—Another rainy day. Devoted it to the coral shops. Bought sewing-silk—black—eight dollars a pound.

*March 1st.*—A fine morning. In the evening, we went to the San Carlo Opera House ; saw three acts of "Traviata" and the second act of "Puritani." "Traviata" was a failure in all except the chorus, which was admirable. "Puritani" was a success.

*March 2d.*—The first really fine day since we arrived in Naples. We left at 9.50 for Sorrento by rail as far as Castell-a-Mare, the road skirting the beautiful Bay of Naples on one side, and having an almost uninterrupted view of Vesuvius on the other side. We reached Castell-a-Mare in an hour, and in another hour and a half arrived at Sorrento in a carriage drawn by three horses, over a road of remarkable beauty, and through a succession of towns and villages, crowded with a miserable-looking population of lazzaroni, holding out their hats and hands for alms. We drove to the Hotel Tramontano, and after lunch drove to Massa La Brunnna, over one of the most magnificent roads I ever saw, running through a country filled with vineyards and olive, fig, lemon, orange, and almond trees. At every turn of the road—and they were very frequent—as it turned and wound round and over the hills and rocky bluffs, new and beautiful scenery appeared ; on the left were very fine cascades falling from lofty cliffs ; on the right the blue sea and Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius, Naples, and a host of towns lining the entire circuit of the bay.

On returning, we went among the shops and bought a few of the beautiful inlaid articles of wood. The mode of making the mosaic wood-work interested us very much. Boys are chiefly employed. We returned to the hotel to spend the most unpleasant night of our travels in cold, damp, and smoky rooms.

*March 3d.*—Up early. Visited the ancient Cathedral ; eighteen or twenty priests were performing at the altar a service such as I had not seen before ; their deportment was light and frivolous, chanting, chatting, and laughing with

each other, while three or four poor ragged wretches were kneeling on the stone pavement of the church in the attitude of devout adoration. Along the walls of the church several confessionals were ranged ; nearly all were occupied by fat, irreverent-looking priests whose ears were turned to the poor women kneeling at the sides of these boxes, and their eyes were rambling over the church. The interior of this Cathedral is extensive and very curious ; it has all the marks of great antiquity ; the ornamental portions are rudely executed in bronze and marbles, and it is falling to decay by neglect. As usual the ceilings and walls were frescoed, but, like the other adornments, in a rude style of art.

I visited the birthplace of Tasso, once a fine large palace, which stood on the edge of a high overhanging cliff, now reduced in size by the falling away of a portion of the rock, carrying with it that part of the house in which the immortal author of "Jerusalem Delivered" was born. The base of this cliff is washed by the sea, whose waves constantly dash upon it with a melancholy murmuring sound. I should think the height of this cliff on which Tasso's house stands cannot be less than one hundred and seventy-five feet perpendicular, perhaps two hundred. The entrance to the house is through a gate of immense size and strength. The whole place has the appearance of great antiquity. After passing the gate I entered a large quadrangular court for carriages, on the four sides of which the windows of the house, heavily grated, open. In this court there is an ancient and, no doubt, an excellent portrait bust of the poet.

At 10.30 the steamer from Naples arrived, and lay off the cliffs to receive excursionists to the Blue Grotto and the Island of Capri, so we descended to the beach and were pulled out to the steamer in a row-boat. In an hour we reached the grotto, and found a number of small boats, each for four persons, ready to take the passengers into the cavern, on entering which they are obliged to lie as low



as the gunwale, the rocky entrance not being more than fifteen or twenty inches above the surface of the water, which renders admission impossible except when the sea is perfectly placid.

The interior is a perfect scene of enchantment; in fact, language cannot adequately describe its splendor. The water, which is immensely deep, has a great many shades of brilliant blue, which are reflected on the walls, roof, and other objects, in various tints of the same and other colors. A man threw himself into the water, and all his body beneath the surface was of a bright silver white, while his head was black. These singular phenomena are attributed to the refraction and reflection of the light, which is admitted through the small entrance and which is the only source of illumination. The Blue Grotto is about two hundred feet deep by one hundred and fifty wide, the roof varying fifteen to twenty feet in height. We spent our ten minutes—all the time allowed—in clamorous admiration of its splendid wonders, and were pulled back again to the steamer. After all the passengers had visited this great natural wonder, which looks like a fairy palace, the steamer pushed off to the landing-place, where, by the aid of small boats, all were put ashore to spend a couple of hours on the island as they pleased.

I mounted to the highest accessible point, which is the town of Capri, by a steep, rocky path, consuming forty-five minutes in the ascent, where, after a draught of native wine, I had a view, which in extent and grandeur almost equalled that from Vesuvius. I felt myself amply rewarded for my toil in climbing to the summit of this singular precipice. The people here are simple in their habits and dress, and seemed to regard me as an intruder when I entered the gate of the town, all gazing as if they had never seen a stranger before.

From the balcony and roof of the "Albergo Tiberias" a series of the most magnificent and extensive panoramic views

is obtained. This island is famous in ancient history ; it was nearly covered with palaces, villas, and strongholds by the Emperor Tiberius, the remains of which are seen in all directions ; it was also the resort of many other emperors as a place of retreat in summer. During mediæval times it was the scene of constant strife for its possession, as it was deemed a most important station in the Mediterranean for aggressive warfare, and by the Romans, as an indispensable protection to their greatest seaports and naval stations. Hence Capri has been deluged many times in human blood, and has been the scene of many revolting cruelties. During a large part of the first century the early Christians were slaughtered here in great numbers. An immense rock, several hundred feet perpendicular, is shown, from the summit of which the Christians were thrown in the sea, a most merciful mode of martyrdom when compared with many others.

I was followed closely on my way to and from the town by a bright-eyed little fellow, cleanly dressed, who volunteered to be my cicerone, and who pointed out the most prominent places by name ; after a little I comprehended his explanations pretty well, and when I had reached the foot of the mountain I gave him a few sous, which so delighted him that he forgot to thank me in his haste to get home.

I was soon again on board the steamer (the *La Risposta*), and in an hour we landed the St. Johns, Hunts, and others at Sorrento, and then stood for Naples, where we arrived at 7.30 P.M., after a most delightful day's excursion.

*March 4th.*—Mr. Rogers, the banker, invited a number of Americans to take a trip to Pompeii, for the purpose of witnessing some fresh excavations. I started at 8.30 (wife remained at home to rest) by the train, which reached Pompeii at 9.30. The day was superb, and the thirty odd people which composed the party were in the greatest good humor, giving themselves entirely to the full and free enjoyment of

the occasion. Among them were Mr. Pepoon, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Cisco, and Mrs. Henry Bergh, all of New York. After a ramble over a large part of the ruined city, led by guides, who explained as we progressed, Messrs. Rogers and Duncan (the latter gentleman is our Consul at Naples) invited the party to one of the once grand palaces of Pompeii to breakfast. We followed them to a grand hall, where centuries ago the voice of mirth and revelry was heard, and which still retains many evidences of its ancient splendor, and found a large table spread, and covered with all the luxuries of Naples. The ladies occupied the seats which surrounded the apartment, and which in ancient times were used in the same way, except that the ancients reclined on them at meals. In a short time the viands disappeared, the bottles were emptied, and we spent a most delightful hour in that never-to-be-forgotten hall. Everybody poured out libations, not to the gods, but to our generous host, and we started off again, under the guidance of the superintendent of the excavation, to the spot selected for the new opening. There we found some fifty or sixty men and boys, all busy digging, and carrying off the pumice and ashes from a large room which had just been entered, and which evidently formed part of a once magnificent palace, judging from the very fine frescos on the walls, which seemed as bright in their colors as if recently done; here, also, were exposed some arabesques exquisitely done and perfectly bright, as if there was a quality in the débris, with which for centuries they had been covered, to preserve them. As the workmen progressed, an iron tripod was discovered thickly encrusted with small bits of pumice imbedded in a coating of rust; then came a coin entirely effaced, or so much corroded as to conceal any inscription or device upon it; then appeared another article of iron, then another coin, then several terra-cotta lamps, and two amphoræ or wine-jars of about five or six gallons each. One of these was entire, the other was broken by the

pickaxe ; several other things, such as a spoon, a fork, and other articles, the uses of which we did not recognize, were found. Other portions of the walls were adorned with paintings of pheasants, peacocks, and small birds on the wing, beautifully done. In another place there was a leopard, some human figures, masks, etc., in all of which the colors were very bright. In the midst of these very interesting discoveries we were reminded of the time, and reluctantly left to return to Naples.

Wife met me at the station with a carriage, and we drove to the banker's and consul's, and got an order admitting us to the royal palace, where we spent a very pleasant hour in rambling through its immense and almost interminable halls and grand chambers and its splendid gardens. This is the largest palace in Europe except that at Caserta, which we passed in sight of about twenty miles from Naples. The royal palace of Naples is built in quadrangular form, with a wing crossing the centre of the hollow square, which in itself is a building of gigantic proportions. The palace is four stories high, the second and third stories being the principal ones, and traversing the four sides in an unbroken series of magnificent and lofty chambers, many of which are furnished in the most sumptuous manner, and ornamented with splendid paintings, bronzes, and marbles, so that the visitor as he wanders through them is lost in amazement, and is bewildered with the endless variety of beautiful objects.

The grand entrance-hall and staircase excited my wonder and admiration more than I can express. Everything in them is of the most magnificent marbles and bronzes. The flight of pure white marble steps so vast in height and breadth, and rising so gently and gracefully, with balustrade on each side, and so highly polished as to reflect surrounding objects, lighted at the foot, and at each short rest, with tall and splendid bronze candelabra in various devices, drew forth exclamations of surprise. We thought we had seen sump-

tuous entrances and stairs before, but these surpassed them all.

The gardens, which are very extensive, occupy the broad expansive roofs of the first floor of the palace, which project far beyond the walls of the main building. These gardens are planted with a rare and beautiful variety of plants, shrubs, and flowers, divided into an endless number of forms and shapes by beautiful walks, in which there are fountains, bowers, and seats which invite the weary and bewildered visitor to rest. From this immense balcony is seen the entire Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius, Capri, and the sea spread out like a grand picture.

On leaving the gardens we were conducted through another wilderness of magnificent chambers on the other two sides of the palace, adorned with frescos, paintings, draperies, tapestries of gobelins, statues, marbles, and bronzes in almost inexhaustible numbers and varieties. These chambers were lighted with bronze chandeliers of immense height and circumference, each containing a forest of wax candles between two and three feet high.

On leaving the palace we took our last drive on the Chiaia or great mole, which skirts the city at the water's edge, on which all the principal hotels stand, and which is the fashionable promenade of the city. The day was fine, and there was an immense turn-out of the *beau-monde*, in splendid equipages and in the saddle. I never saw a finer show of horses, carriages, and liveries, native and foreign. Nobility and titles and orders of all ranks and degrees seemed to vie with each other for the precedence in lavish and costly elegance. The public gardens, along which the Chiaia and the bridle path run, were filled with beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. Thus we passed our last day in Naples; a day full of most interesting and pleasant experiences. The St. Johns and Hunts spent the evening with us, and when they retired we prepared for our journey to Rome.

## XXV.

In Rome : Exposition or Fair ; Basilica of St. Stephen's ; Appian Way ; San Lorenzo ; Tivoli ; Albano ; Tusculum ; Ostia ; Mausoleum of Hadrian ; Terni.

*March 5th, 1870.*—At 10 A.M. we took leave of beautiful, dirty Naples, to exchange it for Rome, returning by the same road already travelled, and which I have heretofore attempted to describe. The day was fine, and everything looked bright and cheerful. This road is so full of interest that I do not think I could ever get tired of it. It is one hundred and sixty-two miles of ceaseless and varied beauty, and deep historic interest. The last fifteen miles lie over the Campagna, and as we entered it at the turn of the Alban Hills, the young moon threw just enough light on the long lines of ruined aqueducts and the tombs, which stretch their stupendous ruins along both sides of the entire length of the Appian Way, to enable us to see the dim outline of these remains of ancient grandeur, investing them with a deeper and more solemn interest than when viewed by daylight. At 8 we were pleasantly quartered in the “Albergo di Russu,” and slept without rocking.

*March 7th.*—A rainy morning. In the evening Rogers and Ives, the sculptors, called, and entertained us.

*March 9th.*—A very fine day. Drove to the Roman Exposition, or General Fair, held in the spacious cloisters of the Church and Monastery of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which was built from designs by Michael Angelo, on the site of the Baths of Diocletian, huge portions of the grand ruins of

which still remain. These cloisters and monastery are of stately architecture, and have one hundred columns of travertine surrounding the great interior square, which is planted with splendid cypresses, some of them very aged, and of great circumference.

The exhibition is contained in a very extensive area of the grounds, the outer sides of which are crowded with various objects, such as paintings, mosaics, statues, crosses, chalices, books, bells, plates, altar-cloths, vestments, and church ornaments and furniture. A great variety of carved work, church garments of woven texture, all sorts of materials, are here, worked into gold, silver, bronze, iron, marble, ivory, woods of various kinds, and textile fabrics of many sorts. Here we saw a motley crowd of all classes of people, cardinals, bishops, monsignors, priests, monks, and other ecclesiastics, all jumbled up with tourists, genteel citizens, and ragged *lazzaroni*. On the whole, it is almost exclusively an exhibition of ecclesiastical and clerical articles for the adornment of churches and priests, mixed up with a good deal of other trash. We spent a couple of hours here.

*March 10th.*—A beautiful morning. At 9.30 we started for the "Meet," in plain English, the fox-hunt. Mrs. and Miss McQueen accompanied us, and then we threaded our way through the narrow and crooked streets, round sharp corners, and emerged into the open Campagna, through the Porta San Paolo, and had another view of the grand old towers, walls, and gates of ancient Rome, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, Palace of the Cæsars, the Marmorata or Depository of Marbles brought to Rome in ancient times for sculpture and building. This important depot was discovered by accident only eight or nine years ago, underlying an immense accumulation of débris and mud on the left bank of the Tiber. We drove along the river over a vast rolling plain, lying almost waste, and unfenced for a long distance, but superbly green with a rich sod sprinkled with bright

wild flowers, everything attesting the richness of the soil, and lacking nothing but drainage to convert it from a sickly, malarious, uninhabited waste, to a healthy, beautiful, and productive garden. This continued until we reached an enclosed meadow, in which a large booth and some tents were erected for refreshments. Here the carriages, horses, and hounds assembled, and we turned in and mingled with the gay crowd of sportsmen and sportswomen. Here and there a "four-in-hand" was seen, and the finest collection of horses. Everybody looked pleased and delighted. In the company were the ex-King and Queen of Naples and other Bourbon princes, a host of Italian nobility, and any quantity of English, French, Spanish, and German titled folks, with a dash of American "sovereigns," the best-dressed and best-looking people of them all.

Presently the "pack" started off on the scent, and away dashed the ladies and gentlemen on their fleet and spirited horses, over fields, ditches, and hillocks, leaping splendidly, until a "halt" was sounded at the foot of a hill, where they all gathered *en masse* as if to consult.

The carriages containing the old fogies and children followed, keeping in sight of the chase most of the time; but after a fruitless search for Reynard we concluded, with the majority, to give it up and drive back to Rome.

No sight can be more animated than this was. The members of the club were distinguished by scarlet coats, buff breeches, and high top-boots; the ladies wore gay habits, and as they all flew over the green meadows and hills their appearance, added to the exceeding beauty of the landscape, was most picturesque.

Flocks of sheep were grazing in the meadows and on the hill-slopes, forming a most lovely, pastoral scene. A shepherd boy, attracted to the spot, led his flock near our carriage, and took his position on a little mound to get a view of the chase. He was within twenty feet of us, so that we had an excellent



opportunity to see him as he stood gazing at the scene ; his animated face and form told plainly that he entered fully into the spirit of the hunt. He was a true type of his race, dressed in a jacket of sheepskin, wool outside ; vest which had once been red, but frequent patching introduced other colors ; the right leg was bandaged with rags that once were white, and the left one, with patches of black and brown ; he wore heavy sandals, bound by sheep-thongs, on his feet ; a high, conical, broad-brimmed black hat, with a feather stuck in the band of green, yellow, and red, covered his head and shaded a bright, smiling face, in which a pair of fine black eyes shone like sloes, while a profusion of shining, black curly hair hung over his shoulders and down the sides of his olive-complexioned and peach-blossom tinted face ; his staff and leather pouch over his shoulders, with a reed pipe sticking out of it. A finer model for an artist could not be found.

At 1.45 we reached Rome, lunched at Nazzari's, and were off again to the Palazzo Sciarra, where we saw a fine collection of ancient sculptures and bronzes, and also several of the most noted and famous paintings by the great masters. Among the latter were the following : A copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," by Gulio Romano ; that most remarkable picture, "Raphael, the Violin Player ;" the "Three Gamblers," by Caravaggio ; "Modesty and Vanity," by Leonardo da Vinci ; Titian's "Bella Donna," and the "Maddalina della Radici," by Guido.

After an hour spent here, we drove through the Porta San Giovanni to the Via Latina, and turned into the fields just beyond the two-mile stone of the Via Appia, until we reached the recently discovered Basilica of St. Stephen, now in ruins, and one of the oldest Christian churches in the neighborhood of Rome. Nothing remains of it except the lines of the courses above the foundations, showing the ground-plan of the building, a large number of broken columns and capitals of the Ionic order, on some of which the cross is

sculptured. There is a baptistery in a tolerably perfect condition. This church was built during the reign of Constantine. The approach to it is through part of the Via Latina, the ancient causeway of which has been uncovered for some distance, and on both sides are ranged the ruins of ancient tombs, somewhat like those of the Via Appia. We visited some of these and found them very interesting ; they are from fifteen to twenty feet below the surface, and are large and roomy chambers, with fine arched roofs, beautifully adorned with bas-reliefs and fine paintings. The floors are laid in mosaics, and in the centre and on the sides are marble loculi on solid masonry, on which rest sarcophagi. Beneath these, and under small brick arches, are columbaria with urns containing the ashes of the slaves and freedmen of the family. One of these tombs was much finer than the rest ; it is supposed to be the tomb of the family of Pancratii, from an inscription still to be seen on it ; it is called the "Painted Tomb," and its walls and roof are decorated with splendid bas-reliefs and paintings representing various mythological subjects, also subjects in history. Some of the pictures are exquisite. One represents the long line of the Claudian aqueduct, beautifully done. The colors are perfectly fresh and bright, and the arabesques have all the exquisite fineness of cameos in point of execution. There are several sarcophagi in this tomb, the most remarkable of which is the one in the centre of the floor ; it is nine feet long, and an opening has been made at the foot, through which, by means of a taper, two skeletons, almost entire, are seen lying side by side, with a narrow dividing line between them. This tomb is said to belong to the second century.

In the floors of these tombs deep wells, one of which is one hundred feet deep, are sunk, made, as it is supposed, to keep the contents perfectly dry.

On our return, we drove over the beautiful Campagna, fresh and bright with the new verdure of early spring. Thousands

of sheep were grazing upon it, with here and there a group of the splendid long-horned cattle peculiar to this region, giving an animated appearance to a scene otherwise gloomy and solemn, with its multitude of ruins stretching in all directions as far as the eye can reach.

Thus we spent a day of varied and delightful amusement, and closed it by attending an entertainment given by Rogers, the sculptor, at which we met many very agreeable and interesting people, and retired at the very smallest hour of the morning.

*March 12th.*—Drove to the "Marmorata" or marble depot of ancient Rome. Workmen are actively engaged in excavating this highly interesting place; thus far, large quantities of splendid blocks of marble, which were imported from Africa and Asia, have been found. They are in large, square blocks, and many of them have the names of the persons to whom they were consigned cut in them. Others have the names of the buildings on them for which they were designed. Huge walls forming the quay have been excavated in these; there are immense blocks of travertine built with projecting ends, in which large round holes have been made to run ropes and cables through to fasten vessels to the piers or wharfs, or to aid in raising the marbles. The remains of some studios for sculptors have been found near this great marble-yard of ancient Rome.

*March 19th.*—After lunch, Inman called and accompanied us in a drive on the Appian Way; went half a mile beyond the Casali Rotondo. Although we have been several times on this famous ancient road, each visit is equally interesting; it is replete with so much that is impressive and beautiful that none can weary of it. I know of no region which combines within equal limits so great a variety of interesting objects as the Campagna and its surroundings. Every view discovers something new, and, like a painting, its aspect changes with the various lights and shadows in which it is seen from time

to time. The Appian Way, scarcely deviating from a straight line, is all in sight at a glance as the beholder emerges from the gates of Rome ; its bright, and at the same time dreary, tomb-lined course stretches across the great plain, ascends the heights of Albano, and passing over the brow of the long hill, it is lost to view on the other side. This view is superb from the summit of the Casali Rotondo, to which we mounted, and where we also obtained a most comprehensive view of the entire country. We turned at the seventh mile, and retraced our way back to Rome, part of the road on foot, gathering wild flowers and examining the ancient tombs, monuments, and fragments of statues and beautiful sculptures which are strewn thickly on every side. We particularly examined the tombs and mounds beneath which the gallant Horatii and Curiatii sleep.

O how eloquent is this interesting region in its solemn silence and grandeur ! It is impossible to forget the Campagna and the Appian Way.

*March 20th* (Sunday).—At 2.30 P.M. Inman called, and we accompanied him to the Campo Santo, or great Cemetery of Rome, outside the Porta San Lorenzo, near which Cicero lived. The roads were crowded with carriages and people on foot, and when we reached the Campo it seemed as if the whole population of Rome was gathered there. This burial-ground comprises an immense area, and is well filled with graves and monuments in endless designs and styles of art.

We wandered through the grounds until we were tired, and then we visited the ancient Basilica of San Lorenzo, which was built by Constantine. This church, like that of St. Agnes, stands mostly below the surface, only enough being above to admit light ; the interior is very interesting, but much of its antiquity is rapidly disappearing under the restoring and renovating processes now in progress. The columns, which are all ancient, many of them belonging to a period anterior to our era, are very fine indeed, and of a

variety of marbles ; many of them are fluted and have most beautiful capitals ; the bronzes are numerous and of great artistic merit. The roof is ornamented and painted in the Byzantine style, and the walls are covered with paintings, both ancient and modern, many of which are good. The subjects of the paintings are chiefly illustrations of the patron saint. Near the main entrance to this basilica there is a very fine and most elaborately sculptured Pagan sarcophagus, crowded with human figures, grape-vines, and flowers. Near this church are the ancient Catacombs, which are rock-hewn tombs cut in the face of a perpendicular wall of tufa, which rises in some places one hundred feet high ; they are somewhat like the Egyptian tombs, and the idea may possibly have been derived from the Nile.

We met Mr. Rogers and family at the Campo, who invited us to join them at an Osteria on returning to Rome, so that we might see the working people in holiday attire, and how they conduct themselves. We met at the appointed place, and drove our carriage into a large garden, with bowers overhung with grape-vines, and furnished with small tables, on which were set bottles of the native wine, bread, etc. We took seats at a table with some of these people, and were served with wine, hard-boiled eggs, and a crude vegetable called fennel, something like celery. We enjoyed the entertainment very much ; the wine, which cost half a franc a bottle, equal to a quart, was excellent.

There were perhaps a hundred and fifty people sitting at tables, all enjoying themselves in a quiet and orderly way. We spent an hour among them very pleasantly, and could not but be impressed with the marked difference between these simple people and those of the same class in our own country.

*March 22d.*—In the evening we went to a grand concert, and heard the “Miserere” and the “Stabat Mater” ; two ladies, contralto and soprano, almost electrified me with the

quality of their voices and the superiority of their execution ; there were two male singers, the most remarkable one as tenor, the other as bass. The "Sale Dante" was crowded with the best of Roman society ; any quantity of bishops were present. Saw Liszt, the most celebrated pianist, there.

*March 24th.*—After lunch we drove to St. Peter's and spent two hours in going carefully through it. Every visit to this stupendous building increases our admiration of its beauty and grandeur ; in fact, it is a perfect triumph of architecture. So wonderful are the proportions of this vast interior that the eye cannot estimate them ; it is only by passing from point to point that any correct idea of distance can be obtained.

We went thoroughly over every part of it, except, of course, that part of the transept (the east half) which is used as the chamber of Ecumenical Council. A week might be profitably and pleasantly spent in viewing this wonder of the world.

*March 25th.*—Drove to the mediæval part of Rome, which presents a very different appearance to that of the other portion of the city. In many of the houses are seen parts of ancient buildings, such as columns, pediments, friezes, lintels, window and door casings, all of beautifully sculptured marbles, which are not at all in keeping with the other materials and workmanship of the buildings.

Crossed the Tiber over the Ponte Rotto and passed Rienzi's house and the Temples of Vesta and Fortuna besides other ruins of much interest.

Drove to the Janiculum Hill, and had another view of Rome, ancient and modern.

*March 26th.*—Started at 8.30, accompanied by Mr. and Miss Averill, for Tivoli. The party included Mrs. Crosby and four daughters ; Mrs. Clark, Mr. Nicoll, and Mr. Van Wyck, the former gentleman from Newburgh, the latter from Fishkill ; a son and daughter of Mr. Burnham of Boston, and Mr. John Inman as cicerone of the excursion ; all started

together ; we passed through the Porta San Lorenzo, which is at one of the oldest and most interesting parts of the walls, and were soon in the open Campagna, with a bright day to enliven the excursion and no dust to mar our pleasure. The sky was filled with huge banks of bright clouds which did not betoken rain, but served to shade us over the open country, on our ride of eighteen miles, from an otherwise oppressive sun. After a couple of hours we reached the road which turns to the right from the Via Latina toward the ruins of Hadrian's Villa. On the way we crossed several bridges, one of which spans a rapid current of a milky whiteness, which is so strongly impregnated with sulphur as to make the air quite offensive. This flows from a lake which is seen on the Campagna in the distance, and which may not inappropriately be called the Lake of Brimstone, it is so full of that article ; the waters of this lake are said to petrify whatever they come in contact with, and we were shown many perfect specimens of these curiosities. On the way, we passed several ancient tombs, one of which is not unlike that of Cæcilia Metella, on the Via Appia, for massive grandeur. We continued on our way to Tivoli, and in half an hour were at the gates of the Villa Hadriana, said to have been the most extensive and beautiful villa of ancient times. The paths, which are broad, are bordered with very tall and very old hedges of box, which have been allowed to go almost to decay, and the grounds generally are in like condition.

The villa stood at the base of the range of hills on which Tivoli stands. The numerous, vast, and once superb buildings which composed what is known by the name of Hadrian's Villa were designed by himself, and it is said covered a space of nine miles in extent. Nothing in Italy can at all equal its grand and imposing ruins. The remains of such buildings as the following are still to be seen : A grand portico, an odeon, nymphæum, a palæstra, a theatre, a school of the philosophers, the imperial palace, temples of

Diana and of Venus, two libraries, one Latin, the other Greek, a very extensive stadium, immense baths, a splendid subterranean passage running for miles, and connecting the palace with many of the other buildings; a passage to the Tartarus, connecting it with the Elysian Fields, a Serapeon, from which large quantities of Egyptian curiosities, now in the Vatican and other museums of Europe, were taken; near the Elysian Fields are the ruins of another immense theatre. To the northwest of this is the "Vale of Tempe," the rival of the famous Vale in Thessaly; this is entered by a river called the Pēnēus. Besides these ruins, which are a very inconsiderable part of the whole, there is a vast wilderness of confused ruins almost without form, of which I could learn nothing certain. The Temples of Castor and Pollux and of Bacchus were pointed out by the guide, but I felt little confidence in his accounts.

A great atrium is shown which, no doubt, was filled with water, as all the apparatus for conveying water is visible. Here were held aquatic sports and imitations of naval engagements. Portions of rooms still remain, having fresco paintings on them in a good state of preservation. The ruins of the barracks of the Prætorian Guard are immense; near the barracks stood the Hippodrome, also a vast ruin, one wall of which, of great height and upward of six hundred feet long, still remains.

Hadrian's Villa must have possessed the most extensive and richest collection of works of art that perhaps ever existed in the world, judging from the large and precious stores in the Vatican, which is said to contain only a small part of the whole; others are in different museums, public and private, in various countries.

The splendid Fauna in rosso-antico which now adorns the Capitoline Museum was found here, and our guide pointed out the place where the Venus de Medici was discovered. The sites of many of these grand ruins are now olive-yards



and vineyards interspersed with bright green lawns sprinkled with beautiful flowers. Here and there almond trees in full bloom are seen ; also some of the finest examples of the stone pine, of enormous girth and great height, interspersed with ilexes, and the most beautiful cypresses I have seen out of Turkey.

And now, having hastily viewed what is called the most interesting portion of these grand ruins, we drove to Tivoli, the ancient name of which was Tibur, founded five hundred years before Rome, or say two thousand six hundred years ago. It is very remarkable historically, and wonderfully so physically. It combines an infinite variety of scenery, including the sublime and beautiful. Tivoli and its surrounding valleys are overflowing with objects of the rarest interest and most singular natural beauty. The River Anio, sometimes called the Teverone, which rises near the Neapolitan frontier, flows over, under, and through the town literally in a thousand streams, which empty themselves in falls, cascades, and rills over its precipices in every conceivable form, and which, when viewed from the extensive winding terraces on the other side of the great valley which separates Tivoli from the mountains which almost environ it, form scenes of enchantment and beauty which elicit exclamations from every beholder. This was the school where Nicholas Poussin first studied and where he gave his enthusiastic fondness for nature free play ; and it is a singular fact that, on arriving at a certain point from which we viewed these grand scenes, where we were told Poussin spent most of his time in painting, I recognized the original view of the first picture I ever saw by that great master.

We left our carriage at the Albergo la Sibylla and lunched on the terrace of the Temple of the Sibyl, in full view of the magnificent falls and surrounding scenery. We then descended by a gradual winding road for several hundred feet, stopping at many places to view the deep grottoes and curious lava formations, over which a multitude of clear and

sparkling cascades flow in one incessant roar ; one of these grottoes has been known for centuries as the Sibyl's Cave. We were able to look into the deep recesses of this curious cavern, several hundred feet down the rocky sides of which the torrent dashes with resistless fury. These scenes inspired the finest poems of Virgil and of Horace, who lingered about Tivoli (Tibur) with delight. Virgil called it "Superbum Tibur," which has been adopted as the motto on the city escutcheon.

Tivoli was famous in ancient history, and throughout mediæval times it was the scene of constant struggles and bloody wars.

At that point in the descent which is called "The Garden," we found mules waiting for us, which we mounted, and began the ascent of the long and steep hill on the opposite side. On reaching the summit we dismounted, and walked to the tunnels through which the River Anio flows and then is precipitated over a fall of some four hundred or five hundred feet, as nearly as we could estimate. Again we remounted our mules and passed along the terraced sides of the mountain, having a full view of all the falls and cascades of the Anio. Such a wonderful combination of streams of different sizes, volume and form, and extending over such an extent of mountain and hillside, cannot, perhaps, be found in any other part of the world.

For the last time we again dismounted, and followed our guides over rough, steep, and precipitous paths and windings to the Villa d'Este, built in 1549 for Cardinal d'Este, now uninhabited and going to decay. The gardens are very extensive and very fine, adorned with beautiful ilexes, cypress, and other trees, with fountains and statues on all hands and in every shape and form.

The villa, once a grand building, but now crumbling away, stands on a high hill, is most picturesquely placed, and commands very extensive and beautiful views over the whole

Campagna. From its splendid terrace looking toward Rome, which is eighteen miles distant, is the dome of St. Peter's ; but I could not with the aid of my glasses see any other part of the city, nor could any of the party, the best evidence of the immensity of that dome, which, when viewed from the Pincian Hill in the city, looks but little larger than other domes which are in sight.

We sauntered through the gardens of this once truly splendid palace, lost at times in admiration of their great magnificence, which is now so marred by decay and want of attention. Nearly all the finest villas in Italy are in like condition, their owners, in most cases, not having the means of keeping them up, and so as family after family of the nobility of this once proud and luxurious land rusts out, the estates pass into the hands of wealthy plebeians like the "Prince Torlonia," whose origin was a humble one, who derives his title from the Pope for pecuniary aid rendered from time to time. Only the great hall of this villa is open to the public, and is remarkable for its frescos by some of the great masters.

Weary and footsore, our party remounted the carriages, and returned to Rome, where we arrived at 7.30 P.M.

The sunset was particularly fine, the effects of which, as it lighted up the Alban and Sabine Hills, and the distant, snow-capped Apennines, threw a roseate glow over the broad expanse of the Campagna ; and, as the shadows of the long lines of ruined aqueducts and of the tombs on the Appian Way lengthened and became lost, the sun sank below the horizon, and intensified the gloomy magnificence of the scene.

*March 27th* (Sunday).—At 4 went to St. Peter's and heard Vespers ; spent an hour and a half there. Each visit increases my admiration and wonder as I become more familiar with this stupendous and gorgeous interior, which it is not in the power of language to describe.

*March 28th.*—In the afternoon I visited the Mausoleum of Augustus, one of the most ancient buildings in Rome, now

used as a circus. This is an immense circular tomb, the walls of which are about fifteen feet thick, of solid masonry ; the diameter is between two hundred and three hundred feet. The walls are very high, and once were covered with a garden, running to a much greater height than the walls, in conical shape, and planted with cypress trees. On the top of the cone was placed a colossal statue of Augustus.

Also visited the Theatre of Marcellus, a huge ruin, the lower part of which is now used as shops, etc.

Thence we drove to take a last view of the ruins of the Roman Forum and its grand surroundings.

*March 29th.*—Up early, and left Rome for an excursion to Albano and neighboring places. We passed out of the Porta San Giovanni, and entered the Nuovo Via Appia, which crosses the Campagna, and unites with the Via Appia at the foot of the Alban Hills. I sat with the driver, and had the best views that could be obtained of this interesting plain and its ruins, the Alban and Sabine Hills, and the towns and villages which are scattered on their sides and summits, and the far-distant Apennines on our left and in front, and the blue Mediterranean on the right side, with Civita Vecchia and Ostia near the shore.

At 11.30 A.M. reached Albano, a quaint-looking walled town, surrounded by the villas and palaces of the Roman nobility, where they reside in summer. Here Domitian and Pompey had villas, part of the ruins of which remain. The villas of many Roman patricians were here, the ruins of which are distinctly traceable. Here, also, are the ruins of Domitian's amphitheatre, and of the Prætorian Camp, also the ruins of a Temple of Minerva. It is said that the wine of Albano is excellent as when Horace sung its praises. A little beyond Albano is a very singular tomb of solid masonry, and said to be that of the Horatii and Curiatii ; this is considered very doubtful by the best authorities, who pronounce it Etruscan.

The best archæologists pronounce it the tomb of Aruns, the son of Porsenna, who was killed by Aristodemus in his attack upon Aricia, as the description of the tomb and its locality agrees, as it is said, with that given by Pliny. There seems to be little or no doubt that the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii is on the Via Appia, five miles from Rome.

We drove on to Lariccia, the next town, which is connected with Albano by a magnificent viaduct of solid masonry, consisting of three ranges of arches, six at the base, twelve in the centre, and eighteen on the upper level—together, nearly two hundred feet in height. The length is about one thousand one hundred feet.

We took donkeys here and visited a most beautifully situated village called Genzano, over a road of surpassing loveliness, with a triple row of ilexes, and carpeted between with living green interspersed with flowers in great variety and of the rarest beauty.

We ambled up to the Palace of the Dukes of Cæsarini, from which we had a fine view of the Lake Nemi, once the site of an ancient volcano ; it is between three and four miles in circumference, and is about eleven hundred feet above the sea. This volcano, and that which is now the Lake Albano, became extinct before the foundation of Rome, as ancient historians say, and it was undoubtedly from these volcanoes that the immense streams of lava, which are seen on the Campagna stretching to the very gates of Rome, flowed. From the beautiful height around these lakes are to be seen views of the most extensive and enchanting description across the great plains to Rome, over the hills and mountains which environ the Eternal City, and far out into the Mediterranean. No wonder that so many poets resorted hither and sang its praises.

We rode next to the Castle Gandolfo, over a very romantic and beautiful road of two or three miles, shaded by very fine

trees. This place has been famous in history for many centuries, as the stronghold of powerful families, and latterly as the summer residences of the Popes. It is nearly one thousand five hundred feet above the sea and five hundred above Lake Albano, both of which it overlooks. I can hardly think it possible to find a more picturesque situation, and one which commands such scope and variety of fine scenery. Many of the Roman emperors took great delight in this region, and built splendid palaces and villas on the sides and summits of the Alban Hills, some of the ruins of which remain. It is said that an immense quantity of statuary and bronzes, and other works of art, have been found in this neighborhood, which now adorn the museums of Europe.

We had a grand view of Lake Albano, which I consider one of the finest, and perhaps (considering the surroundings) the finest sheet of water I have ever seen ; it is over six miles in circumference, two and a half long, and one and a quarter wide, and, from our point of view, the whole of it was seen on the adjacent hills, valleys, dark gorges, and dells filled with grottoes and caverns, all forming a wonderful combination of the beautiful and romantic. A dead stillness reigned over the scene, which increased and intensified its fascination.

The castle is surrounded by a village, which is chiefly inhabited by soldiers' families and servants of the Pope, who attend on him when he resides there, so that it has nothing remarkable about it. The castle itself is a large mass of gloomy buildings standing on the summit of the hill and commanding a prospect of the entire region.

We spent nearly four hours on our donkeys and then resumed our carriages to return to Rome by way of the Via Appia, at the ninth mile of which stood the "Three Taverns," where Paul was met by his friends on his way to Rome. The spot is now marked by a large circular mound, near which, on either side, are the ruins of tombs.

I had a much better view of the grand old Appian Way and

the Campagna than on any former visit, sitting with the driver all the way. Nearly the entire length of it, from the Alban Hills to the walls of Rome, is lined on both sides with fine ruins and great quantities of beautiful sculptured marbles in fragments of statues, columns, pillars, capitals, friezes; and other parts of temples and tombs lie in profusion on every hand.

*April 1st.*—We started at 11 A.M. by rail for Frascati, again crossing the grand and magnificent Campagna. The railroad runs very near the Claudian Aqueduct for several miles, which afforded us a good view of these beautiful ruins. Reached Frascati at 12, drove to the town, and hired two donkeys and two horses for the party, and started off to visit the ruins of ancient Tusculum. The road was steep and winding, so that our progress was slow, which gave us ample time to see its inexhaustible beauty and splendid views at every turn.

Tusculum was built on the side and summit of the hill we were climbing, where now are seen a few of its ruins, and the villas of princely and wealthy owners who occupy them in summer. Among the most worthy of note is that of Lucien Bonaparte, who spent much time here and did much to excavate the ruins. It was his villa which a few years ago was attacked by a band of brigands, who wished to capture the Prince's daughter in the hope of securing a large ransom, but the vigilance of a servant saved her and enabled her to escape just in time.

We passed the Villas Ruffini and Montragone and the Convent of the Camaldi in ascending, and on returning, the villas Ruffinilla and others, and the Convent of Capuchini, and dismounted to visit the Villa Aldobrandini.

The ruins are on the crest of the hill. The city was strongly fortified by walls of great solidity, and it is said effectually resisted the repeated attempts of powerful armies to capture it.

Here Cato was born, and Cicero, the orator, had a favorite villa here.

We pursued our course over the Via Tusculana, on which, at intervals, we saw portions of the ancient causeway of great hexagonal blocks of stone, worn in some places into ruts by chariot wheels. The great highway of perhaps two thousand years of age, on each side of which were ranged the magnificent palaces, temples, and other buildings of Tusculum, now slumbers in ruins under the shades of the ilex, arbutus, olive, magnolia, pine, myrtle, and other trees, and, as if to remind the visitor of the former beauty of the place, the ground is carpeted with a great variety of sweet and fragrant flowers. At length, in passing through a beautiful dell, we came to an amphitheatre of reticulated brick-work, with fragments of beautiful marble sculptures strewn around attesting its ancient magnificence. Not far off, and on a high point which commands a most extensive view of the Campagna, with the surrounding hills and mountains and Rome and the Mediterranean in the distance, there are some very extensive ruins, which some consider part of a villa of Tiberius, which was erected on the site of the Academy of Cicero; hard by are ruins of baths and of houses with beautiful mosaic pavements and walls which still retain portions of their frescos.

Passing along the ancient pavement we arrived at what the guide called the Forum, in the immediate vicinity of which are the ruins of a theatre in a tolerably perfect state. All the semicircular ranges of marble seats which were occupied by the audience, together with the orchestra and some other parts, are well preserved. In the Forum there are many parts of columns and pillars standing and prostrate, with capitals and fragments of statues and other things. Behind these ruins, and on the top of a high hill, stand the remains of the citadel, consisting of a portion of the towers and walls. From this point the view is grand; indeed, I have seen no place from which I obtained as extensive a view of the classic



region of Latium as this. Not far from these ruins there is a very curious structure which seems to have been a reservoir or a piscina, with large columns in three rows, seemingly for the support of a floor or roof. From this elevation the views are very magnificent, extending over the entire Latin valley and the thick forests which cover the hills around Frascati, with here and there an opening, each occupied by a villa.

Monte Cavo is the highest point, crowned with an extensive pile of buildings used as a monastery ; next Monte Pila, on which stand the towns of Rocca Priora, Monte Compatre, and Monte Porzio ; beyond, the outlines of the Volscian Mountains are seen, on the slopes of which are Segni and other towns. We could distinctly see the plain, lying not far from Monte Cavo, where Hannibal pitched his camp, and near by stands the village of Rocca di Papa ; in another direction, the guide pointed out Alba Longa and Castle Gandolfo, and on the slopes below, the towns of Grotta-Ferrata and Marius. In the vast Campagna at our feet we see the Via Latina in its whole course to Rome.

On the top of the hill on which we stand, and near the ruins of the ancient citadel, are the remains of several temples of which I could get no reliable information.

On returning to Frascati we visited the magnificent Villa Aldobrandini, built by a Cardinal of that name in the reign of Clement VIII. The grounds are very fine indeed, and are laid out with consummate taste and skill. The chief attractions in them are the innumerable fountains, which are ornamented with a great variety of designs, with statues of gods and mortals, and an endless catalogue of animals. The principal of these fountains is in the form of a grand fall, which is in the rear of the villa, and pours its brilliant and sparkling waters in a succession of streams from a great height ; nothing can be finer or more picturesque than this succession of cascades, with its magnifi-

cent groups of statues and other figures, when viewed from the centre of the splendid hall of the villa. In front there is a spacious balcony, which overlooks the whole Campagna to Rome, with its endless variety of indescribable scenery.

We next visited the interior of this villa, a description of which would occupy too much time and space. The frescòs are very fine; among them are "Jael killing Sisera," "David and Abigail," "Judith and Holofernes," "David and Goliath," etc.

The Villa Conti, now belonging to Prince Torlonia, is also very fine. The grounds being the chief attraction are ornamented also with an endless variety of fountains, waterfalls, cascades, terraces, groves, with scenery and views of surpassing beauty. Grand flights of stone stairs with beautifully sculptured balustrades, which must have been much more costly than the palace itself, conduct the visitor from plateau to plateau of the princely estate.

We returned to the inn highly pleased with our day's excursion, and after dining we drove to the station, and were once more rolling over the Campagna toward Rome, the scenery of which seemed to possess a new beauty in the dim light of the shades of evening.

*April 2d.*—At 8.15 we started on a trip to Ostia, the once luxurious seaport of ancient Rome.

Ostia is at the mouth of the Tiber on the Mediterranean, and our way lay for some distance parallel with the banks of the river. The distance is fifteen miles, which was done in a little over two hours. Along the road we saw several ruins and a few huts of peasantry and fishermen. This part of the Campagna is less interesting than any other, having no diversity of scenery and but few attractions till reaching Ostia, when the first object of interest is an extensive tower of highly picturesque appearance; it is encircled by bastions and defended by a ditch, and seems to be used as a prison, judging from the ill-looking faces that stared on us from behind the massive grated windows.

Some time during the fifth century Ostia was taken and almost destroyed by the Saracens, and after that, for several centuries, it was the scene of many bloody wars ; finally, the fate of the great commercial capital was sealed by the filling up of the delta of the Tiber, which impeded navigation so seriously as to prove fatal to the business of the port, and the once splendid metropolis received its finishing blow from the unhealthiness of the region, which began immediately thereafter ; so that at present the modern town is scarcely inhabited in summer.

We left our carriages near the tower, and proceeded on foot to view the excavations, under the direction of an armed guide, as it is said this neighborhood is not free from brigands. We were conducted to the ruined Temple of Jupiter, which must have been very splendid, judging from the quantities of beautiful marble sculptures lying around in great quantities. Thence we went to the ancient Thermæ, or baths, where we saw some magnificent mosaic floors, columns, and other portions of fine marble buildings. We passed along through a street of tombs, which had a great many beautiful marble sarcophagi and others in rough granite. Here lay, in wild confusion, scattered about, many fragments of statues and other works of art. We visited the fresh excavations, where many fine buildings have been recently uncovered. Next we visited a building in which curiosities are collected as they are found, and we saw many works in marble and bronze, also in pottery, which greatly interested us. The guide allowed us to take an ancient lamp which we brought with us.

We passed on with our guide to the Forum, and the theatre, and another temple—the name of which we could not learn—all showing evidences of ancient magnificence in the quantities of marbles strewn around them. The vestibule of the Temple of Jupiter is covered with a vast block of African marble of great beauty.

Another theatre, which has recently been uncovered near the river, is ascertained to be that in which great numbers of the early Christians were martyred ; indeed, it is said that even more were slaughtered here than in the Roman Coliseum.

In Ostia were found a large number of the most remarkable works of ancient art in marbles and bronzes which now grace the Vatican ; among the former is the world-renowned bust of Augustus taken in youth.

That branch of the delta of the Tiber through which Æneas was said to have passed with his ships was pointed out to us.

Looking from an elevated point of the site of ancient Ostia, I found it almost entirely covered with grain fields and pine and other woods, with no part of the ruins above the surface except those of the Torre Boacacciano, and the so-called Temple of Jupiter. Everything else that is visible has been excavated, showing how complete was the destruction of this once splendid commercial capital of the Roman Empire.

After a ramble of about two hours over these interesting scenes, we drove off to Castel Fusano, about two miles, and lunched in one of its halls. This is a large, fortified casino, built some three hundred or four hundred years ago, as a summer residence for an Italian prince, so constructed as to resist the attacks of the corsairs and pirates who infested the coast. On the roof are still visible a number of sentinels made of stone to deceive an enemy. The winding stairs to the roof are so narrow as to admit of only a single man at a time. This villa is surrounded by an extensive and beautiful forest of ilexes, stone pines, arbutus and other trees, and the grounds are ornamented with splendid avenues of gigantic pines with huge vases of ancient patterns, statues, busts, etc. In these beautiful forests the rosemary grows in great abundance, and the sides of the roads and lanes leading through

them in all directions are carpeted with grasses and mosses and with a great variety of beautiful and fragrant flowers. Through the centre of the forest a road runs to the sea, which is divided into eight stadia by as many ancient stones, making in all just a Roman mile ; this road is paved with large blocks of stone taken from the Via Severiana, a very ancient road. We walked along this beautiful and interesting avenue to the sea, and ascended a wooded height, from which we had a splendid view of the Mediterranean and the various branches of the Tiber. Never can I forget the impressions made by this walk of two miles, and never before did I fully realize the beauty and repose of these classic shades. Every sense was affected by them almost to inspiration. The trees, shrubs, and flowers of ancient times still flourish there in all their luxuriance and fragrance. Nothing disturbed the enchanting stillness of these groves, except the wind as it played in gentle whispers, or moaned through the pines, or sported with a withered leaf. As we neared the sea, the sound of the waves as they died along the shore saluted the ear, and as we emerged into the openings which occur here and there the sweet song of the skylark was heard as it soared aloft toward the deep blue sky. Mortals never enjoyed themselves more than we did. The young ladies reversed their parasols and made flower baskets of them, and we returned with bouquets which I never saw equalled in variety of form, color, and fragrance. We were soon on our way back to Rome ; under a bright blue sky, and a serene sunset, the Tiber flowed on unruffled to the sea, except where a party of fishermen were dragging their nets and beating the surface of the water at a distance to drive their prey into them.

*April 4th.*—At 10 we drove, accompanied by Miss Fanny Churchman of Philadelphia, to the Mausoleum of Hadrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, where we were met at the gate by the Comte de Chiene, an officer in the papal army, who

very politely conducted us through this most interesting place.

This mausoleum was built by the Emperor Hadrian early in the second century ; it is a circular tower, constructed of enormous stones of peperino, and is said to be nearly one thousand feet in circumference. Its external magnificence has long since disappeared. Some idea of its ancient splendor may be obtained from the description of Procopius who, writing in the sixth century, describes it thus : " It is built of Parian marble. The square blocks fit closely to each other without any cement ; it has four equal sides, each a stone's throw in length ; in height, it rises above the walls of the city. On the summit are statues of men and horses of admirable workmanship in Parian marble."

The same author says, it was converted into a fortress considerably before his time. The statues were torn from their pedestals during the wars with the Goths, and hurled at the invaders.

During the pestilence of 589, an angel, it is said, appeared to Gregory, the then retiring Pope, in the act of sheathing his sword, thus signifying that the pestilence was stayed ; hence the colossal bronze figure which crowns the castle and which was erected to commemorate the wonderful vision ; it is the Archangel Michael in the act of sheathing his sword.

We were conducted through this wonderful building, passing gate after gate, up and down flights of stairs, through halls, corridors and dark chambers until we were in a maze of bewilderment. Some of these chambers are connected with ancient historical events of great interest ; in one of them Cardinal Carrafa was executed on a charge of conspiracy against the State. In another vast treasures were found, the huge strong boxes only remaining with half-open lids to tell the tale of their plundering. In another (to which visitors are not now admitted), the beautiful Beatrice Cenci passed the last night of her life before she was executed ; here it was

that her portrait was painted by Guido. In the large audience chamber, which opens on the front of the fortress and looks down on the bridge of St. Angelo, there are some very fine frescos, and in other rooms, and in one of the halls, I saw some examples of this kind of painting which were equal, if not superior, to any other I have ever seen. We were shown into the grand circular hall, which runs entirely round the building, and which, in ancient times, must have been exceedingly splendid; its sides are lined with the finest marbles, and its vaulted roof, which is very lofty, was decorated in the highest style of art with fine frescos.

The floors were laid with mosaics, portions of which are still visible. This grand hall was built to enable Hadrian to drive to the summit of the building in his chariot.

The custode started a cannon ball on the floor which was heard rolling for a long time till it reached the bottom, to show us the great extent of this vast circular hall. We ascended a winding stairway until we reached the summit of the fortress just beneath the feet of the angel. From the roof we had the finest view of Rome that can be obtained in every direction. The view of St. Peter's is particularly grand; the whole wonderful temple stands in full view with its splendid piazza and the extensive, irregular, and miserably contrived buildings which compose the Palace of the Vatican.

I attempted by the aid of the Comte de Chiene to get admittance to the Crypt of St. Peter's, but we are told it is closed to the public while the council is in session.

*April 5th.*—Prepared for our trip to Terni, Assisi, and Perugia. Miss Lamson of New York, and Miss Dexter of Boston accompanied us. Started at 4.50 and sped again across the Campagna, under a brilliant sky, and when we could no longer see by the twilight, the moon lighted our way and showed us the outline of the country, with here and there the broken walls of ancient castles, villas, or tombs.

At Narni, the Italian frontier, we were summoned to the

Custom House, where an informal examination of our bags was made, and then we passed on to Terni, where we arrived at 9.30, and drove to the "Albergo d'Angleterre," and found good and comfortable rooms for the night.

*April 6th.*—Up at 6, breakfasted and off at 8.30, with "Angelo" for our guide, to the lake of an ancient crater and now a beautiful sheet of water, embosomed among mountains. This is the source of the "Velino," which is joined by the "Nar" a short distance from the outlet, and their united torrents become the Falls of Terni a little farther on.

The height of these falls is between eight hundred and nine hundred feet, and they are considered by Byron ("Childe Harold") to be the finest of any in Europe, far surpassing any in Switzerland.

We drove to a little picturesque village on the lake which occupies the foot of a high hill, on the summit of which are the ruins of an ancient castle, defended by huge stone walls running from the water's edge and encircling the stronghold.

Italy abounds in such ruins; they are seen on the tops of many of the greatest heights, and increase the picturesque appearance of the whole country.

We got into a boat and were pulled to the opposite side of the lake, from which we obtained an entirely new series of splendid views. From an elevation we could see the whole of the lake and surrounding scenery, and from the same point our guide, by means of a large speaking-trumpet, awakened one of the finest echoes, which seemed to come from the ruined castle on the opposite hill. Words, songs, and sounds were repeated with entire distinctness after an interval of sufficient length to repeat the count of twelve; each number from one to twelve being perfectly plain and audible. Miss Lamson sang the "Hunter's Chorus" and the "Echo-Bugle-Song," which came back to us with enchanting sweetness. We were rowed the whole length of the lake, and met our carriage on the other side, from which we drove to



the falls. The first view we had was from an elevated plain, the second, third, and fourth from lower points and different positions, and all the subsequent views were from opposite stations, so that we had an opportunity of examining these wonderful falls and cascades in every possible aspect, and I can truly say that they are the most wonderful and varied combinations of waterfalls and cascades imaginable.

From the upper level of the falls we descended on foot to the lower level of the valley, a distance of about one thousand two hundred feet, over winding and rugged paths, stopping at several points to obtain different views of the grand torrents as they leaped from the cliffs or fell in foaming columns into the deep abyss, sending up clouds of vapor in snowy wreaths, against which several rainbows were contrasted in bright and beautiful colors. On reaching the lower level we found a number of donkeys with female attendants who crowded around us, all clamorous to force their donkeys on us, each praising her own and running down the others. We were soon mounted and off in single file up the steep and rugged side of the mountain, where, at every turn, we got new views of these wonderfully beautiful cataracts. Again we descended, and, on reaching the plain, entered one of the most enchantingly beautiful walks, shaded here with cypresses, overhung in another place with the thick boughs of the ilex, and forming a dark vaulted avenue, near which, on the left, ran a foaming stream, and walled up for several hundred feet with perpendicular rocks of volcanic formation on the right. These rocks were very curious, presenting the strangest evidences of dreadful revulsions in huge rents and cavernous openings, and rising in many places in towering needle-shaped points. Interspersed with all this rugged scenery, and as if to soften it to the eye, nature had strewn the most beautiful flowers with a profuse hand.

At least thirty beggars of both sexes and all ages gathered around our little party and stuck to them until we again

entered our carriage ; they clung to us for two or three hours, and could not be driven off ; the ladies tried persuasion in vain, then they tried to buy them off, but the sight of a few sous increased their tenacity, and nothing could shake them off except their inability to keep up with us.

After lunching at the "Hotel d'Angleterre" we again took to the rail, and arrived at the ancient and highly interesting Etruscan city of Perugia at 10 P.M., where we put up at the "Hotel de la Posta," once a palace, and had assigned to us what were called the state apartments, judging from their spacious and lofty dimensions and their artistic style of decoration and furnishing.

## XXVI.

Perugia ; Assisi ; St. Francis ; Palm Sunday in St. Peter's, Rome ;  
Mamertine Prison ; Foundling Hospital ; Exhibition in St. Peter's ;  
Illumination of Cathedral ; Last Days in Rome.

*April 7th, 1870.*—Under the guidance of Giovanni Scalchi, we started at 9 to see the wonders of Perugia, and first we went to the Collegio di Cambio, an ancient building, now used as a sort of Exchange for bankers in the Corso. The walls of the rooms are covered with the finest frescos of Perugino, the great master of that greatest of all painters, Raphael, several of whose works are also to be seen on these walls and ceilings. Aside from the great fame of the authors of these pictures, and had I not known by whom they were painted, I think I would have pronounced them the finest of all the frescos I had ever seen. Among the subjects are the Six Sibyls ; portraits of renowned Greek and Roman warriors, emperors, and philosophers ; several of the prophets, such as Moses, Daniel, Isaiah, etc.; several allegorical and mythological subjects, some of which I did not understand, and could get no explanation of from Giovanni.

A portrait of Perugino at an advanced age hangs on the walls. There is also some most remarkable carving in wood in these rooms, the history of which I could not learn. These are only a very few of the art treasures contained in the Collegio di Cambio.

We also visited the following places : the Biblioteca Publica, where we saw many curious manuscripts of the third and fourth centuries, and many volumes which were printed

as far back as the discovery of that art. The illuminated tomes, done by the monks, display great artistic skill, and some of them are marvellously beautiful.

The Palace Conestabile contains a collection of fine paintings, the chief gem of which is what is known as the "Staffa Madonna," one of the earliest works of Raphael. This is a small circular painting, in which the Virgin is represented as reading a book, and the Infant Saviour on her knee, looking into it. The expression of delight and intelligence on the face of the infant is most wonderfully portrayed.

The Pinacoteca, or gallery of paintings, was made up, as Giovanni told us, from churches and suppressed monasteries. It is said that the collection contains the very finest works of the Umbrian school; some of the pictures attracted my attention, but I confess that on the whole I did not appreciate the Pinacoteca.

The Museum of Antiquities was far more interesting to me; here I saw a large and good collection of Etruscan and Roman inscriptions, bronzes, cinerary urns, seals, ivories, mirrors, spears, helmets, silver and bronze plates, with curious bas-reliefs of animals, mythological subjects, antics, etc. Also, in great numbers, urns and vases of various shapes and material, such as bronze, terra-cotta, etc. There is also a leaden one, with a reclining female figure on it and an inscription. Many of the objects are decorated with a variety of devices and designs, the most common of which is the Medusa's head.

In Etruria it was a common custom in times of high antiquity to burn the dead, and no doubt these urns contained the ashes; the devices on them are evidently funereal, which also supports the conclusion as to the use to which they were put. There are also several sarcophagi, each with a reclining male or female figure on it represented as at a feast with a dish in hand.

Among the antiquities in this collection are also several in

gold, such as rings, pins, etc., and a few gold, silver and copper coins.

The Church of San Pietro del Casinensi is also very instructive and interesting, where several fine paintings by Tintoretto can be seen. The collection is large and abounds in fine examples of the most eminent artists.

So also is the Church of San Dominico interesting, for its peculiar style of ancient architecture. The interior, as far as I could see, had nothing in common with any other I have ever visited. The chief attraction of this church is the monument of Pope Benedict XI., who reclines on a sarcophagus in an easy position as if in sleep. At either end is an angel drawing the curtains aside to show the reclining figure. This Pope was murdered by two of his Cardinals early in the fourteenth century.

The Cathedral of San Lorenzo is a very curious old Gothic building, of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It seems to be unfinished, as its exterior is exceedingly rough. On the outside, there is a pulpit which is built in the wall, and from which St. Bernard used to preach to the people in the square. In this church are some fine paintings, and some of the most magnificent stained-glass windows. Several Popes were buried here. The library attached to this Cathedral contains many curious manuscript volumes on vellum, beautifully illuminated by the monks. There is a Latin copy of some chapters of St. Luke written, as it is said, in the sixth century. Also some of the writings of the "Venerable Bede" and of St. Augustine.

Small as Perugia is, it contains upward of one hundred churches, and a large number of convents and monasteries.

The antiquities of Perugia are numerous and highly interesting. Among them are the ancient walls and the Gate of Augustus, one of the finest and most imposing of all the gateways. On either side is a lofty, massive, square tower, and inside of the gate there is another set of walls of great so-

lidity, fifty or sixty feet high. Over the gate are the words "Augusta Perusia."

Perugia was founded some centuries before Rome, and it is thought that this portion of the walls is coeval with the foundation of the city. Their appearance certainly denotes very great antiquity.

After lunch we drove to the Necropolis, the ancient Etruscan cemetery a few miles from the city, which was discovered by accident a few years ago. This cemetery occupies the declivity of a sandy hill, on the sides of which the chambers for the dead are found. They are hewn out of the tufa of which the hill is formed, and are very deep below the surface. The celebrated sepulchre of the Volumnii is the one our guide conducted us to; it is very deep below the surface, and is reached by a long flight of steps. At the vestibule the custode lighted a torch and showed us into the various chambers, seven in all, which are occupied by sarcophagi and vessels cut from stone, each with a stone lid on it, and which contained the ashes of the dead; in one of the chambers there was a number of sarcophagi, all ranged round the walls, each with a reclining figure on the top in a graceful easy attitude, with a dish in one hand, evidently representing the ancient mode of reclining at meals.

From the ceilings of these chambers hung an ancient figure, attached to which was a lamp, and on the walls of three sides the head of a serpent projected, in each of which, also, was a lamp. These sepulchres occupy a large space, and many valuable articles have been found in them. The other stone vessels for ashes of the dead were beautifully sculptured in bold relief with representations of battles, or fights with animals, and some with medallion portraits.

As we rode over the hills which surround Perugia we could not help exclaiming at the magnificence of the scenery. Mountains, hills, valley, rivers, and cascades are blended together in the most harmonious and picturesque groupings

of scenery. No wonder this was once the nursery of the fine arts ; poets and painters drew their inspiration from nature's attractions here.

Thus we spent one of the most delightful days.

*April 8th.*—A rainy morning ; breakfasted at 7, and at 8 drove off to Assisi, a distance of twelve miles, to visit the stupendous monastery and Church of St. Francis, and the other wonders of that ancient and most interesting place. I quote from Murray :

“ Assisi (the ancient Asisium) is the sanctuary of the early Italian art, and the scenes of those triumphs of Giotto, to which Dante has given immortality. Surrounded by its battlements and towers, and commanded by its lofty and ruined citadel, with its long line of arches stretching across the mountains, Assisi is one of the most picturesque spots in Italy.”

The mountains and hills of this whole region are clothed with the vine and the olive, and the ground is carpeted with the most beautiful and fragrant flowers.

St. Francis was born and died here, after founding the great monastery which bears his name, and which I fear it will be impossible to describe.

On the side of a rocky declivity, which rises almost perpendicularly several hundred feet, the first church and convent were founded ; over these, in after years, was constructed the colossal monastery, which stretches along the face of the rock in a line of grand arches, overlooking scenery which I have no words to describe, its magnificence and grandeur are so great. In the distance are seen the Apennines, then a branch of the Tiber, and immediately at your feet, and stretching many miles beyond, the loveliest and most fertile valley imaginable.

Over this monastery is built the great Church of St. Francis, the whole constituting a pile such as I believe can nowhere else be seen. We entered the monastery, and were

conducted by the agreeable and obliging sacristan through the greater part of it and the church above. The monastery, before its suppression by the first Napoleon, contained one thousand two hundred "Brothers," each of whom had most ample quarters, consisting of an ante-chamber, a sitting-room or study, a bedroom, and a dressing-room, from which the immense extent of the buildings may be estimated in part. Besides these private apartments there was a grand dining-hall of, I should think, three hundred feet by seventy-five or eighty, on each side of which were ranged the tables, and on one side, built into the wall, is a pulpit from which a friar preached during meals. At one end of the hall there is a very fine painting of the "Last Supper." On the outside of the building, on two sides of its whole length, a grand corridor extends, in which the monks were accustomed to exercise, and which commanded magnificent and most extensive views of the surrounding country. In addition to these, there are churches and chapels in large number, through which we were conducted. These last are decorated all over with frescos by the best masters, and adorned with a profusion of other works of art, in bronze and marbles. We ascended to the upper church, which is vast in dimensions and elegant and rich in adornment, though going to decay by time and neglect. It is impossible to estimate the vast treasures which have been expended on these buildings, and although immense quantities of the works of art have been removed, there still remain such stores of them as to form an almost inexhaustible museum.

We also found the ancient Church of Santa Chiara very interesting. Behind the high altar lies the body of St. Clare, an abbess who died here in the thirteenth century. Visitors are shown the remains through a grating; the cell which contains them is occupied by one of the sisterhood, who is closely veiled above the mouth, and who holds a lighted taper to aid the examination. The body lies under



a sort of canopy ; the face and hands are visible, and are nearly black. The greater part of this church was destroyed by an earthquake, which, however, left the part of the edifice in which the body of the saint lies undisturbed, which was attributed to a miraculous intervention.

The Cathedral of St. Rufinus, founded early in the eleventh century, is a curious relic of those times. The site of the house in which St. Francis was born is pointed out ; the Church of Chiara Nuova now stands on it.

In the public square or piazza are to be seen the ruins of a Temple of Minerva, consisting of six fine fluted columns, with their capitals and bases almost entire ; the greater part of the pediment remains entire, and the whole forms a beautiful portico, which has been worked into a church, and forms the front of it. Monte Subasio, which rises to a very great height behind Assisi, is crowned with the extensive ruins of an ancient citadel, which, when seen from a distance, presents a most picturesque appearance.

After a very satisfactory examination of this ancient and most interesting city, we drove to the station, and took passage for Rome, where we arrived at 10 o'clock, feeling much gratified with our trip.

*April 10th* (Palm Sunday).—Went to St. Peter's, where all the foreigners in Rome seemed to be assembled. The collection of people was much greater than on any former visit we had made. The palms were blessed by the Pope, and he was carried in his state chair the whole length of the great Cathedral and back again, preceded and followed by the great ecclesiastical and state dignitaries and others, each bearing a palm, and accompanied by cross-bearers and singers. The Pope looked pale and feeble, and did not smile as benignantly as usual on his "children" as he passed up and down the nave, holding a bunch of palms in his left hand, and feebly extending his trembling right hand, in token of blessing. I could not help regarding the whole per-

formance with astonishment, mingled with a feeling of disgust when I remembered that this great procession was in imitation and commemoration of the procession of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, when the meek and lowly Saviour of the world rode on an ass into the Holy City. Now, his "successor" is carried on men's shoulders, in the midst of glitter and pomp, guarded and attended by a large body of armed men; a scarlet canopy is carried over his head, and on each side and in front men carry huge, fan-shaped ornaments, made of feathers. The Pope's dress is gorgeous in the extreme, and nothing seems wanting to make the pageant such as only a great earthly potentate would require for a grand triumphal occasion. It was estimated that there were thirty-five thousand persons in the church. Among this enormous mass of human beings there were some of all sorts, classes, and conditions of men, from the king to the beggar. Among the costumes, which were very numerous and splendid, I noticed some of the fourteenth century; gentlemen in small-clothes of black velvet, shoes with jewelled buckles, gold neck-chains, a variety of "orders," indicating rank, title, etc., with broad fluted or plaited ruffs around their necks, at least an inch in thickness, and standing out three inches beyond the neck; velvet caps and small swords completed the dress of these gentlemen.

There is a wonderful charm about St. Peter's, in spite of all the hypocritical disguise and parade carried on within its walls. I have visited it several times, and its grand and colossal proportions grow upon me at every visit. It is truly the most magnificent temple in the world. I viewed it to-day by a much more sombre light than usual, the sun being completely veiled in clouds. Everything was less distinct, but, strange to say, everything loomed larger and more grand than ever before. I measured some of the piers which sustain the roof, and found them almost as large as an ordinary sized church.

*April 11th.*—Wrote to my daughter, and enclosed a sprig of maiden-hair, gathered at the sepulchre of the Volumnii, near Perugia.

At Paile's book-store the order of sights for the week stated that the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul would be exhibited to-day at the Church of St. John Lateran; so we posted off to see them, but found, as many others did, that it was a mistake, and that the relics had been exhibited yesterday. It was not, however, in vain that we went to the church, as we saw it to much better advantage than on our former visit, when it was crowded by visitors at one of the great festivals. The interior of this noble edifice is perfectly superb; many of the side chapels are fitted up and adorned with some of the most expensive and magnificent works of art, in paintings, frescos, bronzes, marbles, and woods. The roof is in the sunken-panel style, ornamented in a splendid manner, with the most brilliant and harmonious blendings of colors and gold, with the papal arms as a centre-piece. On either side of the nave there are six colossal statues in marble, triumphs of art. The floors are laid in mosaics, with an immense variety of the most beautiful marbles, highly polished.

We again visited the ancient Roman Forum, and walked through the extensive excavations, passing over the original streets on the old causeways, and viewing the ruins of several grand temples, and the Arch of Septimius Severus, which is covered with splendid sculptures in bold relief, representing great triumphal processions with groups of prisoners of war in chains.

We made our first visit to the Capitol, and found it intensely interesting, particularly the ancient walls, portions of which remain. In the great halls there is a large collection of fragments of the most exquisitely sculptured marbles, such as friezes, porticos, columns, capitals, pediments, and some magnificent figures of gods, men, and animals. We ascended

the great marble staircase on some of the original steps which led up to the Capitol from the Forum. Nothing can exceed the artistic beauty of these marble carvings which, when entire, must have composed the finest architecture in the world. Here and there were to be seen, cut in marble and cast in bronze, the letters "S. P. Q. R.," the ancient badge or monogram of Roman authority and power. We had much the best view of the Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Coliseum, the Arches of Septimius Severus, Titus, and Constantine, besides other ruins of the ancient city from the Capitol. From this proud centre once emanated the power which governed the world. Now its crumbling ruins mock its ancient greatness !

On my former visit to the Mamertine prisons the passage was greatly obstructed so that I could see them very imperfectly, so I determined to see them again, which I did more satisfactorily to-day. These prisons are divided into two chambers, an upper and a lower one, and communicated in ancient times by subterranean passages with the Judgment Halls in the Forum, and with the Catacombs, about two miles distant. They are in the base of the Capitoline Hill, and very near the Arch of Septimius Severus. They are famous, as the custodian told us, as being the places of confinement of St. Peter and St. Paul, and were built in the days of the early empire. Here Jugurtha died of starvation ; Vercingetorix, the chief of the Gauls, was murdered by command of Julius Cæsar ; and the Catiline conspirators were strangled. The stone pillar is shown to which St. Paul was chained, and the iron rings through which the ropes were drawn to strangle Catiline's accomplices are pointed out. Many other distinguished state criminals were imprisoned and put to death in these gloomy dungeons, from which the light of day is totally excluded. There is a spring of water in the dungeon where it is said St. Peter was confined, and which miraculously appeared to enable the saint to baptize his jailers ; but, unfortu-

nately for the truth of this Church tradition, there is evidence to prove its existence before St. Peter's time, if, indeed, he was ever in Rome, which is exceedingly doubtful. In front of the prison, toward the Forum, there was a place on which the bodies of persons who were executed were exhibited to the people. A little way from these prisons stands a very ancient church, called Cosmo e Damiano, erected near the ruins of the Temple of Remus, in which there is a very curious and very old mosaic over the tribune representing the Lamb enthroned, with an open volume and a cross, also angels and the seven candlesticks. A figure of the Saviour is in the centre; on the lower part there are twelve sheep, said to represent the Apostles. This church, like nearly all we have seen, is crowded with a great variety of works of ancient art, such as paintings, bronzes, and marbles in all shapes and designs. At one of the main entrances to this church there are huge doors of solid bronze, evidently of great antiquity.

*April 13th.*—Visited the Foundling Hospital in Santo Spirito, which goes by the name of the Pia Casa degli-Esposte. We were conducted through the immense establishment, capable of containing three thousand children, by the abbess, assisted by a young and pretty nun. We passed from ward to ward, in which we saw a large number of very young infants, among the whole of whom there was not a healthy-looking one; it was truly a most sickening sight. The abbess said that they were received in this condition, and that in spite of all the care which is evidently bestowed upon them, more than fifty per cent. die before they can be put out to nurse. The premises were spacious, clean, and comfortable, and the attendants were neatly dressed, and handled the infants with affectionate care. We left the place with a feeling of indescribable pain and disgust. The abbess said that three infants had already been received to-day, and that they sometimes took in twelve and fifteen in a single day and night.

She showed us the place of their reception, which is an aperture communicating with the street, into which the child is placed and a bell is rung by the depositor, whereupon the receiving-box revolves which brings the front to the interior of the hospital, and the little waif is taken in, nobody knowing by whom it was deposited.

We drove to the Janiculum Hill to take our last look at Rome and see the column which is being prepared to commemorate the meeting of the Ecumenical Council. This is a huge shaft of African marble, which was recently found on excavating the ancient Roman Marmorata on the Tiber, a very beautiful block of marble ; it is composed of nearly every dark color, wonderfully blended, and will, when polished and set up, be, perhaps, the most splendid monolith in the world. It is to be placed on a foundation already prepared for it on the outer verge of the Janiculum, and will be one of the most prominent objects in modern Rome.

From here we drove to St. Peter's, to hear the "Miserere" and other performances, at which the Pope is present. The great edifice was soon filled with a multitude of a very different class from what we had seen there on any former occasion. In our immediate vicinity nearly all were English-speaking people. The majority of the audience had provided themselves with camp-stools, as the services are about three hours long. Our position for seeing and hearing was excellent ; it was just by the grand altar under the dome, and opposite the balcony which is over the statue of St. Veronica, and from which the holy relics are exhibited when the music ceases. Before the services began I occupied the time in gazing upon the wonders around me, but I found that the more I gazed at and studied the dome (under which we sat), the less I realized its colossal size and proportions ; indeed, it seems absurd to believe that two such churches as Trinity, New York, could stand in the transept, front to front, and yet fall short of the top of the dome by one

hundred feet ; but such, nevertheless, is the fact, as we were told by those who professed to know.

The afternoon was most brilliant, and the air warm and balmy ; the sunlight poured through the windows of the dome, illuminating the whole interior, and making every object distinct. While musing on this gorgeous scene, the chanting of the Penitential Psalms began, the muttering in the vast assemblage ceased, and all were still and attentive. The service went on for upward of an hour, and the audience soon showed their impatience for the most interesting part of it to begin, by resuming their conversation and changing their positions. In the mean time the sun was rapidly setting, and its last rays were throwing their fading light upon the upper panes of the dome, when a priest appeared on the high altar, and with an extinguisher put out the candles slowly, one after another, except the last, which was removed out of sight, and then the great church was left almost in darkness. Seemingly at a great distance a doleful sound broke upon the ear, and the grand and solemn music of the "Miserere" began. I closed my eyes so that I might be insensible to everything except the sublime strains of the great musical composition, and as its cadences rose and fell and died away in the distance, it seemed like the wailing of the lost rising from some vast abyss. I think it will be impossible to forget the "Miserere" to the latest hour of life.

On opening my eyes and looking up, I saw that the balcony on the left, over the statue of St. Veronica, had been illuminated, and was occupied by two priests. The music ceased, and was succeeded by a rolling, rumbling sound like thunder ; then followed a loud ringing of bells, and the priests who had retired reappeared, one of them holding in both hands what was said to be a piece of the "True Cross," which he carried from end to end of the balcony, exhibiting it to the people, and then returning to the centre, elevated it,

many of the spectators prostrating themselves on their knees, and bending their heads to the ground. The priests again retired, and reappeared with what seemed to be a tablet set in a shining frame of silver and mother-of-pearl, and held it up to the gaze of the people. This was said to be the handkerchief of St. Veronica which she offered to the Saviour, to wipe the blood and sweat from his forehead on his way to Calvary, and on which his portrait became miraculously impressed.

Another relic was exhibited in the same manner, and then the vast multitude turned in their places and slowly moved toward the great bronze doors, and literally filled the piazza, or square in front.

*April 14th.*—Went to St. Peter's. On reaching the piazza, found it crowded with people, and the military in great force, and forming a most magnificent array of cavalry and infantry. Every available space was occupied. The day was perfect, which contributed immensely to the brilliancy of the scene. The occasion of this mighty gathering was the expected benediction of the Pope, which was announced to be given at 12 M. The grand balcony in front of St. Peter's was prepared for the great occasion; over the balustrade was suspended a drapery of heavy crimson satin bordered and ornamented with gold, and a golden cross and the papal arms in the centre. An ample awning overspread the whole balcony, to protect it from the sun. Presently we observed a movement, and the whole balcony was filled with people wearing white togas and crowned with mitres; these separated on either side, making an opening in the centre; the bells rang out a loud and merry peal; the cannon thundered from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Pope appeared, borne to the front on his throne, which was covered with a canopy of crimson, and on either side an immense fan of white feathers. The closely packed mass of human beings swayed to and fro, and a sound like the murmur of the sea ran



through it until the Pontiff extended his hand, and all was silent and motionless, as the multitude listened to the clear voice of the Pope as he blessed his "children," all of whom, or rather as many as could kneel, were prostrate with bowing heads before him. At the end of the benediction a shout arose from the vast host, the bells rang again, and the Pope retired. Our position was at the base, and under the shadow of the great obelisk in the centre of the piazza, from which, though distant, we had an excellent view, with the aid of our glasses, and we heard distinctly the clear, musical voice of the Pope as he pronounced the blessing.

As soon as the military and the multitude began to move we made for St. Peter's to witness the ceremonies there. We found it more than half full, and it was with difficulty and much trouble, with the kind aid of an experienced friend and of William, our servant, that we at last succeeded in getting a position from which we could see, when standing on our camp-stools, the Pope enthroned, with the Holy College around him, and on one side the thirteen pilgrims seated, who had journeyed to Rome, some of them from great distances, to have their feet washed and to be waited upon at table by the "Holy Father" himself. In imitation of our Saviour and following his example (as "the Church" says), the Pope took a napkin, and putting it on like an apron, proceeded to wash the feet of the pilgrims, who represent the twelve disciples, the thirteenth pilgrim representing the angel that appeared to Gregory the\*Great while he was similarly engaged ; the towel is made of satin, beautifully embroidered. The mode of washing is simply this : the Pope, with a pitcher of water in his hand, passes from pilgrim to pilgrim and pours a little water on their feet, the whole operation occupying less than five minutes. Each is then presented with a gold and silver medal and a bouquet. After the washing, they sit down to supper, and the Pope waits upon them, and thus ends the ceremony.

We went to a neighboring restaurant and got something to eat, returning at 3 to St. Peter's to hear the "Miserere" of Palestrina, the great composer, and to witness the remaining ceremonies of the day. I forgot to say that at the end of the morning ceremonies the relics were again exhibited from the balcony over the statue of St. Veronica. On returning to the church, we took our place on the right of the high altar, just under the dome and not far from the choir. We waited over two hours before the chanting began, but the time was well employed in studying the grand building and the people as they poured in on every side. There was a large attendance of the Swiss Guard in their picturesque uniforms (the invention of Michael Angelo), and of the Zouaves in their plainer dress, who were ranged in lines to keep the audience within certain limits, and to form avenues for the Pope, Cardinals, and great dignitaries of the Church and of foreign courts to pass in and out without contact with the populace. At 4.45 the chanting began and continued until 6.30 or later, when the mournful strains of the "Miserere" again broke upon the ear. The most noteworthy voices were the falsetto of Mustapha, an Egyptian singer, and the tenor of Davis, a young Englishman. The first is most remarkable for its wonderful flexibility and variety of notes, combining the tones of male and female voices with those of a bird, and changing with easy grace from the lowest to the highest, and *vice versâ*. The tenor was also very astonishing for its sweetness and volume, although lacking in the ease which so peculiarly characterized the falsetto.

The "Miserere" of Palestrina differed from that performed yesterday, as it seemed to me, in this respect: the latter had an air of deep despondency running through it, befitting the condition of the doomed; while the strains of the former were those of deep, sincere grief and penitence, prostrating the attentive hearer at the foot of the cross and filling his soul with sympathy and love. It seems to me as though the

music of this sublime composition will never fade from my memory.

At the close of the "Miserere," the relics were again exhibited, and the canons of St. Peter's, habited in long frocks, with mops and basins in their hands, washed the high altar, a performance we did not wait to see, as it was after 7 o'clock, and our strength was nearly exhausted.

From this time till break of day on Easter Sunday, not a sound of music of any kind is allowed in Rome. Every instrument is laid aside, the multitude of chimes and bells of all sorts is hushed; not a clock is allowed to strike, and not even a hotel bell is permitted to be rung.

It just occurs to me that during my residence of fourteen weeks in Rome, the home of the successors of St. Peter, I have not heard a cock crow, although I have seen several of these birds.

*April 15th.*—A beautiful warm morning. Spent the forenoon among the sculptors. Wife and I walked over the Pincian Hill and saw the preparations making for the fireworks; they are very extensive. All Rome is astir in making preparations for the grandest exhibition of fireworks and the most extensive illuminations they have ever had before; this is chiefly in honor of the Council.

The foreign visitors, more especially the English, have been greatly excited for some time by the course taken against three of their countrywomen by the Roman Government, on the charge of having distributed religious tracts and Bibles among the people. These ladies were ordered out of Rome on a notice of forty-eight hours; two went, the third stood her ground and refused to go. She wrote to Cardinal Antonelli, demanding the ground of her dismissal, and saying she should remain until she was compelled to leave by superior force. This was ten days ago, and she is still in Rome. Everybody justifies her and condemns the government. There are several even more outrageous cases than this; all

except one have been against ladies of the highest respectability; the exception was the case of a young Swiss gentleman who was imprisoned fifty-eight days on the charge of speaking against the Pope. Strange to say, the ground of that outrage was not made known until just before the gentleman's release, which was effected through his consul. The police have been very active, for some weeks, in searching for and arresting suspected persons. A few days ago a party of English ladies on returning to their rooms found that they had been entered by the officers, during their absence, and everything in their trunks had been overhauled. This and other cases have been brought before the English Government, and it is to be hoped that such outrages will be stopped.

*April 16th.*—Drove with wife to the Fontana de Trevi, where we drank and threw the tumbler into the fountain, "which is certain to secure our return to Rome," as it is said, and by some believed. Afterward drove through the Ghetto, or Jews' Quarter, every shop and place of business in which was closed, and the people loitering about in holiday attire. Thence by a circuitous route to the Ponte Rotto, which we crossed and again visited that greatest of all temples in the world, St. Peter's. Few people besides the workmen, who were putting the interior in order for Easter Sunday, were present. The great pilasters were draped in crimson from their capitals to their bases, and many of the grand balconies were also draped and decorated with cloth of gold, giving the whole church a new and entirely different aspect from that which I had ever seen it wear before. The dark lines of drapery which covered the huge columns on either side of the nave broke the interior into sections, and gave me a much more accurate idea of dimensions than when the vast interior was seen as an almost unbroken surface of white or light-colored and highly polished marbles. I visited every nook and corner that was accessible, and saw a multitude of

objects that had escaped my notice on former visits. The longer I studied, the more I was astonished at the great change made by the long lines of purple drapery, the roof seemed much more lofty and the length and breadth of the building appeared much greater. As I stood at the great bronze gates and looked to the other extremity, the people near the high altar looked like children moving about on the marble pavement.

In the evening, Mrs. B. went to see the princesses and other female members of noble Roman families wash the feet of the pilgrims, and I went with Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Hutchins to see the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla illuminated. There we found several hundred people of all nations and a large band of music to entertain them. About 9 the illumination began by the simultaneous lighting of variously colored fires in different parts of the vast ruins. The effect was exceedingly fine ; in fact, I cannot adequately describe it. The huge piles and columns were suddenly bathed in red, green, blue, yellow, crimson, and purple lights ; while through a chasm of the broken walls the full moon, veiled in thin clouds, shed its solemn light upon the scene. A dark, dungeon-like chamber in a remote corner assumed a crimson and purple hue, and sent up a volume of smoke as if it were the mouth of the pit itself. Other fires shed a light upon the spectators which gave them a ghastly hue and made them look like ghosts. When these fires began to wane others were lighted in the lofty piles, which displayed the grand ruins in the most effective manner.

From this scene we retired highly gratified, and drove to the Coliseum, which we saw to very great advantage by the lights and shadows of a full moon set in a cloudless sky.

*April 17th* (Easter Sunday).—Opened with a cool, bright morning, and was ushered in by the cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo and a general ringing of bells, as this is, without exception, the grandest festival of the Roman Catholic

Church. The whole house was astir at a very early hour, and hundreds of people had swallowed their coffee and were off to St. Peter's as early as 5 or 6 o'clock to secure good places. At 8 nearly every one was out of the hotel, and nothing was heard in the streets but the rattle of carriage-wheels pushing on to the great Cathedral to see the greatest display ever got up on the same occasion, rendered so in consequence of the presence of the Council.

Mrs. B. started off with Mr. Inman at 10 A.M. I enjoyed a quiet forty-five minutes, and went at 11 to hear Dr. Robertson deliver one of his best sermons to a congregation composed of five ladies and two gentlemen, three of the number being members of the preacher's family.

In the evening Inman called, and we sent for a carriage to see the grand illumination of St. Peter's. Every vehicle was engaged, and we had to take a little one-horse "fly." After a circuitous drive through streets and lanes I had never seen before, which were so crowded as greatly to delay us, we at length reached the grand piazza, and took our position among a vast multitude of vehicles of all sorts, and a dense crowd of pedestrians of all ages and sexes. We were between the right-hand fountain and the obelisk, a place which commanded a view of the whole front, and about two-thirds of the dome from the cross down. Nearly all the lamps of the first illumination were lighted when we arrived, and the building presented a most beautiful appearance. At many points on the great building we could see moving lights, which increased in number and extent as the moment for the general illumination approached; these lights were in the hands of the men who were being stationed at their respective places, to be in readiness when the bell struck to fire the lamps simultaneously. Four hundred convicts were thus employed, and when any are fatally injured in this hazardous work they receive absolution and extreme unction, and if they survive they are pardoned. Those who have

seen these illuminations can never forget their magnificence, all attempts to describe which utterly fail to convey an adequate idea of their splendor. Every column, window, frieze, cornice, and every prominent point and line in the vast temple and dome to the pinnacle of the cross, at an elevation of over four hundred feet from the ground, are in a blaze of light, making the colossal architecture of the grand building stand out in indescribable magnificence against the dark sky. The second illumination, which takes place in about an hour and a half after the first, is so instantaneously produced that it seems like enchantment. The first is called the silver, the second the golden illumination, and when both are in full play, upward of seven thousand lamps are burning at once. The moment the clock begins to strike 8, the second illumination commenced at the top of the cross, and descended to the base of the building, covering the entire exterior in eight seconds. It was, indeed, a glorious sight to see the grandest temple on earth transposed almost into a mass of flame, as if by magic, in a few seconds of time. After gazing nearly an hour, we started off to get a view of the illumination from the Pincian Hill. The whole vast area of the piazza was packed with thousands of vehicles, and human beings on foot, all having their places assigned them by a strong force of dragoons, which surrounded the entire piazza, and none being allowed to move without the permission and under the direction of the police. Thus we were upward of an hour in getting once more into the streets, and it took half an hour to reach the hill through the crowded thoroughfares. The view from the Pincian Hill was most superb, a perfect outline of the entire dome and front of the building was obtained, the whole standing out in a brilliant mass of flickering flames.

*April 18th.*—Our last day in Rome, so I devoted part of it to visiting the Circus Maximus, or rather its site, as only a small portion of the ruins exist; indeed, scarcely

sufficient to indicate the outline of this, no doubt, the greatest building in the world, except the Pyramids. Only some huge masses of crumbling brick walls remain to tell where the grandest of all the theatres in the world, the pride and glory of its founder and builder (Tarquinius Priscus), stood. History tells us that this vast erection accommodated two hundred and fifty thousand persons ; that it was two thousand two hundred feet in length, by one thousand in breadth ; and the curve line of the seats was nearly five thousand feet in length. It stood on the place once celebrated as the scene of the Rape of the Sabines, between the Palatine Hill, on which stand the stately ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and the Aventine Hill, with its summit crowned by the Churches of Santa Sabina, Santa Allesio, and Il Priorato. This great structure was destroyed by the fire that Nero kindled to burn the city of Rome, but it was afterward rebuilt, enlarged, and greatly embellished with the most superb works of art. Now, nothing remains but a line of almost shapeless ruins, to mark the place where the Romans assembled by hundreds of thousands, and held their chariot and foot races, and other amusements, for which they were so famous. A narrow stream runs through the centre of this circus, and enters into the Tiber a little further on. From a piece of rising ground I was able to trace the outline of this gigantic building, to a certain extent.

Almost in juxtaposition to it, are the yet grand and stately ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars ; farther to the right could be seen the Coliseum and the Arch of Titus ; to the left, part of ruined temples ; while behind, and towering in lofty grandeur, stood the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. On returning to Rome, I found the streets filled with the peasantry, in the gay costumes of the country, who had come to witness the festivities of Easter Monday ; these, added to the multitude, gave the city an unusually animated appearance.



In the evening, Miss Agnes Churchill, of Philadelphia, accompanied us to the Piazza del Popolo, where the grand display of fireworks was to take place. We had excellent places on a platform and could see everything. It is estimated that this piazza will contain upward of one hundred thousand persons, and as we viewed it from our elevated position we thought it would be difficult to get more people within its limits. The evening was mild, serene, and clear, and two of the Pope's military bands were stationed one on either side of the square and played alternately. A cordon of dragoons was drawn around the margin of the piazza, and a strong force of soldiers and gendarmes were distributed among the people. On a semicircular platform behind ours, and elevated above it, the Roman nobility and other distinguished persons sat. This platform was divided into sections and hung with crimson draperies edged with gold. Chandeliers filled with wax candles were placed on the walls and suspended from the roofs. When viewed from the obelisk in the centre of the piazza this platform presented a splendid appearance.

As the bells began to strike 8 a hum of satisfaction ran through the dense mass who had been standing a long time in the square; as the last stroke of the bell died away, a salute was fired, and the grand pyrotechnic display began and lasted without intermission a little more than an hour. It was unlike any other display of fireworks I had ever seen in extent and magnificence. One piece, which occupied the entire side of the Piazza del Popolo and the whole front of the Pincian Hill, from the top to the bottom of immense frame-works, the centre one of which was seventy-five or eighty feet above the summit of the hill, represented a group of splendid Grecian temples, monuments, and other architectural designs. This great piece was ignited at the extremities and the centre simultaneously, the fire running through every part like magic and lighting up the whole almost in an instant. There was

no noise in the vast mass, and when the exhibition closed they quietly dispersed.

*April 19th.*—Up at 5 for an early start. The morning was clear and mild, and we left the hotel at 9. At the station we met Mr. Tillinghast and his two daughters, of New York, and Miss Dexter, of Boston, one of our agreeable companions on the late excursion to Perugia and other places. The six formed a party sufficiently large for a compartment in a car, and we bade adieu to Rome with no little regret, after spending fourteen weeks there, yet with a feeling that we had not exhausted its wonders.

We took our last look at the Campagna as we sped across its broad and beautiful plains, passing through Civita Vecchia, Orbitello, Leghorn, and Pisa, and arriving at Florence at 12.45 midnight, nearly three hours behind time.

## XXVII.

Florence ; Pitti Palace ; Santa Croce ; Ufizi Gallery ; Santa Maria Novella ; Fiesole ; San Lorenzo ; Bologna ; Venice ; Cathedral ; Ducal Palace ; Milan ; Lake Como ; Lago Maggiore.

*April 20th, 1870.*—We slept soundly at the “Washington Hotel,” in Florence, where pleasant rooms were assigned to us on the entresol, looking out upon the beautiful River Arno. My esteemed friend, Mr. James Vandervoort, called and showed me about the city.

*April 21st.*—We changed our hotel and went to the “Hotel Alba Corona d'Italia,” where we are better accommodated in every respect. Drove to the “Cashine,” a beautiful park in the suburbs of Florence, where all classes of the population are to be seen in the afternoon amusing themselves.

*April 22d.*—Drove to the Pitti Palace, and spent three hours of great pleasure in looking at its wonderful treasures of art. The objects of chief interest were works by Raphael, Murillo, Titian, Rubens, Spagnoletto, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto, Salvator Rosa, and many other distinguished painters. I was greatly interested in a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, by Sir Peter Lely, which was painted as a present to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and which is said to be one of the very few portraits of that most extraordinary man. Among the bronzes, those which most attracted my notice were full-length, life-size statues of Cain and Abel. I never saw death so strikingly represented in the one case, and remorse in the other ; the statue of Cain is truly a frightful object to look upon. The various halls in this renowned gal-

lery are splendidly frescoed, in a style that cannot be surpassed, but it is quite impossible to go into a detailed account of this wonderful collection of the fine arts, nor could I give an accurate idea of them if I attempted it.

In the afternoon we drove about the city, and visited some of the churches, the most remarkable of which is the Santa Croce, which was built by the Black Friars in the thirteenth century. It is nearly five hundred feet long. It is the Westminster Abbey of Florence, being the burial-place of a multitude of the great for several centuries. The exterior is composed of a great variety of different colored marbles, beautifully blended; the interior is very spacious, and abounds in the most magnificent painted glass. The floors, in almost their entire extent, are covered with sepulchral marbles, many of them in bold relief, with lifelike effigies in the peculiar costumes of the different ages to which they belong; several are done in mosaics of different colored marbles, in beautiful and most artistic styles. Among the mighty dead who sleep here are Michael Angelo, Dante, Machiavelli, Leonardo, Aretino, Galileo, and others.

This church is a rich store-house of splendid paintings and statuary, a description of which would fill more than an ordinary volume.

*April 23d.*—We spent a large part of this day in the Accademia delli Belli Arti, where we saw an immense collection of grand paintings from the early Tuscan masters down to the artists of the present day; among them was a large number of exquisite pictures. A large apartment contains a collection of original drawings by Raphael, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Braiziers, Cignani, and others. These original drawings and designs seemed to bring their great authors more into my immediate presence than their finished works.

In the afternoon we drove to the Hill of Bellosguardo, some two or three miles outside the walls of the city, from a terrace



Dante—Died at Ravenna, Italy, 1321. Aged 56.

“Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,  
To whom his Country, her's refused to ope.”



on which we had a most extensive and magnificent view of Florence and its numerous neighboring towns, together with the splendid Valley of the Arno, which stretches several miles in sight, environed with ranges of high hills, beyond which the summits of the snow-clad Apennines are clearly visible. The villa which stands near the terrace was the residence of Galileo. A large marble slab over the entrance records the fact.

*April 25th.*—Started for the Ufizi Gallery, but finding it did not open till 12, we went to the Palazzo Vecchio, a fortress and palace of the Middle Ages, but now occupied by the Houses of Parliament of the Italian Government. The interior is very spacious, filled with grand halls and chambers, which are decorated with frescoes, paintings, statues, and drapery in great profusion. This vast structure, which is imposing from the massiveness of its enormous walls, battlements, and tower, stands on the Piazza della Signoria, the centre of business of the city, which is ornamented with many pieces of exquisite statuary in marble and bronze. This grand square is, in itself, a rich museum of art, all by the most renowned sculptors, among them Michael Angelo, who studied in this city. A sad feeling came over me as I wandered through the once magnificent chambers of this great palace of the Medici family, filled as they are with the faded relics of enormous wealth and power.

The only cheerful halls are those now occupied by the Houses of Parliament, which have been refitted for their use. The walls of the Lower House are covered with the grandest historical frescoes I ever beheld. The roof of the chamber is perhaps sixty-five or seventy feet high, and each painting covers the entire space. The subjects of these pictures are chiefly battle scenes, and the figures of men and horses are colossal, the coloring is admirably preserved in all its brilliancy, and the whole forms a gallery of extraordinary beauty and animation.

We next visited the Church and Monastery of Santa Maria Novella, which were built by the Preaching Friars of the Dominican Order, in 1216. The church and cloisters, together with the sacristy, refectory, and a number of large chapels, are all united, and form a series of spacious buildings in one vast area ; a capital example of monastic life and habits of the interesting age to which these buildings belong.

The church is not what can be called an elegant structure architecturally, although the materials employed ought to have made it so. The façade is covered with beautiful marbles in mosaic work of various colors, much of which has fallen to decay. The interior is about four hundred feet in length, and the transept is over two hundred feet. Michael Angelo liked it so much that he called it his bride, but though very splendid in all the adornments of rich paintings, bronzes, marbles, and stained glass, and in the beauty and symmetry of its proportions, it is rapidly falling to decay. In the left end of the transept, the walls on one side are painted with a representation of Hell, near the mouth of which, at the top of the wall, is seen the River Styx, and Charon paddling his boat across filled with the dead. At the entrance of the Inferno, Cerebus is seen ; other parts represent various degrees of punishment ; several human figures are seen in a lake of fire ; and centaurs are traversing the edges of it tormenting them in various ways with arrows, spears, etc. Kings and other great personages are seen in other places undergoing punishment. A fiend is seen pulling a reluctant individual out of his grave with a rope round his neck, and in one of the best places several bishops and priests are seen. Many of these figures are well painted.

The wall on the opposite side represents Heaven, the only inhabitants of which are the Church dignitaries and saints of both sexes, all wearing the garb and costumes of Roman Catholics.

The walls of one of the large chapels in the cloisters, called



the Chiostro Verde, are frescoed with many curious pictures; one of these represents a drove of rapacious wolves watching a flock of sheep, and ready to prey upon them, but are prevented by a number of black and white spotted dogs called the Domini Canes (God's dogs), which are worrying and killing the wolves. This represents the destruction of the heretics by the Dominicans, whose colors are black and white.

In one part of the picture some of the heretics are represented as entering into Paradise, these having been converted to the "True Faith," and their conversion is shown by the tearing up of their books.

The walls of the great cloisters are all covered with frescos of different subjects in the history of the Church. Many of these are very fine, and have been well preserved, while others are nearly defaced by bad usage or attempts at restoration.

In one of the cloisters there are no less than fifty arches, each panel in which represents something illustrative of the lives of distinguished Dominicans, such as Thomas Aquinas and others. One portion of this huge mass of buildings is called the Speziera, where medicines, essences, and perfumes of the most delicious fragrance are prepared. We were conducted through this vast establishment by the custode, who showed us the magnificent laboratory and other parts of the works, and conducted us to the shops, where we purchased some of the articles, such as aromatic vinegar, an article which can only be found here in perfection, as we were told by some friends.

*April 26th.*—Mr. Vandervoort called and took us to the Palazzo Pretorio, built in the eleventh century, as the residence of the chief magistrate. The walls of the great inner court are thickly studded with armorial bearings of the various powerful families who occupied it; in the middle of the court there is a well, splendidly built in solid ma-

sorry around the inner sides of the court, which is quadrangular ; heavy iron or bronze rings are fixed into the stone walls at an elevation of seven or eight feet from the ground, and a few feet apart from each other ; to these rings the cavaliers fastened their horses ; a little above these iron sockets are fixed, in which the standards of the cavaliers were put by day, and torches by night ; rings and sockets of the same kind are seen in the outer walls of all the ancient palaces in the city. At one angle of the Pretorio a lofty tower rises ; it is rude in style, and gloomy in appearance. The apartments in this building are all frescoed, but many of these fine paintings have been seriously injured by being covered with white-wash at the time the building was used as a prison ; some of them yet remain, however, and attest their high origin.

I wish I could describe the grand hall ; it is a marvel of architectural beauty and symmetry, the roof is very lofty, and falls in graceful arches, which rest upon capitals in the Gothic style. In the ceiling huge iron rings are fastened, the use of which is not now known ; some conjecture that they were for the torture of prisoners.

The hall on the ground floor is filled with ancient armor ; here may be seen arms of every kind, from the cross-bow to the flint-lock, and the ordnance of later days. The upper halls and apartments are filled with an immense collection of ancient and mediæval curiosities and works of art, among which is the great original bronze statue of "Mercury" by Giovanni di Bologna, of which multitudes of copies are to be seen all over the civilized world. In this great museum may be seen the best and most striking examples of the rise and fall of art in nearly all its various branches.

In the afternoon we took a drive to the "Jewellers' Bridge," which is entirely occupied by shops filled with jewelry and other beautiful things. We spent an hour looking into these shops, and finished the day with a drive on the Casino.

*April 27th.*—Drove to the ancient Fiesole ; we proceeded

up the steep and winding ascent of the hill by a beautiful carriage road, bordered on both sides with magnificent villas, each surrounded by grounds of surpassing loveliness; a great variety of roses and other flowers grew in profusion on every side; fruit trees of many sorts, all covered with blossoms; the olive, fig, and vine were putting out their fresh foliage, and the air was vocal with singing birds. All nature rejoiced in harmony, and the air was redolent with the most delicious perfumes. The most interesting villa on the way is that called the Villa Mozzi; it is very ancient, and was the place of refuge of Catiline when he fled from Rome. Here, in later times, the Medici family spent their summers, and it is rendered historical by many interesting events. From its grand terraces the whole of Florence is distinctly visible stretching along the Val d'Arno, with the beautiful river flowing through the centre of the city.

Thus we went on passing villa after villa, gardens of enchanting beauty, and getting glimpses of grand and splendid scenery at every turn of the winding road until we reached the famed Fiesole, which crowns the summit of the hill one thousand feet above the sea. This is one of the twelve Etruscan cities which flourished centuries before the rise of the Roman Republic, and of which scarcely anything remains besides a portion of the ancient walls and the ruins of an amphitheatre. The Acropolis of this ancient city stood on the very top of the hill; nothing now remains of it, but on its site now stands an ancient Franciscan monastery.

On the way to the monastery we visited the very venerable Basilica of St. Alexander, the interior of which is ornamented with columns of a more remote period than the building itself. Each of these is crowned with a capital, all of distinct orders of architecture attesting their high antiquity. In front of this church there stands an ancient Pagan altar, which formerly stood in a temple of Bacchus on this site.

The cathedral is an interesting piece of antiquity; its tower

is mediæval and of the Lombard order, well proportioned and massive, but otherwise unsightly for its roughness and gloominess of aspect.

In the chapel of the monastery we found some monks at worship, concealed behind the altar.

On the very summit of the hill there is a grove of cypress trees, a fitting accompaniment to the sad and dreary monastic buildings. From this grove in all directions are seen some of the most extensive and magnificent views. The hills, with the Apennines behind them, form an ellipse enclosing the splendid Valley of the Arno, with beautiful Florence in its embrace, and the bright and rapid river flowing through the centre. As on ascending, so in descending from Fiesole, we had a constant series of enchanting views.

*April 28th.*—Visited the Palazzo Buonarroti, the residence of Michael Angelo, “Buonarroti” being his family name. There is nothing remarkable about the house itself; it is a plain stone mansion of the fifteenth century, the street door opening into an open quadrangular court, the walls of which are decorated with Etruscan sepulchral relics and cinerary urns.

The ascent to the main floor is by a narrow stone stairway which leads into a vestibule, the walls of which are hung with some works of the great artist, consisting chiefly of designs and drawings, now held in the highest estimation. There are many works in the series of seven or eight rooms which are of intense interest, but that which most interested me was a work done in the early youth of the artist, representing a battle between “Hercules and the Centaurs,” displaying immense power and vigor of conception and execution. The drawings and original designs of many of the works of the great master were also of great interest; they have been carefully preserved and are placed in frames with glasses; some of them had evidently been regarded at one time as of no value; one in particular, a design for one of the frescos in

the Sistine Chapel, had been trodden and spit upon, and afterward carefully patched where torn, and put into its frame. Among other things are the following : A cabinet in a little closet where he did his writing, his slippers, and his sword. This property passed to the Government of Italy under the last will of the last member of the Buonarroti family, who died a few years ago, bequeathing it to the city to be thrown open to the public as a museum.

We next visited the Church and Convent of San Marco, which is chiefly famous on account of its being the monastery of which the great reformer Savonarola was one of the Brotherhood, and who, with two other of his fellow-Dominicans, suffered martyrdom in front of the Palazzo Vecchio by order of Pope Alexander the Sixth, in 1498. Strange as it may appear, a bust of the noble reformer, his wearing apparel, of which he was stripped before being led to the stake, and many other articles belonging to him, are preserved in his cell in this convent, which is yet occupied by some seventy of the Brotherhood.

In the church there are some fine paintings and frescos, and the floors and walls are covered with a variety of beautiful marbles. The convent, since its suppression, is thrown open to the public. The outer and inner cloisters are remarkable for the finest frescos of Fra Angelico, a brother of the Dominican Order. We drank from the well in the inner cloister and found the water the finest in Florence.

Attached to this convent there is a Speziera, which almost rivals that of Santa Maria Novella, with its antique jars of what is called majolica ware, filled with fragrant perfumes. We bought some aromatic vinegar and home-made cologne, which is preferred to that made on the Rhine.

The library is filled with vellum-covered volumes, beautifully illuminated in colors by the monks.

*April 29th.*—Started early to visit the Ufizi Gallery, which is one of the finest and most extensive of the public buildings

in Florence, and filled with one of the grandest and most varied collections of art, scarcely even excepting that of the Vatican. The gallery is reached by a succession of high flights of stone steps, numbering perhaps one hundred and seventy; this is only a taste of the fatigue which every visitor experiences in traversing the thirty halls, corridors, and other chambers of the almost interminable series which constitute this celebrated gallery. The great masters in all the various branches of the fine arts and nearly every school are well represented in this wonderful collection.

Before visiting this gallery I had seen such quantities of paintings that I could not fully appreciate thoroughly the great masters, and I began to doubt my judgment and taste. This collection produced on me a wonderful effect; while I gazed on the paintings I experienced inexpressible pleasure. It seemed as though I had discovered a new appreciation of this branch of art.

Among the statues is the Venus de Medici, of world-wide celebrity; but as I make it a rule not to be governed by the opinions of others in matters of art, I am presumptuous enough to express my own opinion occasionally; in this instance, I must say I was disappointed. The figure is of the average height, five feet two inches, and is indeed very beautiful and lovely in every line, but I could not help thinking that the head is quite too small.

It is said that the finest collection of busts of Roman emperors and other celebrities exists here. I was particularly struck with them; all have come down from the periods when the originals of these busts lived, and no doubt they were for the most part taken from life, and as sculpture had attained its highest excellency, it is almost certain that they are faithful portraits. As I passed along the extended lines of these ancient marbles, the most of which are wonderfully lifelike, I almost realized that I was in the presence of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Agrippa, Caligula, Nero (as a

child and as a man), Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Julia, the daughter of Titus, Vespasian, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Septimus Severus, Caracalla (said to be a likeness beyond all doubt), Alexander Severus, Constantine, and a host of others. Although nearly all these busts were somewhat defective when found, particularly in the absence of a nose in whole or in part, they have all been restored by the best artists, which could easily be done, from coins and other sources, so as to preserve the likeness.

I was particularly struck with the wonderful artistic skill displayed in the group of two figures called "The Wrestlers;" one of them is prostrate and the other over him, keeping him down. This is a most intricate piece, the difficulties of which have been overcome by the artist. I think it is chiefly wonderful in its anatomy and action, so that I almost forgot I was gazing on nothing but cold marble. "A Slave Sharpening his Knife" is also a fine piece of sculpture; it is supposed to illustrate some historical subject, such as the Catiline conspiracy; be that as it may, it tells its story well, in the expression of the face and the attitude of the body; the slave, suspicious and wary, but at the same time firm in his purpose, has slightly turned his ear (but does not stop his work), as if to listen.

There is one of the few undoubted paintings of Michael Angelo here; it represents "Mary holding out the Infant Saviour to Joseph," but I confess that it failed to please me; I have seen other pictures said to be by the same great man, which made me think he was very great as a sculptor and architect, but not as a painter.

The following schools of painting are kept separate and distinct, each occupying one or more chambers by itself, to wit: Tuscan school, small paintings in No. 5, large paintings in Nos. 6, and 6½; Italian, No. 7; German and Dutch schools, 8, 8', 8"; French school, No. 9; Venetian school, No. 12.

Besides these there is an immense number in other apartments.

Among the paintings there is a "Holy Family" of exquisite beauty, which none can look at without being touched with a glow of sympathy ; the mother is clapping her hands to the infant, who stretches out his hands with delight expressed in every feature and limb. In this unrivalled collection, of which it is impossible to write in detail, can be seen some of the finest pictures of the following renowned painters : Raphael, Titian, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Spagnoletto, Guercino, Fra Bartolomeo, Volterra, Andrea del Sarto, Albert Dürer, Pietri Perugino, Guido, Domenichino, Van Dyck, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Gerard Douw, Holbein, Claude, and a host of others.

The collection of marble and bronze statuary is immense and magnificent. I was more especially interested in the ancient bronzes which are here in great variety, many of which date several centuries beyond our era. The Etruscan specimens are particularly curious and very fine, especially the vases and sepulchral urns.

Nothing could more forcibly bring the great Italian masters before me than the collection of the original drawings. The most interesting of these were those of Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Guido, Domenichino, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, besides a great many others.

From this gallery we passed into a long succession of narrow halls, hung with portraits of the Medici family and other distinguished personages ; the picture of the infamous Catherine de Medici is among these, and particularly arrested my attention.

On we went through a long, narrow series of passages, hung on both sides with beautiful arras tapestries illustrative of Scriptural and historical subjects, until we emerged at the Pitti Palace, a distance of, I should think, not less than three-quarters of a mile. This passage crosses the River Arno on



an elevated bridge, and connects the Palazzo Vecchio with that of Pitti, and was intended for protection in times of danger to the reigning family.

In the afternoon Mr. Vandervoort called and took us to the studio of our great American sculptor, Hiram Powers, the distinguished author of the "Greek Slave," and other works. Mr. Powers is a hale old man, with a bright piercing eye and unabated natural vigor. He received us warmly, and showed us his works, the last of which, "Eve after the Fall," is evidently his favorite ; we were delighted with it and everything else in his great studio.

When we left we visited, at Mr. Powers's suggestion, a new villa, very near his own and in process of completion, which we were told could be bought at a low price. The building is very large and very fine, both inside and out, and its grounds are, or will be when the plans are carried out, very splendid ; the price is fifteen thousand dollars gold. This property is on the new boulevard, now in process of construction, which will span the entire city and will be between eight and nine miles long ; about half of it is completed and forms one of the most beautiful highways in the world. This villa is three stories high, of fine architectural design, built of stone, with two fronts, one on the new boulevard, the other on the road leading to the "Roman Gate." It is about eighty feet long by sixty-eight feet wide ; grand hall in the centre, with fine spacious rooms on first floor ; ceilings lofty, arched, and beautifully frescoed ; all the interior walls are of solid masonry about eighteen inches thick. The halls are very spacious and splendid, and the stairs are of marble from bottom to top. There are two kitchens, one in the basement, the other on the third floor, so that the building may be used by two families without interference with each other. Water is carried throughout, the whole establishment being most complete.

The grounds are surrounded by a very fine stone wall,

surmounted by an iron railing all around, and the gateway is very imposing, built of fine hewn stone.

*May 7th.*—Visited the justly celebrated Church of San Lorenzo, which abounds in works of art, more especially in the grand sculptures and groupings of Michael Angelo and others, erected to the memory of the Medici family ; these are contained in one of the grandest mausoleums I ever saw, the walls of which are lined from bottom to top with a great variety of the richest and most splendid marbles, and the roof of the magnificent dome is painted in the finest frescos. The Medicean chapel was built in the expectation that in it the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem would ultimately be placed; but this intended larceny was frustrated just as it was about to be accomplished.

One of the finest monuments is that of Lorenzo de Medici, the description of which I quote from Westmacott : "The figure is seated ; he is represented as absorbed in thought ; he rests his face upon his hand, which partially covers the chin and mouth. The general action is one of perfect repose, and the expression that of deep meditation. It is impossible to look at this figure without being forcibly struck with the mind that pervades it. For deep and intense feeling, it is one of the finest works in existence. It has been well observed of this statue that it has no resemblance to the antique, but it rivals the best excellences of the ancients in expression combined with repose and dignity."

The walls of the Medicean chapel, as I have already noticed, are marvellously rich in semi-precious stones and an almost endless variety of marbles ; among the former are lapis-lazuli, jasper, chalcedony, and agates ; all are real, no imitations having been allowed, as in the decorations of other interiors.

But this great church and its adjacent buildings are so replete with art that it is impossible to go into details.

The Church of Santo Spirito is also one of the curiosities

of Florence ; it was built in the thirteenth century, and like nearly all the other churches in Italy, remains unfinished to this day. It is in the form of a Latin cross, three hundred and twenty feet long by two hundred through the transepts, and one hundred and ten across the body of the chapel. The interior is very fine in an architectural point of view and is filled with splendid columns of the Composite order, on the capitals of which rest the arches of the roof, which are very graceful and numerous. There are many works of art here, some of which, however, are not remarkable. The sacristy is striking for its beautiful proportions ; it is octagonal in form and finished entirely with black oak.

The cloisters are interesting, also, for their ancient and modern sepulchral monuments, and a splendid series of frescos which decorate the interior arches, each representing some incident in the lives of saints of the Order of St. Augustine.

In the afternoon we took a drive to the ancient Church of San Miniato-al-Monte, and its adjacent cemetery. We drove through the Roman gate, and struck into the new boulevard, over which we drove in a zigzag course up the mountain-side, until we reached the lane which leads to the church. So beautiful was (and still is) this ancient edifice, that Michael Angelo called it "La Bella Villanella." The proportions of the interior are indeed faultless ; much of its former decoration has fallen into decay, but that which remains attests its former splendor. The great marble screen, which divides the choir from the church, is carved with exquisite skill. The ancient stalls in black oak still remain, and are carved also with great skill. This church contains some very ancient monuments and fine sculptures. Within a few years the church and grounds have been converted into a Campo Santo, and is rapidly being filled up by interments.

The view of Florence from the grand plateau in front of the church is exceedingly fine and extensive. The city

seems to lie at the spectator's feet, and the whole of it, with the Arno flowing between, is before him. The Valley of the Arno stretches at a great distance on both sides, and Fiesole, and other mountain towns and villages, crown the summits on the other side of the valley. Nothing can possibly be more beautiful and picturesque.

*May 9th.*—Took our last drive through Florence ; it is indeed a bright and very beautiful city, but my last two weeks in it have been anything but agreeable on account of ill health. My dear old friend Vandervoort has been most kind, calling several times a day and tendering his services ; he is a gentleman of the old school, sincere and warm-hearted.

*May 10th.*—A rainy day. Our friend Vandervoort came and saw us off. The rain continued falling in showers as we ascended the slopes of the beautiful Apennines, but the clouds broke and gave promise of clearing when we reached the summit. In this, however, we were disappointed, and it was evident that the prediction of our Florentine friends that we would find fair weather in the Valley of the Po would fail.

At 3 we arrived at Bologna and dined, and at 4 resumed our journey. This part of Italy is a perfect garden ; the very highest cultivation is visible on every hand. The grain fields are sown with the greatest precision and care, and all are flourishing most luxuriantly. Each field is bordered with double and triple lines of mulberry and other trees, between which, in graceful festoons, grape-vines are trained.

Large flocks of grey, long-horned cattle graze in the fields, and in some places we saw droves of very fine horses evidently of a superior breed, but not a single sheep did we see all day long.

We reached the interesting city of Padua too late in the evening to see much of it, and in an hour and a half thereafter we were in Venice.

A commissionaire met us at the station to say that the "Hotel dell' Europa" was full, and we were put into a gondola

and rode to the "Hotel Barbese" on the Piazza Zuchelli, where we were put into a room facing the Grand Canal, with a full view of the great Cathedral of Santa Maria della Salute, and two hundred yards from the Cathedral of San Marco, the Doge's Palace, and the Bridge of Sighs.

At midnight it seemed as if all the bells in Venice struck 12 simultaneously; the stillness of the city, which is never marred by the rattling of carts, no doubt contributed largely to the fine musical effect of these sounds, as they floated over the surfaces of the watery ways of the city.

The night was dark and rainy, but the gondolas were out in great numbers, hurrying their living freight to and fro, and managing with admirable skill and dexterity to avoid collisions, as they threaded their way through narrow places, or suddenly turned sharp corners.

*May 11th.*—At 2 we hired a gondola, and spent a couple of hours in going through the Grand Canal and other "streets," (?) on which stand some of the most noted palaces and other buildings, which have stood since the time of Venetian greatness and power. All these are built in the water, and approached only by means of gondolas; all the hotels are constructed in like manner. Great numbers of these graceful vessels, mostly propelled by two gondoliers each, glide swiftly on all sides. The bow and stern of the gondola sit high out of water, so that they simply float on the surface, and no part of the vessel offers any resistance to the element, which will account for the ease with which they are managed, and their swiftness. No rudder is used, the course of the vessel being changed in an instant by the oars. The gondoliers never sit down while rowing; each uses a single oar, which rests in a peculiarly made notch in the row-lock, some five or six inches above the gunwale. The mode of feathering the oar is also peculiar, and by apparently very slight exertion two gondoliers propel their boat with great swiftness. The fare is very low; for the two hours we paid

three francs, in a most comfortable and beautifully fitted gondola.

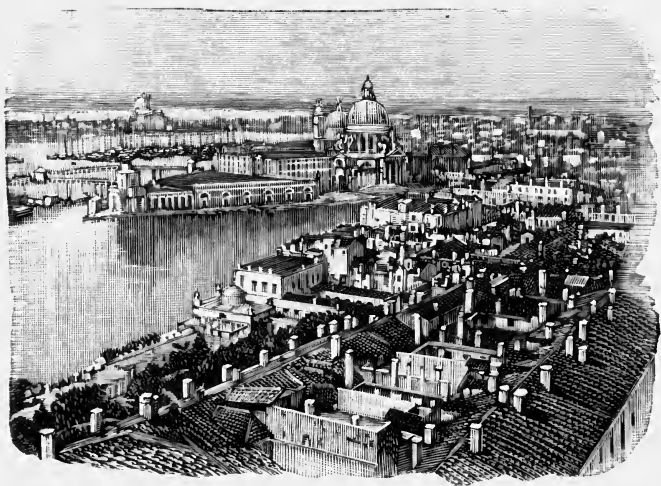
In the evening we were landed at the Doge's Palace, and walked through the Piazza of San Marco, the four sides of which are occupied by the Ducal Palace, the Cathedral of San Marco, the Campanile, and long lines of uniform buildings, which are chiefly occupied as shops by jewellers and other artisans, whose windows display some of the most tasteful and rich articles to be found anywhere in Europe.

From time immemorial a flock of pigeons has lived in St. Mark's Square, which are protected and fed at the public expense. It is said that there are several thousands in the flock ; they are regularly fed at 2 o'clock daily, and although it was about 5 when we saw them, they were all assembled as if for their supper ; some one was giving them an extra treat, and it was curious and amusing to see their movements as they fled *en masse* from one point to another. Nothing disturbs them, and you can almost stroke their backs they are so tame.

In the streets and squares of Venice no horses or vehicles are allowed, and the public thoroughfares are exclusively for the use of the people, the streets being kept in such a state of cleanliness that not a particle of dirt is seen on them.

*May 12th.*—After breakfast we got into a gondola and visited the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, one of the finest of all the buildings in Venice. It was founded early in the seventeenth century, in token of gratitude for the disappearance of a terrible epidemic which carried off sixty thousand of the inhabitants. It stands on upward of one million of piles, which were driven into the ground before the foundation was laid. The church is octagonal in form, out of which opens a large chapel in the rear, and beyond which again is another chapel, all forming one splendid interior, which is magnificently ornamented with a multitude of splendid works of art, in an endless variety of marbles set





Panorama of Venice. General View towards the Giudecca.



as mosaics or hewn into statues, columns, and other forms; among the columns, of which there are many, there are four which the sacristan told us were brought from the Temple of Diana in Ephesus. All my expressions of doubt as to the truth of this statement could not for a moment shake his faith.

The interior of the main building is divided into seven chapels, all of which are decorated with fine paintings by the best masters, such as Titian, Giordano, J. R. Tintoretto, Salviata, and others. Among the subjects are incidents in the lives of Samson, Jonah, the "Triumph of David"; the "Descent of the Holy Spirit," by Titian, is a remarkable production, executed in the best style of the great artist.

The exterior of this church is truly magnificent; it is of pure white marble, and rises, as it were, from the surface of the Grand Canal, from which to the marble entrance a splendid flight of marble steps rises, adding to the beautiful architectural effect of the grand elevation. The building is crowned with a dome of the most graceful proportions, the whole forming one of the most magnificent examples of ecclesiastical architecture.

It is very difficult to describe the grand Cathedral of San Marco; both the exterior and interior are more like those of a mosk than of a Christian church. It is decidedly the most illy-lighted building I ever saw, in spite of which the visitor is dazzled and distracted by the splendor and multitude of objects which meet his gaze on entering. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and so broken up by the great number of piers, columns, and arches, that the stranger is bewildered as he attempts to bring order out of chaos. The columns in the grand interior of this basilica were all brought from Greece and other parts of the East, including Palestine. It is said that there are five hundred columns in the building, and that every vessel that sailed out of Venice was required to bring back, as part of its freight, columns and other marbles from

the most renowned places. The guide showed us four pillars of the purest and most transparent alabaster, which he assured us with the utmost gravity came from Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. Nothing can exceed the exquisite beauty of the mosaic floors of this grand Cathedral; the utmost skill of the best artists seems to have been exhausted in devising forms of beauty and combinations of coloring such as are displayed in these floors. Here, also, is to be seen the usual store of fine paintings, statues, and bronzes; in short, it is simply a museum of splendid curiosities and works of art.

The vestibule of the church is very large, including the entire front, and is floored with beautiful marbles. In the central portal the spot is marked in the pavement where, in the twelfth century, the renowned Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III. became reconciled after a long and bitter quarrel. The walls of the vestibule are ornamented with a large number of columns, all brought from the Levant, Egypt, and Palestine. All the ceilings of the vestibule are covered with the richest and most elaborate mosaics. At one end of the vestibule is the magnificent tomb of Cardinal Zeno, in bronze, dated early in the sixteenth century.

There is a splendid group of four bronze horses over the central portal of the vestibule; they are larger than life-size, and full of spirited action. These horses are very ancient, being part of the plunder that fell to the share of the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, in one of the crusades against that city in 1203, or earlier. It is said that these horses were made by the Romans in the time of Nero, and transferred by Constantine to the Hippodrome of his new capital. According to the best authorities they were brought by Augustus from Alexandria, Egypt, and placed on a grand triumphal arch in Rome. After this they were placed by Nero, Domitian, and Trajan on arches erected by each of those emperors, until removed, as before stated, by Constantine to decorate the Hippodrome of Constantinople. The great doors of the

vestibule, five in number, are of solid bronze; some of them were made in the twelfth century. It is quite impossible to go into a detailed description of this celebrated Cathedral, the architecture of which is a singular combination of the Oriental and Gothic, and I must therefore leave it here and attempt a description of the Ducal Palace, or, as it is sometimes called, the Doge's Palace, which stands on the eastern side of the grand Piazza of St. Mark. This building occupies the same site as did the original one, which was erected very early in the ninth century.

The external appearance of this palace is by no means prepossessing; it covers a large space on the Piazza and the Molo, and stands in long lines of low columns, over which the succeeding story is constructed, and consists of low arches, above which rises the superstructure, forming an unsightly building of low proportions.

The entrance conducts the visitor to a grand quadrangular court, at each end of which is a cistern, the openings of which are of splendidly sculptured bronze. From this courtyard a great stairway leads to the loggia or corridor, which runs around three sides of the palace. Various entrances open from this loggia to the great rooms by flights of stairs, very spacious and beautifully ornamented with statues and other works of art, until the visitor finds himself in the Sala del Maggiore Consiglio, which I consider a most magnificent hall; it is one hundred and seventy-six feet long, eighty-five broad, and fifty-two high; it was built and decorated between the years 1310 and 1334.

The roof is divided into numerous deeply sunken panels, divided by heavy frames or borders in gold-leaf, and each compartment has a magnificent painting illustrative of Venetian history. The walls are entirely covered with historical paintings, among which the "Paradise" of Tintoretto occupies the entire wall at the eastern end of the room. This is said to be the largest oil painting in the world, being eighty-

five feet in length by thirty-four in height, and near this great picture is one which represents "Venus crowned by Glory" amidst clouds; this is by Paul Veronese; another, representing "Venus crowned by Victory," is by Giovanni; another represents the capture of Smyrna.

All around the hall there is a line of seventy-two portraits of Doges which are very interesting, some of them by Tintoretto. One of the spaces is covered by a black veil; this should have been occupied by the portrait of Marino Falieri, who was executed for conspiracy against the state in 1355.

Standing at either extremity of this wonderful hall, and contemplating it leisurely, the beholder cannot fail to be deeply interested and impressed with its exceeding richness and magnificence.

From this hall we passed into the Sala della Scrutineo, also a very fine hall, in which, in ancient times, the elections were held for the choice of the nobles who nominated the Doge. Here are to be seen vast collections of ancient manuscripts and early printed books. The walls of this and the adjoining rooms and halls, which are very numerous, are hung with paintings representing historical subjects, chiefly by Tintoretto, Bellotti, Liberi, and other celebrated artists. One of these large pictures, by Vincentino, represents the "Battle of Lepanto," in which I was much interested. The portraits of the Doges are continued in this room, and come down to the last one, who reigned at the time of the fall of the republic, in, I think, the end of the eighteenth century.

One of the rooms is called the "Cannia degli Scarlati," and contained the robes of the Doges.

We were also conducted through the chambers which formed the residence of the Doges, and which were chiefly remarkable for their curious fireplaces, which are very spacious and beautifully ornamented with fine sculptures.

From the palace we passed to the celebrated "Ponte dei

Sospiri," or Bridge of Sighs, which is elevated an unusual height above the water; it is covered, has a double footway, and connects the palace with the prison. Those who were doomed to death were conducted across this bridge from the prison to the palace, and having heard their sentences, were led back to immediate execution, through a long, dark, narrow, and dreary passage, stopping intermediately at a little cell, where a priest was in attendance to administer the last rites of the Church, and then proceeding to the end of the corridor, where decapitation took place, the body was thrown out into the water, and the head exposed to the public gaze.

We next visited the Rialto, rendered specially famous by Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." Here the entire commercial community met daily in old times; it was, in fact, the Exchange of Venice as it is now, and it is not difficult to imagine the places of resort of the heroes of that great play, when passing along its crowded thoroughfare.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon in an excursion through the Grand Canal, and several other canals of this peculiarly curious city, on which stand the palaces of the rich and powerful Doges and nobility; among these were the following: Palazzo Frives, containing many works of art in painting and statuary. Farther on is the Palazzo Contarini Fasars, built in the fourteenth century. On the same side, and of the same period, is the Palazzo of Sansovino, a curious combination of the Doric, Ionic, and Composite orders. Farther on is the Palazzo Dario, curiously ornamented with a great variety of marbles of different colors. Next is the Palazzo Manzoni, beyond which is the Accademia della Bella Arti, and the Church of La Carita. Still farther on is the Palazzo Cavalli, with beautiful Gothic windows; then comes the Palazzo Contarini degli Scrigni, a curious combination of the Corinthian, Ionic, and another style, the name of which I am at a loss for. Then came two

palaces, the names of which I could not learn ; then the Palazzo Foscari, a well-known palace, on account of the tragic end of its proud owner.

We passed in succession the following once grand, but now rapidly decaying residences of the nobles of the olden time : Patasis Balbi, Giustiniani, Grassi, Morosini, Contarini, Pisani, Gremani a San Toma, Barberigo della Terrazza, Grimani (now for the post-office), a noble building, Lou-dan, Farsitti, Mociningo (in which Byron lived while visiting Venice), the Bembo, a splendid structure of the fourteenth century, besides a number of others.

On the Campo del Carmini stands the house, or, rather, the palace of Cristoforo Moro, the Othello of Shakespeare, on the corner of which, at the second story, there is a mailed statue of a warrior of the fifteenth century, and over the main entrance the head of a knight with the visor thrown up. Also, part of the Palace of Marco Polo, the great traveller, Tintoretto's house, and the house of the great Titian.

*May 13th.*—Visited the ancient arsenal, still in use, though rapidly falling into decay. Here are the great dockyards and basins, which afford a good illustration of the naval and commercial greatness of this once mighty capital. The arsenal is very extensive, said to be almost two miles in circuit ; strong walls and towers surround it, which were built in the twelfth century. The great gateway was built in 1460, as per date over it. On either side of the entrance stand two colossal lions, in marble, which were brought from Athens in 1687 ; they stood at the Piræus, which gave it the name of the Porte Leone. These lions are very ancient, and it is supposed they were made as a memorial of the battle of Marathon.

The great armory, though much despoiled from time to time, still contains many objects of very great interest. It is astonishing to see the immense variety of all kinds of weapons of war, especially of fire-arms ; among them were

muskets, pistols, and small cannon, constructed on the same principle as our revolving arms.

There is a great standard, among the curiosities in the museum, of red and yellow silk ; this was the flag of the Turkish Admiral captured at the battle of Lepanto. There is a great assortment of very ancient armor, which is chiefly interesting on account of the great personages to whom it belonged.

Instruments of torture and cruelty are here in abundance ; and there is a curious weapon in the shape of a key, which is a spring pistol, with which poisoned needles were thrown, and which were sure to kill the victim wounded by them.

We next visited the Church of San Georgio Maggiore which occupies almost an entire island. This is a beautiful building—considered architecturally—both outside and inside, and it is full of gems of art.

We spent the remainder of the day in our gondola, gliding through the various canals and listening to the sweet chimes of the city bells, the most musical we ever heard, and which are almost the only sounds that break the stillness of the scene.

*May 14th.*—We stepped into a gondola from the hotel at 9, and were pulled to the railroad station, where our luggage underwent a show of examination by the Custom-House officials, after which we went on our way to Milan.

I shall ever think of Venice as a bright and beautiful city, but at the same time a sad and gloomy one. No voices or forms of children are heard or seen ; the whole population is made up of full-grown men and women. No cries are heard on the highways and canals, except those of the gondoliers as they approach the intersections of the narrow canals to warn approaching gondolas to keep out of the way. In the evening, parties of musicians and singers pass under the windows of the hotels, where they sometimes linger to entertain travellers for a few sous. Then the Vesper Hymn is heard at sunset, as it floats over the water with its sad and solemn air, and

when these sounds and voices are all hushed, the great bells of the city ring out the hours and quarter-hours, with musical yet solemn tones, in ceaseless chimes and cadences the whole livelong night, and at the early dawn a peal is heard to summon the faithful to mass. The city being built in the water, the sounds are easily transmitted and are clearly and distinctly heard, and as there are no vehicles of any sort, there is nothing to interrupt sounds in their progress. Of all the cities it is the saddest, and the saddest spot of all is the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, which wears a sad aspect, even if one did not know its history.

We started at 9.50 and passed over a lovely and highly cultivated country, and through the following interesting places : Padua, one of the most ancient cities of Europe, said to have been founded by the Trojans ; Vicenza, Montebello, Verona, famous as the scene of "Romeo and Juliet,"—the tomb of Juliet is shown !—Peschiera, Lonata, Brescia, renowned in history for its brave and gallant heroes ; Bergamo, Treviglio, until we reached Milan at 5.15, where we put up at the "Hotel de la Ville," one of the best houses I have found in Europe.

After dinner we took a stroll through the principal street to the great Cathedral, which we saw only imperfectly.

*May 15th.*—Visited the Cathedral, which I will not attempt to describe until I have seen it again. In the evening, wife and I walked out, visited the arcade "Victor Emanuel," a magnificent and very brilliant building.

*May 16th.*—Visited the following : The Arco della Pace, the Amphitheatre, Church of Santa Maria della Grazie, Columns of San Lorenzo, Church of St. Ambrogio, Church of San Lorenzo, the Monasterio Maggiori, Church of San Eustergio, the Ospedale Maggiori (which has over two thousand patients, and can accommodate nearly four thousand), and Church of San Bornadino dei Morte.

The churches above enumerated contain the usual collec-



tions of works of art, which I will not attempt to describe in detail ; there are, however, in some of them paintings which must be noticed. The most prominent of these is the justly celebrated painting of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. This is in the Refectory of the Church of Santa Maria della Grazie, once belonging to the Dominicans, and founded early in the fifteenth century. I pass over the numerous paintings and other works of art contained in this church and in the great monastery attached to it, because, although many of them are exceedingly fine, all sink almost into insignificance in view of the great picture I now attempt to describe. At first sight, I was disposed to turn away in doubt as to whether I was looking at the original, so badly is it damaged ; but on closer inspection with my glass I was riveted to the spot, and lost in admiration and amazement at its power and beauty. Never did artist possess a better conception of his subject. The story is told most eloquently ; it is at the moment when Christ tells his disciples that one of them should betray him. Every countenance, except the Saviour's, is animated and excited, and the question passes round, "Master, is it I?" "The Beloved Disciple" has just raised his head, which had evidently been reclining on the bosom of his Lord ; a calm, deep, inexpressible feeling of grief is depicted on it as he leans over toward the intensely eager and impetuous Peter, who prompts him to ask, "Lord, who is it?" To the right of Peter sits the Traitor, whose face I cannot describe, but whose right hand, which grasps the bag between two of his fingers, while the others are raised in affected astonishment, the left being extended on the table and partly resting on the dish, near the other side of which is the Saviour's right hand, furnishes the answer to the question in forcible terms, "He it is who dipeth with me in the dish."

*May 17th.*—In the afternoon we visited the "Palazzo delli Scienze E delli Arti," or, as it was called formerly, and is still known, the Collegio de Santa Maria in Brera.

In the evening went to the arcade.

*May 18th.*—Visited the Cathedral; went to the roof, and surveyed it from a variety of elevations in its length and breadth. Devoted some time in searching for information as to Joseph Minoletti; found a gentleman of same name, a manager in a banking-house, who came from Joseph's town, and said he would inform us if we would call in two days. Went to Lodi to see the celebrated Bridge, the scene of Bonaparte's most brilliant achievement. The old bridge has been replaced with one of granite; only a small part of the old one remains on the side of the River Adda, opposite Lodi. Visited the churches and the picture gallery containing a magnificent painting of the great battle of the Bridge of Lodi, and reached Milan at 5.30, delighted with our trip.

*May 19th.*—Telegraphed to the Villa d'Este, Lake Como, for rooms. Train started at 5.50, reached Comerlata at 7, there took carriage to the villa, arrived at 8. Drove through Como Heights, crowned with ruined castles and fortresses. The road lay nearly the whole distance on, or near, the margin of the lake, of which the scenery is enchanting; spent the half hour while dinner was being prepared on the balcony of our rooms, which overlooked the lake and its shores on both sides for miles. Not a leaf moved, the surface of the water reflected every star as if in a mirror, and all nature was in perfect repose except an occasional trout which leaped and splashed on the surface. After dinner, I sat on the veranda, which extends into the water. All was perfect stillness, interrupted at brief intervals by the softest, sweetest, and most musical chimes of church bells, coming from some distant point over the calm surface of the lake. Presently other bells were heard in delightful harmony with the first, until it seemed as if the mountain-sides and borders of Lake Como were studded with campaniles. Then at distant points, musical parties were heard in gondolas; but sweeter than all came the notes of the nightingale, as if to

serenade the guests of the villa. The night was very warm, and I remained on the veranda until near midnight, enjoying to the full one of the pleasant experiences of my life.

*May 20th.*—Up at 5 ; the sun was just beginning to gild the tops of the mountains, and the moon hung over the glassy surface of the lake like a sheet of silver. When I opened my windows the air was warm and balmy, and filled with the music of birds ; the water seemed alive with trout, many of them unusually large, swimming near the surface of the bright green water. Breakfast was served in a bower overhanging the water ; I threw in a piece of bread to the trout, and a shoal of them darted at it. This is one of the largest and best hotels in Europe ; it was the property of Queen Caroline of England, who resided in it for some time. The grounds are exceedingly beautiful, laid out with great skill and at vast expense. An immense variety of rare trees and plants grow in these grounds, and they are decorated with fountains, statues, and other works of art ; they are filled with singing birds in great variety, among which are the nightingale and the skylark. Indeed, nothing seems wanting which can contribute to the comfort and pleasure of the guests of this truly magnificent establishment.

At 8.30 we took a gondola and were rowed out to meet the lake steamer, in which we embarked for the round trip. The day could not have been more favorable ; there was just enough wind to be refreshing, and the sky was cloudless until our return in the afternoon, when heavy banks of clouds came up and veiled us from the scorching heat of the sun, adding at the same time new beauty to the scenery.

Lake Como has always been regarded as, perhaps, the finest in Europe ; so far as my experience extends I cannot contradict this. It is margined on both sides with Alpine mountains, and pierced with magnificent openings and valleys through its entire length. Nothing can excel the

splendor of the scenery. The shores and the slopes of the mountains sustain an immense population, being thickly studded with towns, villages, and beautiful villas ; many of the highest peaks are crowned with churches, castles, and towers, some of them in ruins, and almost every level and hollow was covered with a town or village. Here and there, cascades pour their milky torrents from great heights. So numerous are the villages on these mountain-sides, that we counted twenty-two within a space of half a mile or less. I never enjoyed an excursion more. We got a good lunch on board, and reached Como at 4.30 P.M., greatly refreshed and delighted.

At Camerlata, two miles from Como, we took the train, and reached Milan at 6.50.

*May 21st.*—Bought some photographs, and telegraphed to "Hotel d'Italia," Arona, on Lago Maggiore, to reserve rooms for us.

Left Milan by railroad at 6.20, and reached Arona ("Hotel d'Italia") at 8.45, passing over a most beautiful country in the highest cultivation ; the chief products are wine and silk. The weather is intensely hot.

*May 22d.*—Arona is beautifully situated on the edge of Lake Maggiore ; its surroundings are lofty, scenery very fine. There is a grand old castle of the Middle Ages in sight, and ancient towers in the distance. The lake is perfectly placid, and at short intervals a musical chime of bells is heard. Singing birds are very numerous and filled the air with music. The locust is cultivated as a shade tree and thrives most luxuriantly ; not tall, but in the form of an almost perfectly shaped globe and of a beautiful and refreshing green.

We left Arona in a steamer for Cannero, to make inquiries for the family of our good Joseph Minoletti ; but on reaching Cannero we found only a small and very poor hotel, and we crossed the lake to Linno to spend the night there, and

return to Cannero in the morning in search of a brother of Joseph's who lives near Cannero, as we were told by an officer on board the boat, who said he knew him and also Joseph, and (not knowing Joseph's relation to our family) he added that Joseph was dead ; a sad fact well known to us, with whom Joseph had lived as cook many years, and in whose service he died.

Lago Maggiore is much larger and deeper than Lake Como, being fifty-one miles in length and in some places five or six miles broad and nearly five hundred feet deep. The scenery is very grand, being imbedded in the heart of the Alps. The shores and slopes of the mountains are thickly settled with innumerable towns, villages, and villas and there are several beautiful islands, the principal of which are the Borromean, the most remarkable and beautiful of which is the Isolla Bella, on which is an immense palace which was founded in the fifteenth century by the Borromean family, and is still owned and occupied by their descendants. The grounds are entirely covered with gardens, in which a great variety of the most rare trees and plants are cultivated, some of them belonging to the most southern climates. Hanging gardens, such as it is said existed in Babylon, are to be seen here, and the whole place is ornamented with an endless profusion of statues in marbles and bronzes, and the interior of the palace is filled with paintings and other works of art by the best masters. This palace, and its surrounding buildings and gardens, are more like fairy scenes than realities, and defy all attempts at description.

Cannero (our Joseph's birthplace) is a pretty little village on the margin of the lake, with ranges of mountains rising abruptly behind, and villages towering, one above another, on their immense heights. About half a mile from Cannero there are two small islands in the lake, one of which is covered by the ruins of a stronghold which was the fortress of the Brothers of Mazzarda in the fifteenth century, who were

dreaded as robbers and who kept the country in awe for years by their depredations and deeds of blood.

*May 23d.*—Up at 5.30 to go to Cannero in a gondola ; the wind was high, making the lake rough and requiring three strong gondoliers to pull over, each with two heavy sweeps which they worked standing. My servant and Ferrara, the head waiter at the “Hotel Russie” in Rome, where we spent fourteen weeks, went with me. Ferrara, being a native of Linno and understanding the peculiar dialect of this region, volunteered to go as interpreter. We reached Cannero in an hour, and found Giacomo Minoletti waiting my arrival at the inn, as he had heard from some of the steamer’s officers that his brother Joseph’s old employer was coming to see him. As I entered the inn he extended his hand and inquired at once for Joseph. I saw at once that he had not heard of his death and told him the melancholy news ; his eyes filled with tears, and he turned away to conceal his grief. He said he was the last of the family, and not having heard from Joseph for so long a time, had been advised to write the Consul for information, and was about to do so. He invited us to his house, and we got into the gondola and rowed about a mile and ascended the mountain-side, a walk of about fifteen minutes, to a little village called Fontana, inhabited by silk-growers. We met Mrs. Minoletti at the cottage door entering with a pannier of mulberry leaves on her back ; she welcomed us warmly, and after some talk of Joseph, his widow and child, and taking some of their humble fare, consisting of sausage, cheese, bread, and native wine of most excellent quality, which cost less than a cent for a tumbler full, I took my leave. Mr. Minoletti accompanied me to the gondola, weeping silently all the way. He told me he had eight children, boys and girls, one, a fine young fellow of about twenty, was a cook at the “Hotel Croce de Malta” in Genoa, and would be glad to go to America if he could be employed by the master of Joseph.

We were another hour in reaching Linno ; got lunch, and at 1 P.M. took the steamer *San Bernardino*, and reached Arona at 4.30, and started by rail at 5.55 for Turin, after a most delightful excursion. I shall never forget Lake Maggiore, with its magnificent scenery and its simple-minded and hospitable people. I commend all my friends to "Hotel de Simplon," where we spent nearly two days with great pleasure.

After a hot and dusty ride, and passing through and in the neighborhood of such memorable places as Novara, Magenta, etc., we arrived at Turin at 10 P.M., and put up at the "Hotel de l'Europe."

## XXVIII.

Turin ; Pinerolo and Waldenses ; in Paris ; in London ; Isle of Wight ; Return to France ; War Spirit ; Mrs. B. in Paris ; no Communication ; Efforts to get out of Paris ; Succeeded at Last ; Torquay ; Penzance ; Land's End ; Exeter.

*May 24th, 1870.*—An intensely hot morning in Turin. After lunch went out with wife ; visited the Royal Palace, the Cathedral, Church of Del Corpus Domini, and the Church of La Gran Madre di Dio.

*May 25th.*—Hot weather continues. At 12 M. started by rail for Pinerolo, and the mountains and valleys of the Waldenses ; reached the hotel of the "Cross and Crown" at 2 P.M. ; lunched and strolled through the place, which contains twenty thousand inhabitants, and has a clean and thrifty appearance. The lower town is well and regularly built, but the upper or ancient town has narrow streets and poorly constructed houses. Hard by stands the castle in which the "Man in the Iron Mask" was imprisoned. The whole country from Turin to Pinerolo is beautiful and in the highest state of cultivation. Bread-stuffs, wine, and silk are raised in great abundance. Pinerolo was the great centre of the Waldensian community in the fifteenth century. It stands at the base of the mountains in a highly picturesque situation. The people are very civil, industrious, and honest. We had evidences of these characteristics in our dealings with them, and their industry is amply attested by the appearance of the whole country.

At 3.30 we drove from Pinerolo, passing over a charming



region of mountain and valley scenery to "La Tour," the centre of the Waldensian persecutions. This town is situated in a narrow valley of great fertility and indescribable beauty. Overhanging the town is the great natural fortress (which strongly resembles an enormous castle) called the Castelozzo. This was the scene of the hardest struggles of the Waldenses, who many times were driven into it in immense numbers from the valleys, and where they defended themselves against powerful armies. The approach to this rock, which is of great height and nearly perpendicular all around, is by a pathway which will admit of the passage of only a single person at a time; hence the impossibility of dislodging the Waldenses. Nothing but strategy or modern gunnery could effect this end. It was tried in a memorable instance, when they were assured of protection and safety if they would return to their valleys. They did so and were massacred. In this township there are eleven thousand Waldenses and about one thousand Papists. My informant, the proprietor of the "Hotel l'Ours," where we stopped, told me that all attempts to bring them into the Church of Rome have failed, and that they are rapidly increasing in numbers.

After dinner we took a walk in the lovely Val: Pellice, which is watered by numerous rapid streams as clear as crystal. The only sounds were the singing of the nightingales, which seemed to come from almost every tree, and the rush of the mountain streams. The view of the valley (west) was superb; in the distance towered the Alps with lofty rocky pinnacles. On either side Alps on Alps arose, and in the centre the valley, of perhaps a mile in width and three or four miles in length, looking like a highly cultivated garden, formed a scene such as we have seldom seen.

*May 26th.*—Up at 5.30. What a beautiful hour this is among the mountains! Trout for breakfast: Took a drive up the valley; visited one of the Vaudois churches; it is large and entirely free from all ornament. The valley grows

in splendor the further we go. The people of both sexes and all ages are very polite, bowing and smiling and taking off their hats as we pass ; they are evidently not accustomed to the sight of strangers. The hotel register shows this ; only twenty Americans have been here since 1861. Partook of a sumptuous lunch ; paid bill for three francs and eighteen and seventy-one hundredths of a franc, including everything ! Started to return ; visited St. Giovanni, another large town of the Waldenses ; visited the church ; it is large, and in the form of a horseshoe. Reached Pinerolo in time for the train, and arrived at Turin at 4.30 P.M.

*May 27th.*—Visited the Egyptian collection—it is large and very interesting ; also collection of Greek and Roman statuary, and other works in marbles and bronzes ; also the Royal Gallery of Paintings, which is contained in fifteen rooms. Bought a few photographs, and prepared for a start at 5 A.M. by the Mont Cenis Railroad for Paris.

*May 28th.*—Up at 3, breakfasted at 3.45, left hotel at 4.30, and started by railroad at 5.20.

The whole country may be considered a beautiful garden in the highest state of cultivation. The season has been unusually favorable, and all vegetation is in the highest perfection. Reached Susa, a very ancient and once important capital, at the foot of Mont Cenis, at 7, where we were transferred to smaller cars, which are constructed for the Pass ; only forty-eight persons can go at one trip ; each carriage contains two compartments, each of which holds twelve persons seated with their backs to the walls of the carriage. The ascent was more rapid than I expected, requiring a little over three hours to gain the summit. Here we found snow and cold weather. There is a beautiful lake on the top of the mountain, deep, clear, and cold, well supplied with fine trout. Where the snow had disappeared, the grass was thickly strewn with bright and beautiful flowers, the brightest of which was the gentian, of the most brilliant blue. We

commenced the descent about 11 ; it was very rapid, and we were at San Michel at about 12.40, covered with dust. The scenery of this great Pass is very grand and impressive ; in some places one looks down into dizzy depths from the brink of the precipice and sees churches, houses, and forest trees which look like toys.

We changed cars at San Michel, where we lunched, and started off again for Macon, where we arrived about 9 and found an excellent dinner ready for us. At 10 we took a fresh start from Macon to Paris, two hundred and fifty-five miles farther, and had the good fortune to secure the Coupé Lit, in which we spent the night very comfortably, arriving in Paris at 6.55. We put up at the "Hotel de l'Athène" in excellent and comfortable quarters.

*June 2d.*—Spent three hours in the Palais de l'Industrie, a vast structure in the Champs Elysées, which contains a collection of between six thousand and seven thousand pictures and an immense quantity of statues. Some are very fine. After lunch, visited the old and very interesting Church of St. Roque.

*June 3d.*—I never saw Paris so beautiful and attractive as now ; the trees, plants, and flowers which ornament the boulevards, avenues, and streets are in the most luxuriant perfection. The number of splendid highways and new and elegant buildings is rapidly increasing, so that Paris is almost a complete transformation of itself since I first visited it, only seven years ago.

*June 5th.*—In the evening rode to the Butte de Chaumont (pronounced Butdeshamo), the resort of the lower orders of the population. Drove through a portion of these grounds ; they are magnificent, much finer than those of the Bois de Boulogne, abounding in beautiful natural scenery, rocks, cascades, lawns, and very fine views.

*June 6th.*—Up at 5 to start for England ; arrived at 1.20 at Calais ; reached London at 5.40, glad to be once more in

England. Went to the "Alexandra Hotel," found it full to the roof. The landlord gave us his own room until a vacancy occurs. The hotels are all overflowing; this one was strongly recommended to us by Mr. J. S. Morgan.

*June 7th.*—We visited the great Horticultural Gardens; delighted; saw the great building now in process of completion for the International Fair, to be opened in 1871. These are probably the largest buildings in the world; they surround an area of twenty-six acres, and in the quadrangle thus enclosed are the Horticultural Gardens, which are so splendid and spacious that I will not attempt a description of them to-day. Near by is the great exhibition of rhododendrons covered by an enormous tent, constructed on the plan of a suspension bridge, the canvas falling on either side from a huge cable in the centre; this tent is capable of accommodating an army of many thousands. The ground covered by the tent is rolling, and the rhododendrons are so arranged as to give them the appearance of a natural growth unaided by art. Nothing can possibly be more superb; the plants are perfect and in great variety of color and tint, and the grouping is so artistic and, at the same time, so natural, as to make the harmony of the colors complete.

*June 8th.*—We went by one of the penny boats to Westminster Bridge; visited Westminster Hall and one of the Courts; but could not see the Houses of Parliament, as they were closed. Visited and went through Westminster Abbey, then drove to Simpson's, 105 Strand, and got luncheon; after that spent three and a half hours in the Royal Academy, where we saw an immense collection of paintings, water-colors, architectural designs and drawings, and marble and bronze statues, busts, etc. Visited Madame Tussaud's Museum, which we thought very little of.

*June 10th.*—Spent four and one-half hours in the British Museum.

*June 11th.*—Went with wife to the Houses of Parliament,

through the Chambers of Lords and Commons, far inferior to those of the United States Senate and House of Representatives. Afterward visited Westminster Abbey, and were deeply interested in its monuments, especially those in the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, where we saw the tombs of Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, and many others noted in history.

*June 12th* (Sunday).—Went to hear Spurgeon ; text, Mark vi., 6 ; good sermon. In the afternoon went to St. James's Hall, where we heard Newman Hall preach ; subject, "Sunday at Suez," from a visit he made there ; he thinks the Israelites passed the Red Sea near that place. The lecture was fine. Text, Exodus xv., 1 : "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

On returning in the evening to the hotel, we found tickets of admission to the Zoölogical Gardens, which had been sent by Dr. and Mrs. Wright.

*June 13th*.—Visited the Tower of London, which consumed two and one-half hours. We were very much interested.

In the afternoon we visited South Kensington Museum, and spent three hours there, without having seen half of its wonders.

*June 14th*.—Took wife to Sydenham to see the Crystal Palace ; spent six hours there in wandering through this immense structure. Got the best dinner we have had in England at the restaurant. Returned home at 8.30, "used up," as the phrase is.

*June 15th*.—Went to Hampton Court, where we spent the day in traversing its picture galleries, parks, and gardens, and returned to our hotel at 9 P.M.

*June 18th*.—Went to the Isle of Wight, where we arrived about 3 P.M., and put up at the "Royal Pier Hotel," Ryde ; air cool and bracing, and we both feel better.

*June 19th* (Sunday).—Started for Arreton Church, eight miles in the interior of the island, and attended Divine service there ; afterward visited the grave and cottage of “the Dairyman’s Daughter.” Grave in the rear of the church, cottage over a mile distant, both lovely spots ; church very ancient, the sexton said one thousand one hundred years old. Cottage occupied by a family ; saw the old woman ; a Bible in large print lay open on the table, and an old man in the room was reading a Bible. There was a holy inspiration about the place, especially in the little chamber overhead where that sweet saint died. We were shown through the little cottage and also into the dairy, for it is still occupied by a dairyman. We returned by way of Bradling, and we visited the house where that other sweet young saint, “the Little Cottager,” lived and died. Then we visited the churchyard to see her grave ; the church is the oldest on the island, built in the eighth century. Near the entrance stands a small brick enclosure containing the whipping-post and stocks used in ancient times. We stopped at Sandown and lunched, and returned to Ryde after an interesting day.

*June 20th.*—Wife and I started after breakfast to see the other parts of the island ; drove to Osborne House, Cowes, Newport, Carisbrooke Castle, all of which greatly interested us, and we returned to Ryde about 5.30 P.M. delighted with the day’s sights and experiences. At the castle, which was the prison of Charles the First, we saw much that interested us. From the top of the keep we got one of the most beautiful landscape views ; saw the well two hundred and eighty feet deep, very ancient, water fine. Ivy-mantled ruins, very extensive and very grand. Room in which the Princess Elizabeth, a daughter of Charles the First, died. In Carisbrooke, I found the name of “Charles Buckham, Farmer, Buckham-bars.” Day long, not dark at 10.30.

*June 21st.*—A hot morning ; determined to return to Lon-

don ; the seashore does not agree with my wife's health. Started at 10.40 by boat to Portsmouth ; passed the spot where the *Royal George* sunk with five hundred men when off Spithead. Took the rail, and on reaching Brighton, wishing to see the celebrated watering-place, we stopped, and were most comfortably lodged at the "Bedford Hotel," with rooms facing the beach. Took a drive along the Grand Terrace, which is three miles in length and in which the principal hotels and fine houses stand ; then through the city, which is said to contain a population of ninety thousand. Brighton is a beautiful place and well calculated to attract crowds of visitors ; this, however, is not the season ; it begins in July and is at its height in September and October, continuing well into December. After dinner we walked on the splendid new iron pier, which is fitted up for an evening resort, with a fine band of music and many other attractions. We spent a couple of hours very pleasantly there and retired at 10.15, before it was dark.

*June 22d.*—Left Brighton and reached London at 1.30 P.M.

*June 23d.*—Spent the day in visiting Windsor with my wife ; drove through the magnificent and extensive park of the castle, and walked a mile and a half along the splendid "Virginia Water." The trees in these grounds cannot be surpassed, the foliage is superb ; about a hundred deer were feeding on them. We could not have had a finer day.

*June 29th.*—Up early ; breakfasted and started for Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne. The day is fine and the sea perfectly smooth ; reached Paris and the "Hotel l'Athène" at 7 P.M.

*July 15th.*—Went about town with wife. The streets are filled with excited crowds ; men and women are running along with their arms filled with newspapers and screeching at the top of their voices "Declaration de Guerre." War with Prussia has just been declared, and all France is eager for the fray. Last night the boulevards were crowded with

people, processions were formed, the leaders of which marched with drawn swords ; all were frantic for a fight with Prussia for the insult put upon them by King William to their ambassador, in reference to the Spanish question.

*July 16th.*—All France seems to be arming ; the excitement is intense. The populace crowded the boulevards until 3 o'clock in the morning, shouting and singing and marching in processions. Many houses are illuminated, and the people seem wild in their eager desire for war. At the same time, there is a quiet under-current which is equally for peace, and it would not surprise me if, on reflection, the people of France should see their error in thus precipitating a fierce and bloody strife without good and adequate cause.

The boulevards are filled again with a highly excited crowd, so that it is difficult to get through.

*July 17th (Sunday).*—Huge wagons filled with war materials and large droves of horses and mules passed about daylight. The Emperor leaves for the army to-day. The Prince Imperial went on Thursday. The Emperor says : " I have one son only, but I cheerfully give him to France." The enthusiasm is intense. We went to the Hotel des Invalides and attended service in the chapel. Everything was done *a la militaire*. The veterans marched in to martial music and filed left, while the governor of the hospital, who is a Marshal of France, marched between the files, accompanied by veteran officers. The service was conducted with martial music, and it was very interesting.

*July 18th.*—Up at 5 ; started from the hotel at 6.30 for London. Reached Dieppe at 11, and London at 7.25 P.M., and put up at the "Queen's Hotel," corner of Cork and Clifford Streets ; good. Found London much excited over the war.

*July 22d.*—Left London at 7.30 A.M., and arrived at Liverpool, thoroughly dusty, at 1 P.M. Put up at the "Adelphi."

*July 23d.*—The *Russia* left her anchorage at 3.30 P.M.

*July 24th (Sunday).*—Up at 6, after a pleasant first night



on board ; arrived at 10 at Queenstown. At 4.30 weighed anchor and left Queenstown.

*September 14th.*—At 9 A.M. sailed from New York in steamer *Russia*, Captain Lott, for Liverpool, to join my wife in Paris. After a pleasant voyage, we landed at Liverpool on the 24th of September, at 8 A.M., and proceeded by railroad to London at 11.30 A.M., arriving at 5 P.M.

*September 25th* (Sunday).—Paris has been surrounded by the Prussian army since the 17th, and is entirely cut off from all communication with the world !

I have no intelligence of my wife. Went to various places to obtain information, without success ; called on Mr. Motley, our Minister to this Court, to see how I could get into Paris ; he proposes to make me bearer of despatches to Mr. Washburne, our Minister at Paris, and I am to call tomorrow.

*September 26th.*—Started early to get my letters, found none. Called on Mr. Richards, of the firm of Munroe & Co., but got no information about my wife from him ; he left Paris on the 8th, and I heard from Mr. Henry A. Stone on the 9th, by telegram to New York, to which I replied on the same day, asking Munroe & Co. to remove Mrs. Buckham to London, or the south of France, and to write me, care of Alexander & Co., 30 Lombard Street, London, and that I would sail on the 14th.

Called and saw Mr. J. S. Morgan ; could learn nothing from him.

Called again on Mr. Motley, who advises me not to think of going to Paris, because I will have to ride all the way on horseback, over roads of which I am ignorant, and after getting there he thinks I could not get in.

I cannot take a person with me, as bearer of despatches, and not speaking the language, it would be impossible to get on. I have therefore determined not to start, but adopt Mr. Motley's advice, and write my wife, give him the letter

in the morning, and his regular courier will take it with other despatches.

*September 27th.*—Called on Mr. Motley ; met Mr. Williams there, to whom he introduced me ; Mr. Williams is his despatch agent between this city and Paris ; he tells me that he will start to-day, but does not hope to get into Paris. I handed my letters addressed to Mrs. Buckham and Mr. Stone unsealed, that they might be examined if required ; Mr. Motley assures me that he will do all in his power for me, and he hopes to get the letters through.

In the evening, received a telegram from Miss Bennett, that she heard from my wife ten days ago (which would make it the 16th) ; she was then in Paris, and I fear is still there. Wrote to Hannah to send me Mrs. B.'s letter, or a copy of it.

Called several times yesterday and to-day on Mr. Frank Moore, who is attached to the Paris Legation ; he expects to get to Paris soon, and I want to send a letter on, or try to go with him if I can.

Called at Mr. Morgan's and other places, but could learn nothing ; saw several persons who have members of their families in Paris some are wives, others unprotected children.

*September 28th.*—Went to Mr. Richards, no letters ; to Mr. Morgan's, no information.

Wrote Mr. John Munroe at Boulogne-sur-Mer asking for information ; called on Messrs. Bowles Brothers & Co., no information ; Mr. Motley called to-day ; I was out ; on returning, I received his card ; met Mr. Tillinghast to-day ; he suggests that I call on Mr. W. Seligman, who he thinks can help me.

*September 29th.*—Early ; called at the "St. James's Hotel" and saw Colonel Moore, Secretary of the Paris Legation ; had a conversation with him ; he said that many persons had spoken to him about my wife, and that he would let me

know the earliest time when I could get to Paris or communicate by letter.

*September 30th.*—Called on Mr. Motley, who tells me that all the diplomatic messengers have found it impossible to reach Paris, as the roads are too dangerous and infested with robbers. He assures me that my case is constantly before him, and he will do all he can for me.

Received a letter from Miss Hannah Bennett at Spa, enclosing a letter to her from my wife dated at Paris on the 15th; she was not able then to travel, and, as the siege was complete on the 16th, this leaves no doubt that my poor wife is still in Paris. Also received a letter from Mrs. Munroe, in answer to one I wrote her husband inquiring about my wife; she says my wife was better when she saw her last, which was about the 14th inst. She thinks her in no danger; says she is comfortably situated at the hotel, and has an attentive maid.

Mr. Humphrey called to-day to advise as to my wife; various plans proposed which I did not deem practicable.

F. Henry Taylor, Esq., a London lawyer, one of my fellow passengers on the *Russia*, called and said he would see the Foreign Secretary to-morrow and ascertain what could be done.

*October 1st.*—Mr. J. S. Morgan called and told me to write a letter to my wife and enclose it in one to Mr. Washburne, our Minister at Paris, and he would forward it. I did so; my wife's letter was unsealed, but, at Mr. Morgan's suggestion, I sealed Mr. Washburne's with sealing-wax to make it look official, and handed the package to Mr. Morgan. This is the first well-grounded hope I have had of being able to communicate with my poor wife.

My friend and fellow-passenger, Mr. Taylor, called and left his card, on which was written the following: "I have seen my friend at the Foreign Office. They are utterly powerless; Lord Lyons is at Tours, but he is wholly unable to

communicate even with Mr. Odo Russell ; showing that it is impossible to reach Paris even through the diplomatic agents or messengers ; so I must bide my time and be patient."

*October 2d* (Sunday).—My friend Mr. Taylor called to devise new means of communication with Paris ; he has gone to see what can be done through the newspapers.

The newsboys are crying extras, with accounts of terrible riots in Paris ; later on in the day, "Defeat of the Prussians."

In the evening went again to hear Spurgeon, and though at the gate half an hour before the beginning of the service, it was impossible to enter the building, it was so crowded in every part ; communion in the evening.

*October 3d*.—Went to Munroe's and received a letter from my dear wife, dated Paris, September 25, 1870 ; she is better, thank God, but still very weak ; has removed to the "Westminster Hotel," in the Rue de la Paix, and is the only guest in the house.

Received a letter from Mr. Motley, enclosing my letters of the 26th to my wife, and of the 27th to Mr. Henry A. Stone, saying it was quite impossible to get letters to Paris, and inviting me to call and see him, and consult as to other means for communication ; he said that not a diplomatic or other letter was permitted to enter Paris.

*October 4th*.—Received another letter from wife by balloon, dated Paris, September 27 ; she is so well that she dined at the house of Consul-General Reid, where she met half a dozen of her countrymen, and had a pleasant time. My wife strongly urges me not to attempt to enter Paris ; says it cannot be done ; wishes me not to worry, but to remain in England, and "*enjoy*" myself.

Mr. Morgan handed me back my package of letters, saying it was impossible to get to Paris ; that the letters of such houses as Rothschild's were excluded.

*October 5th.*—Received a long letter from my wife, dated Paris, September 16th, saying that she made an attempt to get away from Paris with a "Permit" from Mr. Washburne, our Minister, but on reaching the Prussian lines she was not allowed to pass, and had to return to Paris. Called on Mr. Motley and told him the above circumstance; he was much surprised and angry.

All my efforts to get letters to Paris are thus far utterly futile. Nobody has succeeded as far as I can learn. Still I will continue my exertions, and hope for the best.

*October 6th.*—Went to Munroe's; no letters. Called at 76 Cheapside, and learned that a Mr. Stephens undertakes to carry letters to Paris; he is at 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

*October 7th.*—Wrote to Hon. George Bancroft, our Minister at the Court of Berlin, asking aid to release my wife from Paris.

*October 11th.*—Col. Moore, Mr. Washburne's Secretary of Legation, called and announced that he would start for Paris to-morrow morning to join the Legation; so I wrote a letter to my wife by him.

Called on Mr. Motley; out of town. Saw Mr. Moran, his secretary, and was introduced to Baron Guedin, an admiral in the French navy, who is here on some secret mission for the French Government; found him a most interesting man. My visit to Mr. Motley was to propose an application to the Prussian Minister here for the release of my wife; stated the case to Mr. Moran, who replied that it would be a useless application.

In the evening Mr. Richards, of John Munroe & Co., called to discuss other plans for the release of Mrs. Buckham from Paris.

*October 12th.*—Early this morning received a letter from Hon. George Bancroft, our Minister at Berlin, saying that he had forwarded a request to the headquarters of the German

army for a pass for my wife through the German lines. Wrote to family and several friends announcing this good news.

*October 13th.*—Received a third balloon letter from wife, dated Paris, September 29th ; quite well. Again begs me not to think of coming to Paris ; says it is too dangerous, and impossible to get in.

Answered a letter of Alexander Bliss, Secretary of Legation at Berlin, inquiring if the permission for a pass for my wife was got, and if it included Cataldi the courier ; also if one can be obtained for me to go to Versailles to meet my wife, if not to Paris.

*October 14th.*—Received another “balloon” letter from dear wife ; she is well, thank God ; begs me again not to worry about her, and not to think of going to Paris ; that Mr. Washburne had just told her she would be perfectly safe, and would get away with all the rest very soon ; says she has enough to eat and drink, but everything is dear ; this letter is dated October 1st.

I am greatly perplexed as to the question of duty, whether to go and attempt to join my wife or take her advice, which is concurred in by many of my friends here. I will wait until I hear again from the Berlin Legation ; perhaps I will get a pass from Berlin. Mr. Benjamin Moran, Secretary of Legation, called.

Col. Moore, Secretary of the Paris Legation, having determined to start to-morrow morning early, I wrote another letter to my wife and handed it to him, unsealed, for delivery to her. The Colonel was very earnest that I should accompany him, but I feel that duty forbids, as I expect to hear daily of the departure of my wife from Paris.

*October 15th.*—Got up early to see the Colonel off, sat at breakfast with him ; he said his courier refused to go at the last moment, and that when he reaches Boulogne he means to make the United States Consul at that city go with him.

I am more than ever very doubtful as to his getting to Paris.

I am confirmed in the opinion that my wife is safe, and that she and all Americans in Paris will have a safe-conduct from that city, on reading an article in this morning's *Times* in reference to the proceedings of General Burnside, who is passing between the German headquarters at Versailles and Paris ; no doubt his action has reference to the protection of his countrymen in Paris. I sent a copy of to-day's *Times* to my daughter, also of the *Evening Standard*.

*October 17th.*—Called at the Legation, and had a long talk with Mr. Moran, the Secretary, and the Assistant-Secretary, in which I am greatly encouraged to hope that my wife will soon be out of Paris safely.

*October 18th.*—Received two more balloon letters from Paris, dated respectively the 22d and 24th of September. Mr. Motley called and left card ; I was out.

*October 19th.*—Received three letters from my wife by balloon post, dated 5th, 8th, and 12th inst. Called on Mr. Motley, and had a long interview with him ; he says he will call and see Count Birnstoff, the Prussian Minister, to-day, and see if he can get a pass for my wife, or get him to write to Count Bismarck and make application to him in his (Mr. Moran's) name, as this is an exceptional case ; my wife being unable, by illness, to leave Paris before it was invested. Mr. Moran says that no applications, either by Americans or English people, have been granted to leave that city. Wrote Georgie, informing her fully of what I had done, and as to the three letters received to-day ; also wrote Smales to the same purport, and asked him to send my letter to Judge Edmunds and get him to write to Mr. Secretary Fish for relief.

*October 20th.*—Wrote a long letter to Judge Edmunds to apply at once to the Washington Government for relief ; stated all the facts of the case in my letter ; also wrote to Dr. John F. Gray to write to Secretary Fish on my wife's

behalf ; he is the family physician of Mr. Fish, and it will help very much ; asked the doctor to see Edmunds and confer as to what should be done, at once.

Called at the Legation ; the Secretary told me that Mr. Motley had gone to see the Prussian Minister for me and was then absent on that business.

*October 22d.*—Received a letter from Mr. Motley, saying he had seen Count Birnstoff, the Prussian Ambassador, who, at his (Motley's) request, had written to Count Bismarck urging my wife's release from Paris. Answered Mr. Motley's letter. Wrote Judge Edmunds ; gave him a copy of Mr. Motley's letter, and begged him to apply promptly to the Government at Washington for relief.

*October 25th.*—Received a letter from my wife, which came enclosed in a note from Mr. Moran, Secretary of the Legation. It was sent through Mr. Washburne from Paris. Thank God, she is well, and writes in a tone of patient resignation. The letter is very interesting in reference to affairs in Paris. In Mr. Moran's note he says it is the French who will not let the Americans go ; this must be a mistake, as my wife reiterates in every letter that the Prussians only prevent the departure of the Americans.

Mr. Moran called and told me that arrangements were in progress for the release of all the Americans, so I expect a despatch from my wife at any hour.

*October 27th.*—Wrote Alexander Bliss, Esq., Secretary to the Legation of the United States at Berlin, as I have no letter in answer to mine of the 13th inst., inquiring if the application made to the German headquarters for a pass for Mrs. Buckham, on the 10th inst., had been granted or not, and requesting an early answer.

*November 1st.*—Between 7 and 8 A.M. my wife's arrival was announced ! Sure enough, in she came, with a bruised face, as if she had been engaged in the war. I was taken entirely by surprise ; she got out of Paris on the 24th ult. ;



consequently she has been nearly seven days on the journey, which was both tedious and perilous. She was accompanied by G. P. Cataldi, who has been her courier since the 18th of September. She had many interesting experiences, and some narrow escapes. In one of her attempts to get away from Paris, she passed a place where some French and Prussians were skirmishing, and her carriage was fired upon; but no harm was done, with the exception of a few bruises, resulting from a fall from her carriage on the way. She is in good health, thank God. She purchased a carriage and a pair of horses in Paris, for one thousand francs, and on arriving at Rouen, Cataldi sold them for one hundred and fifty francs, all he could get.

I occupied the greater part of this day in writing to family and friends as to my wife's arrival, etc.

*November 6th* (Sunday).—Heard the celebrated Dr. Cumming; text, 2 Timothy ii., 19; much pleased. In the afternoon wife and I went to Westminster Abbey and heard Dean Stanley on the Lord's Prayer; text, "After this manner pray ye." We were too distant (sat in the choir) to hear distinctly, but were much pleased and edified with so much of the sermon as we heard.

*December 10th.*—Started at noon for Oxford, passing through Windsor, Reading, and other places; arrived at 2.10 P.M., and put up at the "Randolph House," with which we are greatly pleased. Our windows look upon Baliol College and the Martyr's memorial. The weather is so bad that we had to remain in the rest of the day.

*December 13th.*—We started for Torquay, stopping at Bishopsgate, where we remained ninety-five minutes; got lunch and visited the magnificent Cathedral which is in process of restoration. This grand edifice was founded in the twelfth century; it is nearly five hundred feet long, and the tower is upward of four hundred feet high. The architecture both of the exterior and interior is remarkably beautiful,

in the cloistered style, as I would call it, though not the same as is known by that designation.

The cloisters are magnificent ; their architecture is peculiarly simple and at the same time wonderfully beautiful. The bright green of the enclosed lawn, studded with holly, contrasted strongly with the grave and solemn antiquity of the architecture. A deep stillness reigned, which was only disturbed by the cawing of the rooks or the footfall of the visitor.

Again we changed at the City of Exeter, and after a tedious day's journey of nine hours reached Torquay and put up at the "Torbay Hotel," where we found a comfortable parlor and bedroom ready for us.

*December 20th.*—We visited the Museum, which is devoted solely to curiosities which are the products of Devonshire County. The fossils were most interesting. Saw remains of such animals as the lion, rhinoceros, elephant, mastodon, hyena, bear, wolf, etc., all of which formerly lived in England.

*December 22d.*—Left by rail at 10 A.M. to go to Penzance ; reached Plymouth at 12 M., where we remained till 2, then proceeded, and arrived at Penzance at 6.15 P.M. The country we passed through is very beautiful. On entering Cornwall and until we arrived at Penzance, we saw mining carried on to a large extent. The whole day has been bitterly cold ; saw an eclipse of the sun.

We put up at the "Queen's Hotel," an excellent house on the seaside.

*December 23d.*—The night was intensely cold, our breath freezing on the windows. The fire afforded no heat except when very near it, and we spent altogether the most uncomfortable night we have experienced for many years. The moan of the winds, and the sound of the sea, as it broke on the shore just under our windows, was audible all night, and formed a dreary accompaniment to our discomforts.

At 10 A.M. we started for "Land's End." The weather could not have been finer, except that it was very cold, and we had a prospect of a day's enjoyment. The roads were superb, now rising to considerable heights, and affording exquisite views of a charming country, and then turning into beautiful leafy lanes, lined on both sides with fine trees, the trunks of which were clothed with moss and ivy. On the way we saw some very ancient crosses, supposed to date shortly after the Roman invasion. I got out at a little village of thatched roof cottages, and visited an ancient church, the date of which is 1111 (eleven hundred and eleven). On the floor there was a tombstone, the only legible words on which were, "Pray God for ten days' pardon for the soul." We drove on through a sterile country, until we reached a small village of straggling cottages, where we left our carriage and followed a guide to see the "Logan Rock," or the celebrated rocking-stone, an enormous boulder which seems to rest on the apex of a high mass of rocks overhanging the sea. We had a long walk over fields and stiles, up hills and over rocks, and through narrow rocky gorges; but the splendid coast and shore views, to say nothing of the Logan Rock, compensated for the trouble, and we returned to our carriage highly gratified with the excursion.

We then drove down to Land's End; four and one-half miles further on, and were overtaken very suddenly by an almost blinding snow-storm which threatened to drive us back, but we pushed on to the "Land's End Hotel" which was closed, and we had to content ourselves with the view from the lofty, rocky plain. On returning to Penzance we found that, while the whole country through which we passed was covered with snow, not a flake had fallen in town. At sunset a terrific gale sprung up from the northwest, driving the spray from the sea over the roofs of the houses.

*December 24th.*—We never experienced so wild a night, and there was no abatement of the terrible hurricane in the morn-

ing. The house and furniture quivered as if by an earthquake, the wind roared and howled and the waves rolled in and broke on the beach with a force that shook the hotel to its foundations.

For a long distance to seaward the surface of the ocean was lashed into a milky whiteness, and as the waves broke on the rocky points of the shore, the highest peaks were overtopped and enshrouded as if with winding sheets of foam. The hotel was stirring long before daylight, a most unusual thing in an English hotel; we soon learned the cause, which was that the sea had broken into the cellar and filled it, flooding everything so that fuel could not be got for fires. I rang for my boots, and was told they would be brought as soon as they could be got out of the water in the basement; when handed in, they were thoroughly saturated with sea water.

After breakfast we started for Plymouth and reached the "Royal Hotel" at 4 P.M., where we found most agreeable and warmer quarters.

The country we passed through from Penzance to Plymouth, some ninety miles, is exceedingly beautiful; it abounds in mining enterprises. Here are found tin, copper, lead, and silver in abundance, especially the first-named metal.

*December 25th* (Sunday).—A cold Christmas. We attended service at the ancient church, built in the twelfth century, some say earlier. The service was read in a careless and unimpressive tone and manner, and the sermon was a commonplace affair. The cold was so intense that we remained in the house the rest of the day.

*December 26th.*—After breakfast we took a coupé and drove through the city. Went to see the far-famed Breakwater, but got only an indistinct view of it in consequence of the fog. The docks are very extensive and very fine, and can accommodate a large fleet of shipping. The barracks, arsenal, and ordnance yards and the numerous forts are very

extensive and seemingly in excellent order. The town has nothing very remarkable about it except the great engineering works of Brunel. The streets are clean and crooked and the houses have an unpretending air about them. The shops are all closed and everybody is out in holiday attire.

At 2 P.M. we took the train for Exeter, where we will pass the night, see the grand old Cathedral to-morrow, and in the evening start for Bristol.

We reached Exeter at 4.45 and put up at the "Royal Clarence Hotel," just opposite the Cathedral, the giant bell of which (weighing twelve thousand five hundred pounds) rings out the hours in tones which fall on the ear with a most impressive solemnity. This is said to be the largest bell in the kingdom, except "Old Tom" at Oxford, which weighs a little more. This hotel, like all others we have visited in England, is very cold, owing to the strange fact that it is the universal habit of servants to keep the doors open. We selected a small bedroom, hoping it would be warmer, but in spite of a good fire it was uncomfortable.

*December 27th.*—A bright but very cold morning. Our windows look upon the Cathedral, which is about one hundred yards distant; the exterior is very impressive, with its walls and towers of great antiquity. It was founded in 633. The old edifice was destroyed, and the present one erected on its site in the twelfth century.

After breakfast we visited the interior, and were conducted through it by the verger, an intelligent man, who explained the various objects of interest.

The general effect of the interior is very striking; the architecture is in the cloistered style, the lines from the floor, running through the great columns to the arches, and converging at the ceiling in a rich harmonious whole. I have seen the same style of architecture in other great interiors, but do not remember to have found any so strikingly grand and beautiful as in the Cathedral of Exeter. We were shown

a vast number of ancient and very interesting monuments to distinguished personages, who died between the twelfth century and the present century. We heard the chime of bells, which is exceedingly fine.

We next visited the ruins of Rougemont Castle, of which nothing now remains but the great gateway and portcullis ; these are beautifully mantled with a luxuriant growth of ivy. It is said by the hotel people that this castle was built by Julius Cæsar, some fifty years before Christ.

At 12.15 we took our departure from Exeter for Bristol, arriving about 3, and finding comfortable and well-warmed quarters at the "Royal Hotel," College Green.

*December 28th.*—After breakfast we visited the Cathedral, or rather so much of it as remained undemolished by Henry VIII. The exterior shows it to be of great antiquity, having been founded in the twelfth century ; it is in the Norman style ; the interior is very beautiful, and is in the cloistered Gothic style. We were conducted through the building and the cloisters adjoining by the polite sacristan, who explained the numerous monuments and other objects of interest to us.

We next drove to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, an ancient edifice, which, however, has been so thoroughly restored of late as to give it, both externally and internally, a modern appearance. The day was exceedingly cold, and we contented ourselves with a drive through the business part of the town, and spent the afternoon indoors.

*December 29th.*—Left Bristol at 11.45 and reached London at 3 P.M., one hundred and eighteen miles ; day very cold. We put up at "Brown's Hotel," 22 Dover Street, in a comfortable suite of rooms.

## XXIX.

In London (January 1, 1871, to March 17) ; Visit to Paris ; Condition of the City after the War with the Germans ; London (March 22 to May 20) ; Rev. Dr. Cumming ; Sea Voyage ; in New York till August 30.

1871.

*January 1st* (Sunday).—Drove to hear the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, for which Mr. Thacker very kindly procured us a ticket. We got a most excellent seat in the first gallery, near enough to see the play of the great preacher's features. The immense interior was filled with an eagerly attentive audience. We had a sea of upturned faces before us, all earnestly fixed on the speaker.

It is difficult to describe Mr. Spurgeon's prayer. It began thus : " At the gate of a new year," and went on, carrying out the figure of a Christian pilgrimage in the most beautiful and felicitous language, and with a manner and tones of voice clearly evincing that he had utterly forgotten himself in his intense earnestness and fervor, rising, as it seems to me, from plane to plane until he reached a dizzy height of eloquence. Never before have I heard such a prayer ! It was much better than his sermon, the text of which was from John xiv., 19 : " Because I live, ye shall live also " ; a truly excellent discourse of an hour in length. It was astonishing how the interest of the vast congregation of seven thousand people was kept up from beginning to end, as was shown by the sudden fit of coughing which seized half the audience at the same moment.

The singing in this church is grand, and seems to be joined in by all.

In the afternoon we went to Westminster Abbey to hear Dean Stanley, who was announced to preach ; but, alas, in his place a very dull preacher, who read an essay from the text: "And Methuselah was nine hundred and sixty-nine years old, and he died," which any school-boy might have written. The service was intoned by a boy choir led by the grand organ, and though by no means so effectively performed as by the boy choir of the University Church at Oxford, it was nevertheless very beautiful.

*January 10th.*—I attended an immense meeting at St. James's Hall of sympathizers with France. It was a most enthusiastic gathering ; the speeches and resolutions were excellent.

*January 13th.*—Visited the London and St. Catharine's Docks, with tasting orders. Tasted ports, sherries, and champagnes.

*January 14th.*—Sad accounts from France. My faith in her ultimate success in this war is not quite so strong after the news of to-day and yesterday. The army of the Loire has been roughly handled. Chanzy has been defeated. Bourbaké is a long way from Paris, and Faidherbe has not been heard from since his defeat at Bapaume.

*London, March 3d.*—Spent the forenoon at the National Gallery, one of the finest collections of paintings it has ever been my privilege to see. I was particularly delighted with the "Turner Collection," which occupies two large rooms ; but, besides these, there is a multitude of paintings by masters of the highest eminence. Three hours spent thus prove in the end to be not only a supreme pleasure, but a severe test of one's strength.

*March 5th (Sunday).*—Wife and I went to the Foundling Hospital, and attended Divine service ; text, Lamentations v., 16 : "The crown is fallen from our head," etc.



Sermon so-so. The service was chanted and intoned by about two hundred and fifty foundlings, male and female, in such perfect harmony and unison that it sounded like one voice ; it was, indeed, a most beautiful and wonderful performance, and brought forcibly to my mind the text : "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." The organ in the chapel is the same on which the great Handel had often played the Oratorio of the Messiah. After the service we went to the refectories and saw the children marched in to dinner ; the grace before meat was chanted to the accompaniment of brass instruments, all played by the boys. Afterward they were seated and ate their dinner. Everything was done decently and in order. This is a splendid charity, which richly deserves encouragement.

*March 12th* (Sunday).—Heard the Rev. Dr. Cumming, Acts xxvi., 29. Style of preaching, quiet and conversational, at the same time earnest. In commentating on Acts xxviii., which he read, he proved very conclusively that Peter never was in Rome.

*March 17th.*—Made arrangements for going to Paris, and started in company with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Nelson, at 8.45 P.M. After a pleasant journey, rendered more so by the channel being perfectly smooth, we reached Paris at 9 A.M. (the 18th), and put up at the "Hotel Chatham." At Amiens and other places on the way we saw hundreds of Prussian soldiers ; dirty and slovenly.

*March 18th.*—On the way from the railway station to the hotel a man who had been wounded at a fight this morning at the Fort Montmartre passed, carried on a stretcher ; several followed in like predicament, and about forty prisoners came next ; it seems that civil war is raging in the neighborhood of the Fort.

The streets of Paris are frequented almost exclusively by soldiers and gatherings of excited citizens, talking and gesticulating in an angry manner, showing that they are ripe

for revolution. There is scarcely a vehicle or horse to be seen. The shops (though some of them are open) look dreary and deserted, and the inhabitants look anxious and careworn, as though they apprehended a fresh revolution, which would not surprise me.

About 12 M. we started out to see the war-sights. Went to the Champs de Mars, and saw large numbers of soldiers encamped; while there, regiments of the National Guards, Nos. 127, 128, passed in and pitched their tents. These are from the late army of Gen. Chanzy, which was dreadfully cut up. All of them look young and slight, and not at all like the Germans, who are robust.

We drove to the Pont de Jour, and saw something of the dreadful ravages made by war in the destroyed houses of the middle classes. In very many of them shells have done awful havoc. Then went to St. Cloud, which we found almost completely destroyed, whole streets of once beautiful houses now lying in total ruins. Visited the palace, once so grand and extensive, and found it little more than a huge heap of broken stones; at a little distance, it looks like a beautiful ancient ruin; but on close examination, and on going through the interior, it is simply a mass of splendid fragments, a crumbling monument to the folly of its imperial occupant, who left it on the 28th of July, 1870, at the head of the Grande Armée to march to Berlin, but, alas for the pride and pomp of man! on that day six months, this beautiful palace was reduced to its present chaos by his own forces at Mont Valerian, to dislodge the men of Berlin, who were carousing in its magnificent halls and salons. We wandered through the vast interior, clambering over heaps of débris, and looking out from various points on the once magnificent parks, gardens, and landscape, with which the palace was once so lately surrounded, but which have now scarcely enough of beauty remaining to tell how grand they were.

The walls of the palace were of great thickness and built of solid blocks of stone ; but in spite of this shells, that came from cannon nearly three miles distant, penetrated and demolished this solid wall. In one place just in a corner of the entablature, a shell had passed entirely through a thickness of not less than two and a half feet. Several of the houses in the village were struck with single shells, but so destructive as to render each house wholly untenable.

We drove along the River Seine for some miles, partly opposite the lately beautiful Bois de Boulogne, and saw the terrible havoc made there, which will require years to restore. We saw grand bridges that had been destroyed, and, indeed, it would be impossible to enumerate the damage done in this fearful conflict to the fairest city in the world.

We passed through the ramparts at several places and saw how completely they had been dismantled ; every gun was gone and every port and embrasure broken and defaced. On every public building are the newly painted words, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," and wherever the word "Impériale" existed, it has been erased and the word "Nationale" substituted in its place. Every "N" and "E" have been stricken out, and every memento of the late emperor has been wiped out. Even some of the statues of Napoleon the First have been destroyed or thrown into the Seine, and the beautiful statue of the Empress Josephine, at the head of the grand avenue named in her honor, has been carried off ; in fact, the blind rage of the people is visible in many other things. Even the heads of the bronze eagles that ornamented the Grand Opera House have been broken off.

We were some time in finding a means of conveyance to the places we intended to visit ; we went to several liveries and were told that every horse they had was eaten, so we took an omnibus as far as the Champs de Mars, where we wandered about awhile, and saw the remains of the 125th and 126th regiments of unlucky General Chanzy's army

arrive in most miserable plight. The men looked absolutely worn out ; their shoes and clothes were tattered and torn, and each man carried enough on his back to break him down in a five-mile march, to say nothing of his weighty, burdensome chassépôt.

We left the Champs de Mars to visit the Pont de Jour in a small steamboat, similar to the penny boats on the Thames. At this village there was a very splendid stone bridge of great length, which was struck by shells in several places ; in one a breach was made through a great thickness of solid stone, after which the same shell went through a wall and buried itself several feet in the ground. The distance from the starting point was estimated at three and a half miles. Great destruction was made in this poor village ; many of the houses are entirely ruined. We reëntered Paris at the head of the "Avenue of the Grand Army," and so by way of the Arc de Triomphe, through the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, Rue Royale and the Boulevards to our hotel, much pleased with our day's work, but very sad at the terrible destruction which met our eyes, and at the stupendous folly which inaugurated this desolating war.

In the evening the city was greatly excited with the prospect of a revolution ; the "Red Republicans" were evidently gaining ground, and things had a squally appearance. The landlord of the hotel was excited, and cautioned his guests not to go out. All the shops were closed at dusk, or before, and the gates and doors of all the hotels were made fast. Everything betokened trouble. After dinner, and about 8 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Mr. Nimmo—a friend of theirs who had lived forty-nine years in Paris—and myself went out to take a walk. The streets were badly lighted, and the whole city bore the most gloomy aspect ; scarcely any one was out ; not a vehicle disturbed the silence, the intensity of which was so great that we could hear the footsteps of people

at a distance. We walked through the Boulevard to the Rue Royale, thence to the Rue de Rivoli, at the head of which we stood and gazed in sadness at the gloomy spectacle. As usual, the long double line of gas-lights was there, but so dim as only to make the darkness visible; not a vehicle or individual was seen for some minutes; how unlike the Rue de Rivoli in times of peace! We walked to the street leading to the Place Vendôme, where we encountered a body of the Garde Nationale, who challenged us and would not let us pass, so we had to continue our walk till we reached the end of the Louvre, and then turned to get to the Boulevards around the Place Vendôme if possible. We soon found ourselves at that point unexpectedly, and were in the midst of a great mass of soldiers, through whom we passed unmolested to our hotel. In a short half hour after that, the Place Vendôme was revolutionized and in the hands of the "Reds" (Communists), as was also the Hotel de Ville, and later in the evening the whole government fled from Paris, as we saw afterward in the newspaper, and thus the revolution seemed to be an accomplished fact. There is neither law nor order in Paris. The few cabmen that have saved their horses, or procured others, seem determined to make up their losses, and hence a bargain must always be made, as they recognize no legal tariff of prices. There is not a police officer to be seen, and all the gendarmes have entirely disappeared; thus the citizen has no protection whatever.

*March 19th (Sunday).*—The news of the revolution is confirmed. There was fighting last night, and the members of the government who were in Paris fled about 2 o'clock in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and myself set off to attend church, but on going to two of the Protestant churches and finding them closed we gave up the attempt, walked to the Champs Elysées, sat down and rested, and then took a cab to the Jardin des Plantes. The day was bright and

most beautiful ; the chief streets and avenues were almost deserted, and most of the shops were closed.

We saw, as we passed through the city, what enormous preparations had been made for the accommodation of the army. Immense numbers of wooden shanties had been built for them. Passing by the Hotel des Invalides we saw that the cannon (trophies of the first Napoleon), which were ranged along the front of the grounds, were all gone.

We were agreeably surprised, on going through the Jardin des Plantes, to find that nearly all the animals had survived the siege, and that these splendid grounds had suffered very little damage, although eighty-four shells had fallen in them. Just on the outskirts there are two immense hospitals which were struck repeatedly, and some of the sick inmates had been killed in one of them ; the other also suffered, but I could not learn to what extent. On returning, we stopped at the new Morgue, where there was but one suicide, strange to say ! In times of peace, many more are to be seen there every day. We drove to the Hotel de Ville, got out of our carriage at the bridge, and walked over part of the grand square, which was filled with soldiers. We saw a number of men and boys taking up the square blocks in the streets and making barricades to cut off communication with the hotel. We passed behind these barricades and saw the flag of the Red Republicans flying on the Hotel de Ville, a singular sight, as it was but yesterday when the national flag was there. On returning through the Rue de Rivoli, we saw large and numerous bands of soldiers marching toward the Tuileries, looking excited, and crying *Vive la République !* the people, who were gathered in large crowds, participating in the excitement and cheering the troops. We learned that the soldiers had fraternized with the Red Republicans, and all seemed determined to put down the government, a most alarming state of affairs, which can only be checked by inviting the Prussians into the city, a measure which has been already hinted

at. Where this will end, it is useless to speculate, but the worst fears are entertained. The people have a sad look and bearing, and the soldiers act not like frivolous Frenchmen, as usual, but like determined men with a settled purpose in view. Still there is evidently an entire absence of unanimity and discipline; bodies of armed men stand and skulk about the streets unaccompanied by officers. Trumpeters go into these places and endeavor to marshal the men, but I saw a crowd of them drinking and smoking, who ridiculed the trumpeter and refused to stir. Here and there groups of soldiers are seen, with their vivandiers, earnestly and excitedly talking together.

I walked up the boulevards, which were filled from side to side, including the roadway, with a mass of intensely interested people; here and there groups were found, who were listening to speakers, and eagerly leaning out to catch every word. We visited the hospitals, which were the special objects of the bombardment, as many shells fell into them and killed a number of the poor, sick, and helpless inmates in their beds. They are immense buildings just outside the Jardin des Plantes, and were filled with patients throughout the siege. Not far from the principal hospital stands the house of Cuvier, the naturalist, which was also damaged by shells, as were several other houses in the immediate vicinity.

I received an invitation to a dinner to be given to-morrow, in honor of General Sheridan, at the "Hotel Splendide." All sorts of rumors are constantly coming in, to the effect that the "Reds" are mustering in strong force, and that the matter must be settled by a fight, or that the German forces must be called in.

*March 20th.*—The weather is truly magnificent, but poor Paris is sadly out of sorts; intense excitement prevails, and all business is at a stand. The government has issued several proclamations, and so have the Red Republicans, and matters are rapidly coming to a climax. We were cautioned

not to venture out to-day, but as our discretion was at fault, we disobeyed the warning and took a stroll. At 12.30 we started by railway for Versailles, accompanied by Mr. Nimmo, and visited Mr. Giacomelli, a friend of Mr. Nelson's, who, with his wife, told us many things about the Prussians which made our blood boil ; several officers were quartered at their beautiful chateau, who were fed at their expense, and whose conduct was brutal and insolent in the extreme. Mr. and Mrs. Giacomelli are people of the highest culture and refinement, and it was impossible to listen unmoved to the recital of their wrongs by these brutes in human form. On the way to Versailles we passed the base of that grand fortress, Mont Valerian, and had a good view of it. The outskirts of Paris are filled with rifle pits and other means of defence, and works of a similar kind are visible all along the roads, until we reached the bank of the Seine. We passed in the rear of the village of St. Cloud, and saw how complete is the destruction there ; not a house seems to have escaped, all are untenable, and many are utterly demolished.

After visiting Mr. Giacomelli, we drove over the battle-fields of some of the great *sorties* and saw the horrible ravages of this brutal and desolating war. The villages of Garches and Montretout are in ruins ; splendid chateaux and villas have scarcely enough left to show their former magnificence ; the heart sickens in view of these things and the beholder turns from the sight with a disgust for the war, and those who caused it, as well as those who continued it after the fall of the French Emperor. I am entirely satisfied that France offered all that Prussia had a right to demand after that event and the fall of Sedan. On reaching St. Cloud we saw a multitude of Parisians who had come to see the ruins of the once magnificent place. No one could have thought these people French but for a word now and then, their faces were so sad and their whole demeanor so subdued. The day was brilliant and summer-like, the new grass, the



trees and plants were putting out, and the spring birds were singing, but all these seemed only to intensify the utter desolation of the scene. In these ruined villages we saw men, women, and children wandering about and gazing in silence, as if stupefied, upon the wrecks around them ; and strange to say, a revolution is at its height, the National Assembly is sitting at Versailles, and the Red Republicans hold Paris in defiance. The army is divided between these contending forces, and both parties are massing troops for the impending conflict.

*March 21st.*—Another very splendid day, which I made up my mind to spend in procuring things for wife, as we must leave for London this evening. No cabs are to be found, so I had to go about the city on foot. The streets are filled with crowds of highly excited people, some of them armed and seemingly bent on mischief. There is scarcely a vehicle to be seen anywhere, and the whole roadway is occupied by persons of both sexes. Orators are declaiming in several places and the news-women are screaming out the last special, which is eagerly seized, until the stock of newspapers is exhausted.

An order was published this morning, forbidding all strangers to leave Paris, and the landlords of hotels were notified to prevent their guests from departing ; so we are prisoners; nevertheless, we resolved to adhere to our purpose, and leave in the evening if we can. The English manager of the Rothschilds called on Mr. Nelson, and told him that a conflict seemed inevitable ; all the wealthy are taxed to furnish sums of money to the insurgents, and the shopmen and tradespeople were compelled to part with their property, and receive government orders, and when any refused, their temerity was punished by being marched off by a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets to the Conciergerie.

Gen. Chanzy and several other officers of the army are prisoners, and held as hostages by the " Reds," in case of ill

treatment of any of their prisoners by the Versailles Government.

About 11 the boulevards were filled by an immense concourse of the people shouting for peace. A procession was formed, and they marched to the Hotel de Ville and the Place Vendôme, to remonstrate with the "Reds." The effect of this movement, showing the unpopularity of the insurrection, was visible at once on the Bourse by the rise of stocks; the order as to strangers was revoked, and the shops were reopened, showing that there was a reasonable prospect of a settlement of the trouble. After spending the day in shopping and strolling about Paris, I dined with my friends, and at 7.15 P.M. started for London by rail, where we arrived at 10.30 A.M. March 22d.

*March 22d.*—The London press had given such alarming accounts of the revolution in Paris, that my wife was anxious for my safety, and friends had called to inquire, and had written expressing the same anxiety. The news from Paris to-day is very alarming. It is said that the soldiers have killed large numbers of unarmed citizens in the streets, whose only crime was, that they marched in procession crying out for peace and order; some of these butcheries occurred in the immediate neighborhood of our hotel in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, and in the Rue de la Paix and Place Vendôme. Poor, doomed Paris seems to be on the eve of a terrible civil war!

*March 28th.*—The streets of London are absolutely thronged with beggars, so that it is painful to walk through them. I have many a time been arrested by the striking appearance of many of these beggars, and regretted I had not the ability to sketch them, such impersonations of utter misery and wretchedness my fancy never painted; men and women in filthy rags scarcely sufficient to cover their nakedness. When the winter was at its height and the weather most severe I have seen such squalid shivering wretches,

some without hats and shoes. It is impossible to relieve such a multitude, and it is almost agonizing to turn a deaf ear to their cries.

*April 9th* (Sunday).—I attended the church of the great Dr. Cumming, and was completely wrapped up in a sermon he preached on Revelation xx., 5, 6. His running commentary on a chapter he read in the Gospel of St. John (xx.) was full of instruction and intensely interesting. In these commentaries, he seems to select the minutiae of the narrative to dwell on, and he certainly makes everything very clear; this was the case in reference to the “napkin” and “the linen clothes” in the seventh verse—details in the narrative which I never attached much importance to, but which he turned into strong proofs of the truth of the Resurrection of our Lord.

*April 11th.*—On the invitation of Mr. T. W. Cook I went to visit the office of the *Times* on an order of Mr. Walters, the proprietor. We were told we would be conducted through all the rooms except that which contains the machinery and presses, to which strangers are not admitted under any circumstances whatever.

The room in which the *Times* is printed is very spacious, and its entrance is closely guarded. There are several presses in it; at the back of each there is a roll of paper, which passes through the press and is simultaneously printed on both sides. Each of these rolls makes three thousand seven hundred copies of the paper, which are printed in sixteen minutes! The whole length of each roll is upward of four miles! and the whole number of copies printed between midnight and early dawn is seventy-two thousand. We saw the *Mail* in process of being printed on the same presses. the *Mail* is a semi-weekly journal, and contains news and some of the leading articles from the *Times*; it is equal in size of sheet to that journal.

There were folding machines in operation in an adjoining

room, which work with wonderful accuracy and rapidity in folding the papers and preparing them for distribution.

There are three hundred men employed in the establishment, exclusive of the vast corps of reporters, editors, and others.

We were shown a volume of the *Times* for the year 1801, which is absolutely insignificant in every respect when placed alongside the colossus of the present day.

*April 16th* (Sunday).—A very stormy day ; remained in till evening, and went to hear Archbishop Manning—text, John xx., 29. The sermon throughout was a plea for papal infallibility and the temporal sovereignty of the Pope ; it scarcely touched on the subject of the text. The Reformation was assailed and roughly handled. The preacher said that Christianity and civilization had retrograded since the “so-called Reformation.”

The insurrection in Paris was also discussed, and the “sac-rilegious” leaders of it (especially Rochefort) were handled without gloves. The audience was large, each person occupying a chair for which he paid threepence.

*April 23d* (Sunday).—Heard Dr. Cumming ; text, Isaiah i., 18. This is most decidedly one of the finest sermons I ever heard, clear, logical, convincing, and most beautiful. Original and full of learning, and at the same time there ran through the whole discourse such a charming simplicity, both in its matter and the manner of delivery, that I was entirely satisfied. The preacher read the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, on which he commented with singular power and beauty.

In the course of the sermon he used, by way of illustration, the Parable of the Lost Sheep, and rendered it in an entirely original style with great force and beauty.

*May 7th* (Sunday).—A beautiful day. Wife accompanied me to hear Rev. Dr. Cumming. Text, John xvii., 17 : “Thy word is truth.” A very learned and interesting sermon. He

said that the British Bible Society have translated the Bible into two hundred and fifty-two different languages; the American Bible Society into two hundred and forty-three languages, among them the Arabic, so that one hundred and fifty million of Arabic-speaking people can read it.

In the afternoon wife and I went to Bunhill Fields Burying Ground, which contains one hundred and eight thousand human bodies within an area of less than four acres. Some distinguished men repose here, among them John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Daniel Defoe, George Fox, many of the Cromwell family, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Dr. John Owen, and Thomas Stothard.

Went again in the evening and heard Dr. Cumming. Text, Matthew xxv., 6: "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." A sermon of great power and beauty. Alluding to the doctrine of "election," he said that multitudes of Christians were distressed about it; it was very simple: "You elect Christ to be your Saviour, and He elects you." What a simple solution, thought I, of a knotty point in theology that has puzzled me all my life. I accepted it as the true solution.

*May 11th.*—We visited the great International Exhibition and the new Albert Hall. Spent several hours and were delighted. The collection of paintings is immense, and comprises some very fine ones. "Albert Hall" is a colossal building; it contains the largest organ in the world; can accommodate sixteen thousand, and seat twelve thousand.

*May 14th (Sunday).*—Wind easterly and chilly; went with Mr. Buchanan to hear the Rev. Donald Fraser on the Book of Psalms, a sermon of great power.

*May 15th.*—Started for Malvern at 2.30, reaching the "Imperial Hotel" at 6.34 P.M.

*May 16th.*—Wife and I walked to the village of Great Malvern, about a mile, all the way up hill, but full of interest and beauty at every turn. We visited the "Priory or Abbey

Church," an ancient building, but could not get in. This has been a charming day ; we are delighted with our new quarters.

*May 18th.*—I left Malvern at 4.46 P.M., and arrived at the "Northwestern Hotel," Liverpool, a most excellent house, at 10.15.

*May 20th.*—On board the *Scotia*, bound for New York, and at 10 A.M. we weighed anchor and steamed down the river in the face of a stiff and cold westerly wind.

The run of the steamship *Scotia* from Liverpool to New York : Sailed at 9 A.M. May 20, reached Queenstown at 7.30 A.M.:

May 21st, distance		220 miles.
" 22d,	the run since yesterday, 12 M.	260 "
" 23d,	" "	315 "
" 24th,	" "	260 "
" 25th,	" "	282 "
" 26th,	" "	307 "
" 27th,	" "	320 "
" 28th, Sunday,	" "	291 "
" 29th,	" "	337 "
" 30th,	" "	345 "
Anchored at Staten Island at 10 P.M.		150 "
		<hr/> 3,087 "

*May 26th* (sixth day at sea).—I had a talk with a very precocious boy (fellow-passenger), from Beverly, Massachusetts. He told me about his travels in Malta, Italy, and Germany, and about the people and languages of those countries ; he said that the Maltese speak a mixture of Arabic and Italian ; that he had learned to speak a little of the Italian, but could not master the German. His accounts of what he has seen are remarkably interesting, and told in a correct and clear flow of words. I think he is the most precocious child I ever saw or heard of ; everybody is interested in him. Dr. Smith, when passing his room, saw him reading a book ; went in, and found it was the New Testa-

ment ; the child took no notice of the doctor's entrance until the doctor said he was glad to see him reading so good a book, to which the boy replied, " What are you doing in my room ? Leave it if you please !" as if offended at having his devotions disturbed.

*May 27th* (eighth day at sea).—This has been one of the most uncomfortable days I ever spent at sea. We reached the southern end of the Great Bank early in the morning, and were enveloped the whole day in a dense fog, with the sea running very high ; several times we shipped tons of water, which kept the ship very wet all day. The passengers wore a sullen and desponding aspect, and all their life and spirit seemed to forsake them. About 9 in the evening the temperature moderated and relieved our minds from the apprehension of dangers from icebergs. During part of the day the air was very cold and the water was at thirty-five Fahr., which indicated the near presence of ice, but the steamer's rate of speed was not changed, and the fog seemed to gather thicker and faster. I retired at 10.30 and spent a wakeful night. The ship labored against a very heavy wind and sea, and several times the sea made a clean sweep over the decks ; the blows of the waves made the vessel stagger and tremble from stem to stern, and some of the passengers averred that we struck an iceberg in the night.

*May 28th* (Sunday,—ninth day at sea).—The sea continued to run very high and the ship labored against head winds. The thermometer fell suddenly almost to freezing, and I found it almost impossible to get warm. At 10.30 a large company collected in the saloon for Divine worship, which was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Alsop, an Episcopal clergyman of Rye, Westchester County. The text was Acts xiii., 48, from which an excellent sermon was preached.

*May 29th.*—The whole of yesterday the precocious child Gardner, referred to above, was missed from the deck and saloon, and on inquiring this morning I was told that the

little fellow was in bed all day ; but he was so quiet that I did not hear him, although he is in the room next to mine ; he is afflicted with rheumatism, but suffers as quietly and submissively as a lamb.

I have been to see my dear little fellow-passenger, Wm. Amory Gardner, who is ill in bed, and have been reading stories to him in which he is much interested. The oftener I visit this child of seven years, the more I am astonished at the maturity of his mind. Most of the passengers notice him, and he is in danger of being spoiled by flattery.

All the passengers crowded to the lee side to catch a glimpse of the pilot and hear the latest news from Paris ; he brought dates to the 29th, telling us of the entry of the Versailles troops and of the burning of many of the finest buildings in the city, among them the Palais Royal, Palace of the Tuileries, the Louvre, etc.

*August 30th, 1871.*—Run of the steamer *Russia* from New York to Liverpool, starting at 2.45 P.M. from dock and 4.30 P.M. from anchorage, August 30th, 1871 :

August 31st, distance from Sandy Hook,	237 miles.
Sept. 1st, distance since 12 M. yesterday,	300 “
“ 2d, “ “	310 “
“ 3d, “ “	318 “
“ 4th, “ “	341 “
“ 5th, “ “	340 “
“ 6th, “ “	334 “
“ 7th, “ “	346 “
“ 8th, “ “ (estimated)	271 “

Arrived at Queenstown at 6.30 A.M. Reached Liverpool September 9th, at 7.30 A.M., distance from Queenstown, two hundred and forty-six miles. Whole distance run, three thousand and forty-three miles.

*August 30th.*—I embarked in the tender of the steamer *Russia* at the dock in Jersey City at 1 o'clock P.M., and sailed at 2.45 P.M. on my return to Europe.



### XXX.

Scotland again ; in the Highlands ; Gairloch ; Cawdor Castle ; Dunkeld ; Crieff ; Kinross ; Carlisle ; in Paris ; Orleans ; Bordeaux ; Pau ; Bayonne.

LIVERPOOL, *September 10th, 1871.*—Up at 6 ; a fine morning. Started for Nairn at 9.30, where I arrived at 2.30 P.M. Mrs. Buckham met me at the station. The “Highland Railway,” over which I travelled, passes through a magnificent region of Scotland. One of the most interesting parts of this route is the famous “Pass of Killiecrankie.” We traversed a country rich in romance and historical interest. Saw the ruins of Ruthven Castle, and also of many other strongholds of Highland chieftains.

Spent the rest of the day quietly with my wife and Mrs. and Miss McQueen, who have been her kind friends during my absence in the United States. The “Marine Hotel” where we are staying is a good and well-kept house.

*September 11th.*—At 10.30 the party (ourselves and Mrs. and Miss McQueen) started on an excursion to several places of interest in the neighborhood.

On our way to Darnaway Castle, a seat of the Earl of Moray (occupying the site of the old Castle of the Regent Murray, the brother of Mary, Queen of Scots, on which there now stands a great baronial hall, built in the time of Bruce), we passed Hardmoor Heath, where Macbeth and Banquo met the witches ; farther on is the village of Auldearn, near which was fought the famous battle between the Marquis of Montrose and General Hurry, in which the Cov-

enanters were defeated ; near this are the ruins of Inchook Castle, the seat of the Hays of Lockloy. We were admitted to the beautiful grounds of Darnaway Castle, but not to the castle itself, as we found nobody to answer the bell, so we drove through the fine estate to Dalvey, the seat of Mr. McLeod, the grounds of which are ornamented in the very highest style of Scottish gardening. There seems to be no end of the flower and fruit gardens and greenhouses ; there is also a very interesting museum in the grounds. Mr. McLeod was very kind and courteous ; accompanied by his chief gardener, we were conducted over the most beautiful grounds, eat of the fruits, and went to the mansion, where we were most agreeably entertained. We drove through the splendid parks of Mr. McLeod, on the way to Cawdor Castle, but found we could not reach it before the hour for closing the gates ; so we postponed our visit until another day, and went to the magnificent fruit and flower gardens and grounds elsewhere. Here we spent the rest of the day, and got some very fine fruits.

We returned to our hotel in time to dine at 6.30, highly delighted with our day's experience.

*September 12th.*—At 11 A.M. we started by rail to go to Strome Ferry, on the way to the Isle of Skye ; we reached the Ferry at 7.30, where we found a very comfortable hotel.

The Highland Railway traverses a region of rare magnificence and grandeur between Dingwall and Strome. The scenery is picturesque ; at one time the road runs through a splendid farming country, cultivated in a superior style ; in a few minutes we rush through heaths and moors, which are wild in the extreme, or skirt the bases of hills or mountains, whose sides are covered with mosses, ferns, and heather, or sometimes with a small growth of the larch, pine, or oak, here and there interspersed with the mountain ash, laden with its bright red clusters. At short intervals, the scenery is diversified with beautiful lochs or sheets of water, which form the

sources or outlets of rapid streams which abound in salmon and trout. We are in a Gaelic-speaking country, as the language we hear at the stations proves ; here, too, the Highland costume is adhered to ; great strapping fellows, with their bare legs half covered by kilts in the various tartans of the clans to which they belong, are seen walking about ; in short, we seem to be in another world. The railway reaches a height of about seven hundred feet above the sea level, where the air is sharp and keen, and then rapidly descends to the same level, where we find summer again. On the whole, this day's excursion has been most enjoyable.

*September 13th.*—Slept well ; up at 6 ; breakfast at 9. The day opens cloudy, with a glimpse of the sun now and then, giving promise of a fine day. The language spoken by a group of "lang-legged laddies gane wantin' their breeks," that are under our windows, is Gaelic. I asked an old kilted Highlander if he spoke English ; he answered, "Ay, a few, and a few Gaelic, too." I asked him if he was born in this country ; he answered, "Ay, and in the south, too."

Strome is beautifully situated on Loch Carron, surrounded by mountains rising gradually from the water. We have just returned from a ramble of two and a half miles over these magnificent heather-clad hills ; the air is most invigorating and exhilarating. We met some shepherds in their kilts and bonnets, who saluted us in Gaelic. As the day wore on, the clouds and fog crept up the mountain sides, and the sun burst forth in brilliancy and warmth. We gathered some different varieties of the most splendid heather, with a view to preserving them by pressure. We started from Strome Ferry at 2.30 P.M. in a steamer for Portree, in the Isle of Skye, distant thirty miles, where we arrived at 6 o'clock. The sail was full of pleasure, and the scenery of the island and its surroundings excited our admiration and amazement with its savage grandeur. Piles of lofty hills, many of them rising to the dignity of mountains, met our

vision as we turned out of one loch into another. The air was pure and bracing, and had a most exhilarating effect on us all. As we approached the land, we saw that the rocky and rugged surfaces were covered with rich and brilliant mosses, ferns, and verdure on which multitudes of sheep were feeding. We hear little else spoken on this island but Gaelic; the people are rough, but honest-looking and good-natured. Here, also, we saw lots of skye terriers, many of them very "beautiful." The "Portree Hotel" is a nice, clean, and well-kept house, and the landlord and landlady are kind and obliging.

*September 14th.*—Up at 6. A splendid morning; air a little sharp. Started at 9 to drive to Quiraing, distant twenty-two miles from Portree; the road lay through a region of singular beauty which is diversified by a wonderful variety of scenery, mostly mountainous, abounding in valleys, plots of which were in a high state of cultivation, and contrasted strangely with the rugged wildness of heath, bog, and moor which cover the greater part of the country. We passed lochs of fresh and salt water, and over streams and torrents which abound, and full of trout and salmon. Grouse are in great abundance here, and red deer also, but we saw none of the latter. There are many varieties of heather, some of which are exceedingly beautiful.

At Uig (pronounced Youig) we lunched (fifteen miles), and drove to Quiraing, arriving there about 2 P.M. In this place there is a group of needle-shaped rocks, which are said to be one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and these are the objects which attract the tourist in search of natural curiosities. The region has, no doubt, been volcanic, as the remains of a huge extinct crater still exist. The scenery here is wild and grand beyond description. We harnessed up our horses at 4.30 and returned to Uig, where we found a good dinner ready for us, which we enjoyed with keen appetites. Among the antiquities of this region are some Druidical stone

columns which stand on the bank of Loch Suizort. The inhabitants are a miserable looking set with but few exceptions, and live in low stone huts with thatched roofs ; some of these have no chimney, and the smoke poured out of the door and through the thatching in thick columns. The roads are splendid, and admit of a speed of ten miles an hour without much distress to horses. We reached home at 8, highly delighted with the day's excursion. We passed the burial-place of the heroine Flora Macdonald.

*September 15th.*—Up at 6 ; another perfect morning. We started at 9.30 to drive to Glen Slegachen and the Cuchullin Mountains ; the road is charming, and passes over a country which abounds in magnificent scenery. Behind us the celebrated "Storr Rock," with its group of towering, columnar peaks, is clearly visible, raising their sharp points until they pierce the clouds of fog that are rolling through and around them. On each side of us are high mountain ranges, with singularly shaped rocks like clustered pillars fringing their bases ; beyond, at a distance of nine miles, is the grand and majestic group of Cuchullin Mountains, so arranged that each towering giant seems to stand by itself, rising from the plain in impressive majesty. We were in full view of this group until we were completely surrounded by them, and almost felt overawed in their immediate presence. We alighted at the Slegachan Inn by the aid of its honest landlord, who gave us a Highland welcome. This is the only house in the whole glen ; we took our luncheon there, and were refreshed for a ramble with oaten cakes and ale.

It is not easy to describe this wonderful group of mountains ; they are, in fact, unique in form and the manner of their grouping. At one point, looking southwest, the tourist sees gigantic ranges forming a vista, with peak on peak, ascending and standing on both sides as far as the reach of vision, like so many colossal sentries keeping watch over the Western Isles. The highest of the Cuchullins is named the

Senir-na-Gillea and presents a most singular appearance ; a serrated range of high rocks exactly like an artificial wall passes entirely over the summit from base to base, as if thrown up by giants to check the invasion of giants. This whole region abounds in cascades, waterfalls, torrents large and small, and innumerable lochs filled with trout and salmon. The moors are filled with grouse and other game, including the red deer in large numbers. We sailed from Portree at 6.45 P.M., by steamer for Gairloch, where we arrived at 9.30 and were landed in a small boat. The "Gairloch Hotel" was more than full, so that, in spite of our precaution in writing two days ahead, we were thrown on the mercy of the landlord, as were also some twenty other tourists. As soon as the honest Highlander could gather his wits he sent a servant to show the way to a house where he proposed to lodge us. Miss McQueen accompanied me ; her mother and my wife remained to hear our report. We were conducted in the darkness, along what seemed to be the highway, for perhaps a quarter of a mile, when our guide struck off into a very narrow foot-path on the edge of a high and steep declivity, along which we scrambled up hill and down with great care, until we reached a glen through which a stream was gushing. We crossed on what seemed a corduroy bridge to a rugged and stony path which led down a very steep place, at the bottom of which we rebelled, and declared we would go no farther, as the "two old ladies" could not possibly take such a journey for a bed. So our guide led us back to the hotel, where an arrangement was finally concluded between the landlord and a party, who had several rooms, to give up one of them, and the three ladies resolved to bundle in together, while I was conducted over the same path I have just attempted to describe to a stone cottage at the end of a deep and dark ravine, where I got to bed at 11.30 and slept as soundly as I ever did in my life.

*September 16th.*—Up at 6 ; the morning is perfect ; my

window opens on the loch, which is all aglow with the rising sun. Flocks of sheep are feeding on the hillsides, which rise from the loch, and stretch away to the north, until they attain the dignity of mountains ; the scene is almost enchanting. I dressed and walked back to the hotel, where I found the ladies up, and ready to begin the day. We started after breakfast (9 o'clock), in a carriage from Gairloch, to go to Achnasheen (twenty-eight miles), by way of Loch Maree, one of the largest and grandest of the Scottish lakes, along the borders of which we drove over a splendid road for a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles.

Gairloch is one of the most beautiful towns in the Highlands ; it is at the head of Loch-Gair, embosomed in trees of great variety, which afford most grateful shade ; the walks are numerous, leading at every turn to a new scene of great loveliness, the grass looks like velvet, and gives elasticity to the step. Mountain streams go murmuring over their rocky courses, till they are lost in the loch ; the heather and the fern diversify the landscape ; a hare darts across the path, and the grouse and pheasant start from their covers and disturb the solitude of the scene.

After leaving Gairloch, the road ascends and winds round a hillside, and then gradually descends and passes through a forest of larch, so lovely and picturesque at every turn as to defy description. Emerging from this, we were rapidly whirled over a plain environed on both sides by gently undulating hills, whose slopes were clad with the most luxuriant growth of heather and ferns, interspersed with beds of moss in light and dark shades of green, the whole forming one of the most unique and beautiful sights. Again we ascended a hill, and were soon winding along through a forest of beech, birch, and pine, with here and there a mountain ash laden with its clusters of brilliant crimson and orange colored berries. An hour's ride brought us in sight of the great mountain range, within which the lovely Loch Maree lies embosomed, and in

another half hour the loch itself comes in view, reflecting the peaks of the great guardians which surround it. Away flew our pair of Highland ponies down the smooth, steep road, directly in front of the lake, as if they sympathized with us in the exhilaration with which the scene inspired us. On we went until we reached the head of the lake, some twelve miles, and then, as if disappointed that the lovely and grand scene had come to an end, they slackened their speed, and entered the little village of Kinlochline, two miles beyond, to refresh for a new start. A more magnificent sylvan scene or succession of scenes my fancy never painted.

After an hour's rest and luncheon, we were off again for Achnasheen (ten miles), to the railway, where, after passing over a country of great beauty, full of grand and rugged mountain scenery and beautiful lakes, we arrived at 3 o'clock ; dined on Scotch broth and mountain mutton, and reached Nairn at 9 P.M. scarcely fatigued with our long day's journey, and highly delighted with our week's sights and experiences among the Hebrides and Highlands.

*September 18th.*—This afternoon we drove to Cawdor Castle, seven miles distant, and were shown through it by the house-keeper, who conducted us to what is called King Duncan's room in the great ancient tower ; but unfortunately for the romance of the thing, this tower, which is the oldest part of the castle, was built in the fourteenth century and Duncan was murdered in the eleventh century. We were nevertheless much pleased with the castle and grounds. The entrance is by a drawbridge and portcullis over a moat ; the entrance is defended by a cannon, which confronts the visitor with its frowning muzzle. Our guide showed us the great dining-hall, which had evidently just been vacated by the family, as the dinner or lunch table was set. This room is in the style of a fine old baronial hall of the fourteenth or fifteenth century ; the fireplace is large enough for a dozen persons, and the shelf of the mantelpiece is quite out of reach. We were



shown into other rooms which were all in the same style. The walls are of rough stone, simply covered with tapestries suspended from the ceiling and reaching to the floor. In one of the rooms the mantel, which is dated in the thirteenth century, has, among other curious devices in bas-relief, the head of a fox with a tobacco pipe in his mouth, which is rather puzzling, when we consider that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco long after that date. The grounds of the castle are very fine and are ornamented with splendid old trees and magnificent lawns, through which "Cawdor Burn," a beautiful stream, flows. I had a very fine view of the grounds and the surrounding country from the roof of the great tower, from which also can be seen the site of the ancient castle in which Duncan was murdered, and the ruins of other ancient castles. Our guide showed us the appliances for making molten lead, and the places through which it was poured on a besieging enemy; a mode of defence of the age in which the castle was built.

*September 19th.*—Up at 7; a very dull morning. We start at 10.40 to go to Blair Athole, and make excursions from that point. At 9, the long-threatening rain began to fall, and we have resolved to pass Blair Athole and go to Dunkeld.

After a most enjoyable ride on the Highland Railway we reached Dunkeld at 3 p.m., and drove to Birnam, a name rendered famous by Shakespeare, where we found an excellent hotel, the "Birnam." In passing over the railway, I again examined the famous Killiecrankie Pass, where the English army, in the time of William and Mary, was defeated by a comparatively small body of Highlanders, with fearful slaughter. It is a wild and rugged region, with gigantic mountains rising abruptly from deep, dark glens through which angry torrents rush with great violence over their rocky beds. The "Birnam Hotel" is a large and fine stone building, rather imposing in appearance externally, but, like

many other buildings of this class in the kingdom, badly arranged internally. The sleeping rooms are rather cramped, while the dining-room is in imitation of a great baronial hall in the olden times ; it is seventy-five or eighty feet long by perhaps fifty feet wide, with a peaked roof at least forty feet in height, with huge oaken timbers, in the groined style, stained dark brown and relieved with a little gilding and high colors. It is, indeed, a very grand hall and furnished in a style of corresponding grandeur, in which two hundred might dine at once, whereas the whole establishment can accommodate only thirty-five or forty, all told.

After an excellent luncheon, we drove in a phaeton to Murthly Castle, the seat of the late Sir William Drummond Stuart, four miles distant, half of which was through the grounds and parks of this lordly estate, when, on a sudden turn, the great castle came full in view at the end of a lawn of immense length and loveliness, skirted on each side with double lines of grand old trees.

The castle, which is some forty years old, is the largest I ever saw, and built in a style of architecture quite new to me (something like the Elizabethan) ; it is surrounded by a great number of towering roofs, each crowned with a cross, and looks at a distance like a group of castles, presenting a grand appearance. The late baronet finished the exterior, but not the interior, and it seems likely to remain in its present condition until some successor can be found, who must possess immense wealth to finish and furnish it. The ancient castle stands near the new one, and forms an irregular group of old and new buildings of great extent. The flower and fruit gardens are surrounded by high stone walls, and are in a state of magnificent cultivation. The grounds are very extensive, comprising mountain, hill, dale, and water scenery, with parks extending many miles, and lawns of exquisite beauty. The whole are ornamented by a great variety of trees, including most of the pine species, the birch, oak and

others in great variety. The undergrowth is beautifully diversified with ferns, heathers, grasses, and mosses in great variety of shades and colors, from which the pheasant, grouse, black-cock, hare, and squirrel start suddenly and dart across the path. Many of the walks are of the finest and softest grass, kept closely shorn and rolled, so that the footprint is plainly visible ; these grass walks beguile one into long rambles ; they are so soft to the tread that, with their beauty and elasticity, it costs no expenditure of strength to traverse them for long distances. Where the ground rose abruptly, sodded flights of steps were made, and in some places, the surface was graded to afford a long level walk, and walled up on both sides with elaborate masonry. Many of the walks were margined by rows of massive Norway pine, and others with the beautiful fir, others, again, with the laurel growing to great height in rich and strong trees, which, when in bloom, must add immensely to their beauty.

There is a fine chapel in the grounds, in which, during the life of the late baronet, service in the Roman Catholic form was held. Our guide told me that the great painting over the altar cost between three thousand and four thousand pounds, and that the fitting up was in the most expensive style. In the rear of this there is a mortuary chapel in which the family has been buried for many generations ; in it Sir William was buried. Opposite the new castle, and at the other end of the great avenue which conducts to it, there is a very magnificent stone arch which makes a fine appearance. On the grounds there is a vast amount of expensive architecture and masonry, such as viaducts, aqueducts, and walls. As a whole, I think this is one of the finest and most expensive estates we have visited.

*September 20th* —A rainy morning. In the house all the morning ; at 12 went out and bought some little souvenirs of the place in woods, cut from the "Birnam Wood."

After luncheon drove to the Cathedral at Dunkeld, a fine

ruin of the thirteenth century, surrounded with magnificent grounds and splendid trees on the bank of the beautiful River Tay. In these grounds the dowager Duchess of Athole lives in a small and very unpretending house, between the ruins and the river. Thence, we drove to the Rumbling Bridge, and saw the Tay tumbling over its rocky bed in an angry torrent. After returning to the hotel, we walked through its beautiful grounds to the bank of the river, near which stand two gigantic trees, said to be one thousand years old, and the only survivors of the celebrated "Birnam Wood." The rain continued, and we remained in the hotel most of the day.

*September 21st.*—Took a short ramble, and at 12.10 started for Perth, to go to Crieff; arrived at Perth at 1, lunched, and remained till 4.25, and took rail to Crieff; arrived at the "Strathearn Hydropathic Establishment" at 5.30, where we found a single room which we were told we could have only till to-morrow, when it would be occupied. The rules of this establishment are peculiar. Among them are the following: "A fine of one penny for being late—which means after grace—at meals; and the same fine for discussing diseases at the table. Family worship is held morning and evening, and grace before meat at every meal. No wine or liquor, and no mustard or pepper are allowed, and no tobacco on any account whatever." In all other respects the house is in the usual hotel style.

The country between Perth and Crieff is exquisitely beautiful, and abounds in magnificent scenery, and is in a very high state of cultivation.

*September 22d.*—The view from our window is picturesque in the highest degree. The hotel occupies an eminence, which has an uninterrupted view over an extensive valley to high ranges of mountains on all sides. The whole country looks like a garden, divided into sections by rows of magnificent trees, with streams flowing in several directions.

Breakfasted at 8.30 ; each guest finds his plate of oatmeal porridge before him, with a hard-boiled egg ; these finished, he is helped to tea or cocoa, with bread, butter, and cold meats. At the end of the meal, the amusements of the day and evening are announced ; and all adjourned from the coffee-room to the drawing-room, where a psalm is sung, a chapter read, a short prayer is made, and the family disperses.

I went to the town to look for lodgings, but not liking the hotels, determined to go to the Bridge of Allan this afternoon.

We departed by the train at 4.10 P.M., and reached the Bridge of Allan, where we put up at the "Royal Hotel," an old and excellent house.

The country through which we passed was very beautiful, and in a high state of cultivation. The rain continued all day.

*September 25th.*—A beautiful mild morning. Started off at 10 to visit Kinross, thence to Loch Leven, and the ruined prison of Mary, Queen of Scots. Stopped at the Rumbling Bridge, which crosses the Devon, where we had a view of the roaring cataract.

Reached Kinross at 4, and proceeded at once to the loch, where we were rowed to the island on which Loch Leven Castle stands, about one mile from the mainland. The loch is a beautiful sheet of water, about four miles long and one and a half wide, with little islands interspersed through it, one of which, and perhaps the largest of all, is that on which the castle stands. It contains seven acres, and is beautifully covered with a variety of fine trees and an undergrowth of rich grasses and ferns. On the highest point stands the ruins of a square tower, four stories high, of solid masonry, with walls six feet thick, and round towers on each of the outer corners. A high stone wall of great thickness, completely surrounded by a parapet, encompasses the fortress. At the southwest corner stands a round tower, in which Mary was kept a close prisoner. Within the walls

various ruined buildings are to be seen, with dark, dungeon-looking subterranean vaults beneath them. It was from a window of this tower that Mary is said to have escaped. Within the enclosure there is quite a large area, which now contains a few old trees, and is covered with a beautiful growth of grasses and mosses. We ascended the dilapidated stone stairs leading to the top of the wall, and walked round the whole circumference, from which we had some very fine views of the lake and surrounding country. In the distance was to be seen the hazy outline of the Ochill range of mountains, stretching from north to south, as far as the eye could reach, and on the other side the group of the Lomonds raised their heads in majestic grandeur. In whatever direction the visitor looks, he sees spread out before him a panorama of beauty and sublimity. I was unable to learn the date of this castle, but it seems to be agreed to be of great antiquity, and probably the creation of a Pictish king. It was an old building in Mary's time, and had often been used as a refuge by herself and other sovereigns of Scotland in times of danger.

I have said that there are several ancient trees on the island ; among them there is a venerable ash, said to be anterior to Mary's time, which still lives and flourishes in spite of the violence done to it by lightning many years ago. The ancient garden spot of the castle still remains, but without cultivation. A stone marks the place where, until a few years past, a hawthorn grew which was planted by the unfortunate Queen. The mosses of this lovely island are exceedingly rich, and the ivy mantles the ruined walls with a freshness and verdure which seem to mock their antiquity. We would gladly have lingered a while longer in this interesting place, where a strange enchantment takes possession of the mind and carries it back to the sixteenth century, but the sun was setting behind the mountains, and we were admonished to return to Kinross.

This village, or rather town, of about two thousand inhabitants, has nothing attractive about it, aside from its being the county seat of Kinross-shire, one of the smallest counties in the kingdom, having a population of only nine thousand. On our way to Loch Leven we passed in full view of Cambuskeneth Abbey, of which little more remains than the tower, near which is the tomb of James the Third and his Queen.

We also visited the Rumbling Bridge, so called from the tremendous roar of the River Devon, which has torn its way through the rocks here and pours its torrents over them in an angry cataract. The rocks in the deep and gloomy glens are covered with lichens, or matted with creeping vine-like plants, which grow and are kept fresh and green by the spray with which they are kept constantly wet. We also passed in full view of Castle Campbell, a magnificent ruin (the Castle of Gloom, as it was called in the olden time); it is seated on an eminence in the Ochill range of hills, skirted by a thick dark forest on both sides, and looks almost inaccessible. A little beyond Aloa stands the grim structure known as Clackmannan Castle, said to have been a stronghold of Robert Bruce.

We had a grand view of the great national monument erected to the illustrious Wallace, as we drove along the base of Abbey Craig, the summit of which it crowns. This is, indeed, a grand and most fitting memorial to the man who looms up in history as the grandest and most noble Scotsman that ever lived. The monument is in the form of an ancient baronial tower, and is surmounted by an open crown. The Abbey Craig, on which it stands, is five hundred feet above the plain, and the monument is two hundred and twenty feet in height, and it forms a prominent object visible for many miles. It occupies a site of some of the great exploits of this truly great Scotsman.

*September 26th.*—Wife and I started to walk to Dunblane

and Kippenross, two and a half miles along the banks of Allanwater. The day was lovely and cool ; we had a charming walk, but the ground was a little damp, especially in the wood on the bank of the stream ; besides, we lost our way and wandered a great distance before we got back to the right path.

On reaching Dunblane we visited the ruins of the Cathedral, one of the finest examples of pure Gothic in the land ; nothing can be finer than the stone-work of the interior, especially of the end window. The tower is Norman ; the date is uncertain, but supposed to be during the reign of Duncan the First. A portion of the oaken stalls, beautifully carved, is still preserved ; there are also some very interesting monuments, with effigies of bishops and noblemen in reclining postures.

When I was here in early life I was only six years old ; most of the scenery seemed quite new, but there were places and objects which I recognized, especially the Cathedral, the Bridge, and Allanwater, which had many charms for my eyes. The old Paper Mill is gone, and in its place is a large new one, worked partly by water and partly by steam.

*September 27th.*—We intended to go to the battle-field of Bannockburn to-day, but the rain is falling in torrents, with no prospect of clear weather, so we resolved to start off to Edinburgh, which we did by the noon train and arrived at 2 P.M.

On the way, we passed the field of that celebrated battle fought in 1314, by Edward the Second of England, with an army of one hundred thousand, and Robert the First of Scotland, the renowned grandson of Robert Bruce, with an army of forty thousand. This great battle settled the question in favor of Scotch independence. Edward was routed, with thirty thousand of his men slain, while four thousand only of the Scotch army fell. We passed also in sight of the battle-field of Falkirk, where that noblest patriot of all, William



Wallace, fought and was defeated. We also passed Linlithgow Palace, memorable chiefly as the birth-place of poor Mary.

*October 6th.*—A fine morning; up early and off to Carlisle. We started at 10.15, by the Caledonian Railway, passing over a magnificent country with hills, mountains, plains, valleys, rivers and lakes all the way to Carlisle, one hundred and one miles, where we arrived at 1.15, and put up at the "County Hotel," an excellent house just at the station.

After luncheon we drove to the Cathedral and the castle, both of them places of interest. The Cathedral was founded in the twelfth century and has been greatly renovated. The interior is beautiful, and among its tombs of interest is that of Dr. Paley. There are several of the ancient sedilia and portions of oaken screens carved by the monks still remaining.

The castle is chiefly interesting in having been one of the prisons of Mary, on her flight from her rebellious subjects after the battle of Langside. We drove out of the city a short distance to an eminence, from which we had an excellent view of Carlisle. We skirted the bank of the River Eden, which in one of its bends almost encircles an extensive and magnificent meadow of the richest pasture. An immense flock of beautiful white sheep was quietly feeding on this lovely meadow, forming one of the most charming pastoral scenes. Afterward we drove through this ancient city, which has nothing remarkable about it except the Cathedral and castle.

*October 7th.*—The London and Northwestern Railway passes through a beautiful country abounding in hill and valley scenery, watered by numerous clear and rapid streams, and alive with flocks of sheep and cattle.

We passed through Penrith, Lancaster, Preston, and other interesting places, and saw some ruined castles which have figured in the early history of the country.

*October 18th.*—11 A.M. started for London, arrived at 6

P.M., and found our old rooms ready for us at "Storey's Hotel," fire burning, and dinner table set.

*October 28th.*—We started at 12.45 for Folkestone, and arrived at 3.30.

*October 30th.*—Went early and engaged a deck cabin for my wife (No. 2), as we shall cross to Boulogne to-morrow, unless it is very stormy. Started at 10.20 to go to Canterbury to see the Cathedral; spent four hours there, and was much pleased.

*October 31st.*—Windy morning to cross the channel. At noon we embarked, and at 2.30 landed at Boulogne after a rather rough passage, and went to the "Hotel des Bains," which we found to be an excellent house.

In the afternoon took a stroll through Boulogne, visited the Cathedral, a beautiful building in the Italian style, with a very fine interior and a high altar which are quite unique. Also saw the ancient castle, and the Column erected to commemorate the attempt of Napoleon the First to invade England, in 1804, with an army of one hundred and eighty thousand men, and two thousand five hundred transports.

Passed the Custom House without trouble. I noticed some fifteen or twenty women, all past middle life, many of them dressed in black, who acted as porters; after the baggage was passed, they took it, and putting it upon small hand-carts, carried it to the baggage vans. The ease with which they lifted and handled large and heavy trunks and cases was surprising.

*November 1st.*—Boulogne, "Hotel des Bains." Winter is fairly upon us; the morning is very cold; a thick white frost covers the ground. We started at 1.30 P.M., and we reached Paris at 6, after a very pleasant ride.

It was after dark when we entered the city, and we were struck with the unusual aspect of gloom which prevailed. The shops were nearly all closed, and only every other street lamp was lighted. The gas is not as brilliant as on our visit

a little over a year ago. The boulevards are dull and deserted, and the people look sad and gloomy.

*November 2d.*—Took a stroll through part of the city ; visited the ruins of the government buildings on the Rue de Rivoli, near the Rue Royale, of the Palace of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the fallen column of the Place Vendôme, the Louvre, and other places. These places present scenes of terrible destruction.

*November 3d.*—Visited the Madeleine, which is not much damaged ; there are several fractures in the grand columns of this magnificent temple. In my walk through Paris many signs of the revolution during the reign of the Commune are seen ; large plate-glass windows in great numbers broken by bullets, in some cases pierced with round bullet holes ; in others the plates are entirely broken, and repaired for temporary use. I also saw several mirrors in shops with musket-ball holes in them. I think it will be long ere Paris recovers from its desolation, and the poverty entailed by the war.

*November 4th.*—We drove to see some of the ruins of Paris, such as the Palace of the Minister of Finance, the Palace of the Tuileries, Place Vendôme, etc. We noticed a very marked change in the people ; their characteristic vivacity is gone, they look sad and thoughtful, instead of, as formerly, gay and frivolous. The city lacks its usual bustle and activity, there are not so many vehicles in the streets and boulevards, and many of the shops are closed.

*November 5th (Sunday).*—On the way home from service we went into the Cathedral of Notre Dame ; it was twilight, the effect of which was very fine in the grand interior. Vespers were being said, and the chanting of female voices accompanying the organ, seemingly at a great distance from where we stood, was very impressive indeed.

We passed the ruins of the Hotel de Ville and other once splendid buildings. What a sickening sensation came over

us none can fully understand but those who saw those fine buildings in all their magnificence of only a few months ago !

*November 6th.*—Strolled through those parts of the city which suffered most during the reign of the Commune ; things here present a terrible spectacle indeed—ruined and damaged buildings on all sides. In other places ruin and desolation were visible in multitudes of broken plate glass, some of it entirely destroyed, perforated with balls.

In the afternoon the weather grew mild and beautiful. We sauntered through the streets and boulevards, and returned to our hotel sick at heart with the desolation.

*November 7th.*—A beautiful morning, temperature much milder than for some days. Took a stroll with wife, and afterward drove through the Bois de Boulogne. The Bois presents a sad and desolate appearance ; much of the fine forest has been cut down, and the splendid places which once surrounded it on the westerly side are now in ruins. The great drive is more than half deserted, and the magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysées, which, on an afternoon like this, is wont to be crowded with the gayest equipages of the French capital, can be seen from end to end, with a straggling carriage here and there.

*November 8th.*—In the afternoon, we drove to Montmartre and Belleville the scenes of the principal outrages of the Communists last spring, where we saw many proofs of the horrors of intestine strife. From Montmartre we had a grand view of the City of Paris and its surroundings. At Belleville we visited the prison of the hostages, where hundreds of them, including the archbishop and other church dignitaries of Paris, and a great number of priests, were massacred in cold blood. Afterward we drove to the principal ruins, walked through the Garden of the Tuileries, and had a full view of the ruins of that once grand and extensive palace, one thousand feet long, now a shapeless mass !

In the evening, Pierre Franceschi called and offered himself as a courier for Spain ; had a talk with him, and he is to call again to-morrow evening.

*November 9th.*—Went with wife to the Museum of the Luxembourg, and enjoyed the paintings and other objects of art ; among the paintings is one by Paul Delaroche, representing the death of Queen Elizabeth—a very striking picture, full of horror and remorse.

I engaged Pierre Franceschi as our courier for Spain, to begin on the 15th of the month, and to run for one month at a time only.

Our old and much-esteemed friend of the Nile, M. Louis Menard, called ; delighted, as usual, with his visit.

*November 14th.*—A foggy, chilly day. At 5.30 we dined, having Louis Menard as our guest, who entertained and instructed us with his conversation. He is full of learning, and pours it out with the simplicity of a child ; he is devoid of conceit, and perfectly truthful and guileless. His defective English, though sometimes not easy to be understood, adds a charm and interest to his talk. He believes that France is dead and buried, and proves it, at least to his own satisfaction, by analogy with Greece, Rome, Italy, and Spain. He says the arts and sciences will cross the channel to England, and continue their course westward to America. He is firm in the belief that France has been punished for her sins, and quoted Scripture texts, with which he is very familiar, to sustain his theory.

*November 16th.*—Not a very promising day for travelling, but as it did not rain and the weather was mild, we started off for Orleans at 10.45 A.M. After an interesting trip of two and a half hours over a beautiful part of the country, showing here and there the desolating marks of war, we reached the ancient City of Orleans, which is famous in history from the time of Attila to its conquest by the Germans in 1870, '71 ; our courier took us to the " Hotel St. Aignan,"

one of the dirtiest we ever put up at and with but few comforts. After luncheon we drove to see the Cathedral, a magnificent Flamboyant structure, the oldest in the city ; we also visited the three monuments erected to the "Maid of Orleans" (Joan of Arc), the house in which she lived, the houses of Francis the First, Diana of Poitiers, and Agnes Sorel ; we also visited the Museum, which is chiefly devoted to archæological curiosities, many of them of great antiquity ; we drove across the magnificent bridge which spans the Loire, and then to our hotel, much pleased with the afternoon's excursion. In the evening I visited the ancient Church of St. Pierre le Puellier during the performance of vespers. I could not help being struck with the absence of tawdry ornaments, such as drapery, images, pictures, and other things of that sort, which usually crowd Roman Catholic cathedrals and churches. The high altar was rich and elegant, but free from the ordinary decorations of tinsel.

*November 17th.*—A rainy morning. Took a ramble through a part of the city and bought photographs of the Cathedral, equestrian statue of "Joan of Arc," and the "Source of the Loire." At 11.45 we started for Tours, seventy-one miles, and arrived at 3, putting up at the "Hotel de l'Univers," an excellent house. The railway from Orleans to Tours traverses a country of great beauty, and under a high state of cultivation ; most of the land is used for raising grapes for wine. That portion of the route which lies along the shores of the beautiful River Loire is especially attractive and interesting. The railway carriages in every part of France are the best in the world ; they are the most luxurious. After lunch we drove to the Cathedral, a fine old building in the Flamboyant style, with some magnificent painted glass. We also visited the Church of Notre Dame la Riche, a beautiful old building, recently restored, and after a drive through part of the city, returned to our hotel.

*November 18th.*—A clear, but very cold morning. Went

out to walk, and visited the Tower of Charlemagne, and the Tower of St. Martin, the only remains of the vast Cathedral of St. Martin, which was founded in A.D. 340. Under the Tower of Charlemagne, the wife of that emperor lies buried. These towers are of very rude style of architecture, and seem to belong to the barbarous ages. We also visited a small vault under a very ancient church (Notre Dame la Riche), where it is said that St. Gatianus preached Christianity to the Gauls in A.D. 251.

We afterward rambled through the principal street of the city and the great square through which the Loire flows. This is a beautiful city ; it stands in the midst of a lovely and highly cultivated country. We started at 2.51 for Bordeaux. The railway passes over a charming country, very thickly settled and prosperous, judging from the numerous splendid chateaux and beautiful and tasty farm-houses with lovely grounds and gardens. The whole country, from Paris to this point, may be said to be a picturesque moving panorama. At Angoulême we dined, having twenty-five minutes allowed, and continued our journey to Bordeaux, where we arrived at 10.30 P.M., and drove to the " Hotel de France."

*November 19th* (Sunday).—This afternoon Nadar ascended in his monster balloon accompanied by several persons ; the ascent was made in front of our windows. The day was very clear but intensely cold, and a great multitude assembled to witness the ascent. The balloon, which is said to be the largest and most magnificent that was ever made, began to rise at 3.30 P.M. about one hundred and fifty yards from our windows, so that we had a perfect view of it. At first it moved up very slowly, and we could clearly see the persons who occupied the car. A more majestic object I never saw ; it remained in view only a few minutes, and was carried over our hotel out of sight. I should think there were at least twenty thousand people collected in the grand " Quai

Louis Eighteenth " to witness this fine sight. All the shipping in the Garonne seemed alive with people from the ship's decks to their yards and top-masts. The Garonne, on which Bordeaux stands, is a wide and deep river, so that vessels of the largest class reach the city from the sea, which is sixty miles distant.

*November 20th.*—After lunch we drove to the following places: The Jardin Declamation, the Cathedral, the Church of St. Michel, and the Church of St. Croix. The garden is a beautiful public park with fine trees, flower-beds, lawns, ponds, and a grand conservatory. The Cathedral is an elegant and ancient structure, said to be of the twelfth century. The Church of St. Michel, with its magnificent and graceful tower standing apart and opposite the main entrance to the church, is also a very beautiful building. In an adjoining house there is a collection of seventy-three mummies in a tolerable state of preservation, all on their feet, and forming a ghastly group. On the restoration of the church, they were removed from a vault, the earth in which was said to have conservative properties. These mummies are nearly six hundred years old, and have been in their present positions about seventy years, as the keeper told us; among them is a family group who, she said, died from eating champignons; a priest in his sacerdotal robes well preserved, a man who was said to have been buried alive, a story which his distorted form and horrid expression of face seemed to confirm. We hurried away from the revolting spectacle, chiding ourselves for having entered the cavern and giving encouragement to such an exhibition. We next drove to the Church of St. Croce, which is said to be the most ancient in the city, attributed to the ninth century; the façade is certainly a curious combination of all orders of architecture, decorated with many nude human figures. The main hall has signs of great antiquity in the curious styles of its columns and capitals. The interior has been so entirely renovated as to leave but few traces of its former aspect. We



also visited the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, the only remains of Roman antiquity to be seen in the city. We closed the day with a drive on the vast quays, which gave us some idea of the immense commerce of Bordeaux.

*November 21st.*—A clear, cold morning. We started at 10.45 by rail for Arcachon, where we arrived at 12.30, and took rooms at "The Grand Hotel," a large and fine house. The country between Bordeaux and Arcachon is almost a continuous forest of pines, with here and there a clearing, for raising wheat or grapes ; the distance is thirty-five miles. Arcachon is a favorite watering-place, on the bay of the same name ; it is a new village, having been built in the pine woods only about ten years ago. We took a ramble through it to the Casino, a building in the Moorish style, which stands on a beautiful ridge, overlooking splendid marine and inland views. We are quite charmed with the place, and see nothing wanting to make it one of perfect enjoyment for pleasure-seekers : good air and every comfort for the invalid. Embedded as the village is in a pine region, both the air and the water are impregnated with resinous exhalations, which must be beneficial to persons inclined to diseases of the lungs and chest. The walks and drives are numerous and beautiful, and the shore is one of the finest and safest for bathing. The place is said to be filled in the season with a highly respectable class of French and English people. Commend me to Arcachon !

*November 22d.*—Up at 5.30 for an early start to Pau. Breakfasted at 7, and off by rail at 8. The country traversed is almost one continuous forest of pine, till we pass Morceaux, where cultivation begins and extends to Pau. The region is interesting, as connected with the religious wars of the sixteenth century between the Huguenots and the Roman Catholics. The scenery is magnificent ; the country is well watered and highly productive ; the rose and the magnolia are in full bloom, and we have

emerged from the cold of winter to the genial air of summer.

We reached Pau at 2 P.M. and put up at the "Hotel de France," where we found most excellent accommodations. In the afternoon I walked to the castle which is famed as the birthplace of the brave King Henry the Fourth. It is a grand old pile of ancient buildings, which have been so recently restored as almost to destroy their antique appearance. After an excellent dinner and a bottle of Jurançon wine we retired at 10, highly gratified with the sights and experiences of the day.

*November 23d.*—A cloudy morning, raining a little; air mild and soft. The summits of the distant Pyrenees are covered with snow. Took a ramble through the town; there are many Spanish peasants here from the Basque Province; they are distinguishable from the French peasantry by their costumes, which are bright and picturesque. After lunch we took a drive through the city and visited the ancient and time-honored castle, which dates from the beginning of the eleventh century. The whole building was restored and put in thorough repair by the late King Louis Philippe, who furnished it in a style befitting a royal residence. Bernadotte, the late king of Sweden, also contributed many things of value for the decoration of the castle. Bernadotte was a native of Pau, a saddler's son; he left Pau as a drummer-boy, rose in the ranks, became an officer, and finally was placed on the throne. The chamber in which "Bon Roi," Henri Quatre, was born is shown; in it is the cradle of the infant; it is a large tortoise-shell suspended by silken cords. The chambers used by Abdel Kader (undoubtedly the most remarkable man of the century), when he was brought to France as a captive from Algiers, and the suite of apartments used by the fugitive Queen Isabella, when she escaped from Madrid, are also shown.

We also took a walk on the Esplanade, or promenade, used

by the public ; it overlooks a vast extent of the valley of the River Gave, on the right bank of which Pau stands ; it has also a fine and most extensive view of the distant Pyrenees.

*November 24th.*—The sun rose clear, and the outline of the majestic Pyrenees was distinctly defined on the deep red sky. We have a very fine view of the great range on which our windows open, with nothing to obstruct it. About 9 the sun warmed up the air and landscape, making everything genial and bright. The valley is of a brilliant green, and the distant mountain peaks being covered with snow, winter and summer are thus strangely conjoined. At dinner, yesterday, our Nile acquaintance, the humane and patriotic Madame la Comtesse Rapp, sat opposite at table, and recognized us. We had a pleasant chat, and met her again after dinner, and continued the conversation about the Nile and "Pauvre France." She gave us a copy of the report published in reference to the Ambulance Department in Paris during the siege, according to which it appears that she acted the part of a heroine ; she went out with every *sortie*, and was on all the battle-fields, aiding the wounded, and placing them in her own ambulance, and nursing "my children," as she feelingly called them. She added, "Thank God, I did not lose one of them." When she heard that Mrs. Buckham was in Paris during part of the siege, she exclaimed : "How I wish I had known of it ! I would have taken care of you." In the evening she sent us a photograph of herself in different positions.

At 12 M. we started by rail for Bayonne, and arrived at 3 P.M.; visited the Church of St. André, which has nothing remarkable about it. We then visited the Cathedral, a building in the Gothic style of the eleventh century, ugly enough outside, but possessing great architectural elegance within ; some of the windows are magnificent. The cloisters are very venerable looking, but in a very dilapidated condition. We started for Biarritz in two carriages, one containing the

party, viz. : ourselves and some friends of New York, and the other the luggage. We arrived at 5.15, and put up at the "Hotel de France," an excellent house. Our windows overlook the magnificent beach, and the chateau of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The roar of the breakers as they roll in from the Bay of Biscay is incessant.

*November 25th.*—Another bright and balmy morning ; the murmur of the breakers put us to sleep last night and awoke us this morning. Before breakfast I walked to the emperor's chateau on the beach ; it is a large brick building, and stands on an elevated plateau overlooking the sea. It had been used as a hospital for the sick and wounded during the war, and accommodated two hundred. After breakfast we visited the chateau, and were conducted through its various grand salons and apartments by an old servant of the family, who explained everything to us. The lower floor of the main building and the wings were taken up with the State chamber ; in the centre, the chamber of audience, dining-hall, the emperor's study ; dressing, bathing, and bed-chambers, adjoining which were the chambers of the empress, and those of some of the gentlemen and ladies in attendance on their majesties ; the walls were covered with Flemish tapestries. One room was fitted with furniture used by the first Emperor Napoleon, whose marble bust also occupied a conspicuous position in the dining-hall. The second story was occupied by the prince imperial, the physicians in attendance on each of their majesties (three of them), some of the ministers and high officers of state, military officers of high rank, distinguished guests visiting the chateau, and ladies and gentlemen in attendance on the imperial family, besides two nieces of the empress. All these chambers were furnished with elegance and neatness, but not with splendor. The grounds around the chateau are rather bare, chiefly in lawn ; they contain a neat chapel, the imperial stables and carriage-houses, etc.

The rocks on the shore, with the sea dashing over them in magnificent columns of spray, present a very grand appearance, and, we thought, might have furnished a lesson to check the aspiring ambition of the emperor, whose thirst for conquest drove him from the throne and greatly injured France.

## XXXI.

Enter Spain ; San Sebastian ; Burgos ; Madrid ; Escorial ; Toledo ; Cordova ; Seville ; Cadiz ; Empress Eugenie ; Gibraltar.

*November 25th, 1871.*—At 1 P.M. we started by rail for San Sebastian, where we arrived at 3.30, and found good rooms at the “Fonda Ezairia.” At Irun, where we entered Spain, we changed cars, and were overhauled by the customs officials, who behaved very decently, and gave us no other trouble than simply to open some of our trunks ; they wore white gloves in handling the property of travellers.

The next day was Sunday ; the morning was beautiful, and the air soft and mild. Pierre, our courier, reported that he can find no Protestant church in this city. After breakfast we went to the Church of Santa Maria, where high mass was celebrated. The building was nearly full ; the organ was fine and well played. The exterior is in a style such as I never saw before, and the interior is equally indescribable. Immense sums must have been expended on this church, as its numerous altars, in a blaze of gilding and tawdry decorations, attest. There is nothing very remarkable about this city, and nothing peculiarly Spanish in the appearance of its houses and other edifices ; it is more like a French than a Spanish town. Its position is very fine, being built on a peninsula, and surrounded by high hills strongly fortified on their sides and summits. In the afternoon we walked to the Plaza, where a military band made very good music, and where we saw a great number of all classes and sexes.

*November 27th.*—A beautiful morning. After breakfast took a stroll outside the gate of the city, climbed the fortified heights, and had a splendid view of San Sebastian, the surrounding mountains, and the sea. Here is the great battle ground which was so desperately contested between the English and French armies, and which ended in the total rout of the latter and the burning of the town; this was in 1813, Wellington commanding the English forces. Behind these heights, are to be seen the graves of the English dead. The scenery from the heights is exceedingly diversified and beautiful, as is also the scenery in and about the city, when viewed from almost any point.

At the end of one of the streets stands the Cathedral of Santa Maria, and immediately behind it rise rocky heights, which are crowned with frowning fortresses. We visited the Cathedral again, and were conducted through it by a very civil fellow, who showed us the sacristy, the choir, and the organ gallery. A priest asked our courier where we were from, and on learning we came from America, he was disposed to be very polite; but on learning again that we came from the North, his politeness suddenly cooled and he bade us adieu. At 3 we started for Burgos, where we expect to arrive not later than 10 P.M.

Reached Burgos at 11 at night; a heavy rain was falling, and we found the change from our comfortable railway carriage to the fonda, or hotel, by no means agreeable. The houses have no fireplaces, the rooms are heated with braziers, and a very imperfect mode of heating it is, so we hurried to get to bed, but there we found no comfort, for though we had sufficient covering, the beds were hard and uneven.

The railroad from San Sebastian to Burgos passes through a magnificent country for the first sixty or seventy miles; it is beautifully diversified with mountain, hill, valley, and river scenery, and highly cultivated. The peasants were hard at

work in the fields. We noticed the peculiar mode of turning up the ground; it is done by a number of, say, four or five peasants standing abreast, each with a long-handled spade, which they raise simultaneously as high as their heads, and by a like motion drive the spades in the earth and turn up the ground by a united movement; much more work is done in this way than by single men working alone. As we proceeded on our journey and rose to higher levels in the mountain region the cold increased, a storm of wind, rain, and snow came on with fearful violence, as if it would blow the train from the tracks. We were finally housed at the "Fonda de la Rafaela."

*November 28th.*—After a restless and almost sleepless night, I got up and dressed at 6.30. The morning was cold and rainy. We heard the cries of the city watchmen, as they went on their rounds, during the whole night, and we got up but little refreshed by our night's rest.

After dressing in a cold and dreary room, heated very imperfectly by a brazier, we got our breakfast, and drove to see the Cathedral, which is indeed one of the grandest we have seen anywhere. The building is immense, and the nave is flanked by a number of large and magnificent chapels, in eight of which, it is said, different services can be conducted without disturbance to each other. The exterior is highly ornate. The building is crowned with several towers of great beauty, and the interior harmonizes wonderfully with the style of the exterior. The church is literally filled with sculptures, some of which are exceedingly fine. We were conducted through the sacristy, the extensive cloisters, and other parts of this wonderful edifice, which was founded in the thirteenth century. It is most interesting historically, and contains more works of art than most of the greatest museums of the world.

In the afternoon we drove to the Convent of Miraflores, two miles from Burgos, which was built by Isabella of Castile, a most interesting edifice with an immense monastery



attached to it, cloisters, and an endless variety of other buildings for religious uses. It is amazing what an amount of money must have been expended on the cathedrals, churches, and other ecclesiastical establishments of Spain ; no wonder the people are beggars. In the chapel of this great convent there is the most elaborate and splendid tomb I ever saw ; it is entirely of pure marble, and was erected to the memory of Juan the Second, and Isabella of Portugal, whose effigies in marble lie side by side on the top. The sculptures are marvels of art ; the other portions of the tomb are covered with a multitude of figures of men and animals, besides a great variety of other designs and devices, in the very highest styles of art. We afterward visited a monument erected to the memory of the Cid, which is remarkable for its ugliness. Then we closed the day by driving to the City Hall, and seeing the bones of the Cid and his wife, which are preserved in a glass case. At 6 we had as good a dinner as we have sat down to for some time, which agreeably disappointed us, in view of the bad repute which attaches to the hotels of the small towns of Spain.

At 10.30 P.M. we started by rail for Madrid. On reaching Valladolid, our friends Mr. and Mrs. L. and Miss B. bade us good-bye, intending to spend a day in that ancient capital and join us again in Madrid. We proceeded on our way, having the carriage to ourselves, and being more comfortable than in the brazier-heated chambers we had left, and arrived at Madrid and the "Hotel de Paris" at 9 A.M.

Day broke about 6 A.M., and showed us one of the roughest countries we ever were in. Mountains and hills abound, some of the highest covered with snow ; this scenery continued till we reached the far-famed Escorial, where there were signs of cultivation few and far between. The Escorial lies on the left of the road, at the foot of a range of mountains, and is a very prominent object. After visiting it, which we expect to do from Madrid (it is an hour and a half dis-

tant), I will attempt to describe it. Between the Escorial and Madrid there was little improvement in the country until we caught sight of the city, when it began to show more signs of cultivation. We reached the station at 8.30 and the "Fonda de Paris" at 9, where we were put into comfortable rooms overlooking the grand square.

*November 30th.*—Morning rainy. After breakfast we drove to the great galleries of paintings, where we spent the whole day, and it was, indeed, a day of the keenest enjoyment, among the best works of the greatest masters in the world—such as Murillo, Velasquez, Titian, Rubens, Correggio, Tintoretto, Raphael, Salvator Rosa, Paul Veronese, Guido Reni, Nicholas Poussin, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Holbein, Teniers, Claude Lorraine, Sassafioratto, and many others. I never saw such a collection, and I never left a gallery after spending six successive hours on my feet, gazing at works of art, without feeling worn out, until to-day. We afterward drove the entire length of the Prado, which is the grand avenue of the city, on which are built some of its finest edifices, and where some of its most beautiful fountains and other works of art are to be seen.

*December 1st.*—Another rainy morning, so we determined to spend the day in the picture gallery. Accordingly after breakfast Pierre drove us there, and we spent another six hours of the most perfect enjoyment among the works of the greatest masters that ever lived. There are two thousand paintings on the walls. Of these Murillo painted forty-six, Velasquez sixty-four, Raphael ten, Rubens sixty-two, Tintoretto thirty-four, Titian forty-three; besides an immense number by masters of almost equal fame. I never enjoyed myself so thoroughly among works of art as I have during these two days. We also visited the sculpture galleries, which are enriched with numerous specimens of marble, alabaster, and bronze statuary. I shall never forget the Museums of Madrid.

*December 2d.*—Pierre accompanied me in a stroll among the shops and bazaars, in a vain search for one or two little things. We were told that the shops in this capital were nearly equal to those of Paris, but our experience entirely disproved the assertion. The heavy rain soon drove us home; the spouts from the roofs of the houses are so arranged as to pour the water in heavy streams on the heads of passers-by, and few umbrellas can resist the weight of these heavy waterfalls.

*December 3d.*—A custom prevails in Spain at all the hotels which at first is somewhat annoying to ladies; it is that of smoking at the dinner-tables. As soon as the sweets are served the smoking begins.

*December 4th.*—Another dull morning, though not a rainy one; the air is chilly and penetrating. Wife ill in bed. Pierre and I went to the Royal Armory near the palace. We arrived when the guard was being changed and saw the performance; the military band was full and very fine, but the men marched badly. I was much pleased with the exhibition of arms, which comprise those of several centuries back, and give an excellent idea of the military history of the nation since the thirteenth century. The most interesting relics in the armory are coats of arms, casques, shields, helmets, and arms of Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, Francis the First, and of several distinguished naval and military men in the Turkish and other services. Several articles of warfare are here, which were worn by Turks in the celebrated battle of Lepanto. There is also a magnificent collection of Moorish arms and coats of mail, the sight of which brings vividly before the mind that bloody series of struggles between the Moors and the Spaniards, which terminated in the expulsion of the former from Spain.

Visited the royal stables, which contain about one hundred horses, some of them very fine, others so-so; among them some full-blooded Arabians. The horse used by the king in

all the battles of 1866 was there, a beautiful animal—bay. We next visited the coach-house, where there are one hundred and thirty-five carriages of all sorts, from the grand triumphal car and great state coaches to the pony phaeton ; many of these vehicles are superb. This great establishment is made up of a large number of buildings, covering an immense area and employing hundreds of persons, who all live within the enclosure and form a community by themselves, with a chapel and a school.

The palace is a very grand and imposing edifice, three stories high, and built on the edge of a hill overlooking the city and surrounding country. We afterward drove to the great national galleries of paintings and sculptures, which occupy a number of very large rooms, all lighted from the roof. There were many excellent pictures here, and a good many indifferent ones. I have seen a good portion of the city to-day ; it is laid out in tortuous, winding, and narrow streets, which are badly paved and far from being clean.

*December 5th.*—A clear but very cold morning. Got up at 6, breakfasted at 7, and started by rail at 8 for the Escorial, twenty-seven miles from Madrid, at the foot of a mountainous range called the Sierra de Guadarama. The country around Madrid is an extensive, sandy, stony plain, almost destitute of cultivation. As we approached the village of Escorial the surface was broken into rocky ridges and deep glens, with wild streams rushing through them. The mountains in the immediate neighborhood of the Escorial were covered with snow, but there was none on the surrounding plain. On reaching the station we were conveyed in a diligence to the "Hotel Miranda," distant about two miles. After breakfast we engaged a valet-de-place to conduct us through the eighth wonder of the world, as the Spaniards justly call the Escorial. Before seeing this stupendous structure I had heard and read so much about it that I thought I knew it well, but in this I was

altogether mistaken, as I soon found that no description or drawing can afford more than a very faint idea of the grandeur of this colossal monastery and palace. The Escorial was built by Philip the Second in the sixteenth century, and its style of architecture, and, indeed, everything about it, except the additions made to portions of the palace by Philips the Third and Fourth, tell, more strongly than language can, of the true character of its founder. The material used in building the outer and inner walls, and, indeed, nearly the whole edifice, is a gray granite, which gives it a severe, cold, and stern appearance, combined with vast strength and massiveness. The dimensions as given in the guide-books are as follows : Seven hundred and forty-four feet long from north to south, and five hundred and eighty feet from east to west. The edifice is a rectangular parallelogram ; the square covers three thousand and two feet, and a surface of five hundred thousand feet. Everything in this great mass of edifices is on a colossal scale. We entered the great court facing the village, which affords a full view of the whole length of the main building. The façade is almost naked as regards architectural beauty ; it may be said to be oppressively severe, as, indeed, are the other façades, though not to the same extent. The beholder has before him a front of seven hundred and forty feet in length, by between sixty and seventy in height, of solid granite, unbroken, except by the numerous windows and doors, which are small and disproportioned to the great surface, so that the building has more the appearance of huge barracks than of a palace ; but as soon as the visitor passes the first threshold he begins to be deeply impressed with the massiveness and grandeur of everything he sees. The inner like the outer walls are, as I have said, built of granite, each stone being of immense size ; in fact, I have seen no such stones in any modern building.

Stormouth says, " The Escorial is a vast and wonderful structure, comprising a magnificent monastery, a college, a

seminary, and a royal palace." Another authority says : "This is the largest and most superb structure in the kingdom and one of the most splendid in Europe. It is built in a dry, barren spot, and the name itself is said to signify 'a place full of rocks.'"—Encyclopædia. Still another writer says : "The Escorial was built by Philip the Second, in the shape of a gridiron, in honor of St. Lawrence. It contained the king's palace, St. Lawrence's Cathedral, the Monastery of Jeromites, the free schools, and the place of sepulture of the royal family of Spain. The entire surface of the region surrounding the Escorial is covered with scorix or products of combustion ; hence the name Escorial, as some suppose."

In the immediate neighborhood of the Escorial there is a high, rough, and barren hill, a bowl-shaped formation, perhaps an ancient crater, a most desolate and dismal surface. Here, it is said, Philip the Second resorted to superintend the building of the Escorial, in the construction of which such enormous, uncounted treasure was poured out that the "Golden Tower" at Seville, the store-house of the gold imported from South America in Philip's ships, was more than once emptied of its treasures to carry to completion the building of the Escorial.

The great dome of the Cathedral seemed to me even more grand and lofty than that of St. Peter's ; I was so fascinated by steadily gazing on its stupendous proportions that I was quite fatigued with looking up.

Philip the Second occupied a small, dark, irregular-shaped stone chamber, meanly furnished. A wretched bed on a rough wooden frame, a wooden arm-chair, no cushion, two wooden stools composed the entire furniture of the chamber ; not even a carpet or rug on the stone floor. Opposite the bed there was a small square hole in the wall looking out on the high altar, through which the royal monk could see and worship unobserved. This dungeon was also Philip's audi-



The Escorial—about twenty miles from Madrid, Spain.

Built by Philip the Second. A vast and wonderful structure, ranked as one of the seven wonders of the world.





ence-chamber, where he received the high plenipotentiaries of foreign powers.

The mausoleum, according to the guide-book, is thirty-six feet in diameter by thirty-eight feet high ; it is octagonal. In the eight sides there are forty-eight loculi between the floor and the roof, each of which contains a sarcophagus, which is occupied by the body of a king or other royal personage of Spain. The most splendid and costly African and other marbles, in every known variety, have been used in the construction of this gorgeous charnel-house.

A grand, gently sloping hall of brilliant, polished marbles, well lighted, conducts from the Cathedral to the mausoleum. Each locus is ten and one-half feet long, and there are six loculi in each range, all closed up with slabs of marble and sealed. On entering the mausoleum, we found an artist at work on a staging erected in front of an open locus near the roof ; he very politely descended, and told us he was engaged in copying the head and face of Charles V., and invited us to ascend to the platform. The moment we saw the features of the great monarch we recognized them, from having seen some forty portraits of him in the great galleries of Madrid by Spain's greatest artists. There, indeed, lay the man who ranked with the world's greatest emperors and military commanders, asleep in death ! A plate of glass covered the corpse, hermetically sealed, to which, in addition to embalment, its admirable preservation was no doubt due. The red hair was parted, the complexion of the face was somewhat tawny ; the hands, crossed on the breast, were ornamented with two large seal rings ; even the cerements or grave clothing were nearly perfect ! There lay the man, over the history of whose heroic life I had pored with intense interest and admiration. Descending from the artist's platform, we saw, on the marble plate which covers the locus immediately beneath that of his renowned father, the name of Philip II., whom history might well designate as "The Inhuman."

We understood the gentlemanly artist to say that the government had granted permission to make the drawings, at the request of the King of Italy.

We considered it an inestimable privilege to witness this intensely interesting sight, and, indeed, we regarded it as nearly the most impressive event of our travels.

It is said that the French army, in the war of 1808, looted the Escorial of a vast amount of valuable objects ; its splendid library of thirty-five thousand volumes was scattered, and, also, the large and valuable collection of paintings, rare medals, and coins.

*December 6th.*—A clear but very cold morning. Went among the shops for a few little things for travelling ; everything here is much dearer than elsewhere, and the quality of most things is inferior. Thousands of idlers are sunning themselves against the walls of the houses, or hanging listlessly about with no occupation. Pauperism meets one at every turn, and beggars are as numerous as in the south of Italy.

In the afternoon we visited the United States Legation, to see Mr. Adee, the secretary, as to passports to Portugal and Morocco ; he was not in ; saw Miss Sickles, who answered for him. We then drove to the Church of Notre Dame de Atocha ; it contains the famous image of the Virgin, which has been worshipped for centuries by the royal personages of Spain, whose gifts to the image in gold, precious stones, and fine dresses amount to a fabulous sum, one of the guide-books says, one hundred thousand pounds. We saw the Virgin, but she was perched so high over the altar that we could not distinguish her features, and scarcely even her form, which is nearly covered with tawdry ornaments. The sacristan was our guide, and he showed us the wardrobe of our Lady of Atocha, which is contained in several closets, double locked, in rooms behind the high altar adjoining the vestry. Among the numerous and very costly

dresses in this magnificent wardrobe, the whole of which are said to be gifts from queens and princesses only, is the wedding-dress of Isabella the Second, which she presented to the Virgin. We were also shown the splendid robes and vestments used by the high ecclesiastics on great occasions, and the decorations, such as coverings for the altars, pulpits, etc., and a multitude of magnificent flags, banners, and ensigns used on fête days. We were also shown the plate of this great and splendid church, which is very costly. I managed to lift with both hands one of the thirty-two candelabra, all of solid silver. In this church are also to be seen, in great numbers, various trophies captured in land and sea battles, the most interesting of which are the flags taken at the victory of Lepanto. Here, also, are several other Virgins, and any quantity of dead Christs, some of them very excellent, as far as artistic skill was concerned. We drove also to the great public square, once the scene of the burning of the Protestants. Thence we went to see the Church of Santa Maria, the most ancient in Madrid, and which was originally a mosk; but as the sacristan was taking his siesta, we could see only the outside, and smell the foul odors which came from within. We returned to our hotel, and prepared for an excursion to Toledo, which can only be made at night, unless one rises at an unheard-of-hour in the morning.

*December 7th.*—Another clear but very cold morning. Left the hotel at 7.40 P.M. for Toledo, by rail. Passed the spot, on the way to the station, where Marshal Prim was recently assassinated. Reached Toledo at 11 at night (fifty-six and one-half miles), and found clean but cold rooms at the "Fonda de Leno." Like most other towns in Spain, Toledo has no fireplaces; the rooms are heated by the irrepressible braziers, which afford very little heat. Got up at 6 to let in the brazier, without which we could hardly be tempted to rise. After a good breakfast we drove to the sights of this ancient and most interesting city, accompanied by a non-

English-speaking valet-de-place and Pierre, our courier, who acted as interpreter. We first visited the Church of St. Juan, built by Ferdinand and Isabella on the ruins of a Moorish mosk, where, in ancient times, stood a Roman, and afterward a Gothic temple. This church is remarkable chiefly as a monument to its great founders, who built it in grateful acknowledgment of their victory over the Moors and the final expulsion of the Infidels from Spain. The cloisters are remarkable for their magnificence. They are built of white marble, beautifully sculptured. I was shown several fragments with devices in marble that would have disgraced Pompeii in the most immoral period of its history. Yet, strange to say, and incredible as it may seem, these disgusting devices are to be seen in cloisters which were inhabited by men who claimed to be pure and holy. The same thing is to this day to be seen in the great Cathedral, to the disgust of visitors. On leaving the church we had a beautiful view from an elevated point of the River Tagus and the surrounding country. We drove to an ancient Jewish Synagogue, erected in the twelfth century, and called by the Jews "The Gate of Judea," but converted into the Church Santa Maria la Blanca. The architecture is Arabic of the second period of the Saracenic style. The ceiling is of wood of Lebanon; two of the original gates are shown. From this place we had a view of the Moorish bridge over the Tagus; also the ruins of a Roman bridge over the same, and the ruins of a palace of the second wife of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Visited another ancient Jewish Synagogue, which was converted into a treasury by Dom Pedro the Cruel, erected in 1366, and occupied by the Jews till 1492, when they were expelled from the country. Hebrew legends still exist in the interior, and the marble sculptures are very fine. Also, visited the ruined palace of a Mussulman, in which was held the celebrated feast of four hundred guests, who, on entering, were decapitated. Next, we visited the Cathedral, which was

built in the eleventh century. Our valet said it was the finest in Europe, and I am not disposed to differ much with him. I cannot give a detailed description of this very splendid edifice, with its magnificent architecture, sculptures, paintings, and stained glass ; it is beyond my powers, and would occupy too much space in my notes. Next, we visited the Alcazar, which is a palace and a fortress, and was in turn Roman, Gothic, Moorish, and now Spanish ; it was occupied by Charles the Fifth ; a most extensive building, on an eminence which commands Toledo and the surrounding country. Near it stands the ruins of the fortress in which the Cid died. The hospital of Santa Cruz was next visited. This building was erected by Cardinal Mendoza, after his victory over the Moors.

Next, we visited the walls of the city, which are Moorish and Gothic ; saw, also, the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre just outside the walls. The situation of Toledo is very commanding ; it stands high, and is nearly surrounded by the Tagus, and has a view of the country on all sides to a very great distance ; the land is mostly barren and stony. We closed by visiting the ancient palace of the Inquisition, now a storehouse for provisions, and still containing many of the instruments of torture.

Toledo is a dead city ; to use Pierre's words, "Palaces without nobles, and convents without monks." Very few people remain in it save the very poor, who dog the visitor, asking for alms ; the women carry babies, and the men are either blind or lame ; still, it is a city of intense interest in history, and we felt richly repaid by our visit, although it was attended by many discomforts and privations.

*December 8th.*—Spent part of this day (a very fine one) in preparing to leave Madrid and go to Cordova.

In the afternoon we drove to the Prado, then to the Plaza del Toro, where we saw a bull-fight, and we resolved never again to witness a bull-fight. On entering the plaza, the fight with the first bull was going on. In a few minutes he

was despatched and another was introduced. Both of these animals had their horns muffled to avoid danger to their tormentors and butchers. This bull was in like manner soon despatched. Then followed a sham fight between Spaniards and Moors, in which, of course, the former were the victors ; the end of the fight was the blowing up of the fort, in the midst of which was a very wild bull that came rushing out, and after a few minutes was despatched like his predecessors. The trumpets now announced the introduction of the fourth bull with unmuffled horns ; he came rushing in full of fire, and dashed at the matadors with great fury. To get out of his way they jumped over the barriers and immediately there was great excitement in the plaza. The bull rushed at one of the horses and finished him at a dash ; he then attacked the other horse and threw him to the ground with great fury, his rider being under. Suddenly the banderilleros entered, with their flags and barbed darts, with which they roused the animal to greater fury. Again the trumpets sound, the espada enters the plaza with his sword and red flag, and now the excitement has reached its height ; the bull's fate is sealed ; he attacks the espada, who in turn despatches him with a well-directed thrust of his sword into the top of the spinal column, and, almost in an instant, the animal so full of vigor and fury falls and tumbles over like a bale of rags. We saw two horses and three bulls killed and then left in disgust. As soon as a bull or horse is killed, three mules in gay trappings are driven in and yoked to the carcass and in a minute it is drawn out of the plaza.

We returned to the hotel, and after dinner we left by train, at 9 P.M., for Cordova. Until we reached Menzenares at 3.30 A.M. we got on well enough ; but, on changing carriages, we were put into another one with eight passengers, four of whom were smoking, and all the windows closed ; to remonstrate would only aggravate the evil, and so we endured it. At 6.30 December 9th, day broke, and showed

us what a wilderness the road traverses ; but, about thirty miles before reaching Cordova, the country is highly cultivated. Olive trees are in great abundance, and the cactus, palm, and orange show that we are getting into a warmer climate. The morning was beautiful ; the sun rose clear and warm, and we threw off our wraps, one after another, delighted at the change from winter to summer. On arriving at Cordova, we found pleasant quarters at the "Hotel Suiza," the only drawback being the absence of fireplaces, for which the miserable brazier was, as usual, substituted. After luncheon we walked to the Cathedral, which was originally an immense mosk, built on the site of the Temple of Janus ; this is one of the most remarkable edifices I ever saw. There are one thousand two hundred columns, all monoliths, in the interior, composed of jasper, porphyry verde-antique, and other semi-precious and beautiful marbles brought from Nîmes and Narbonne in France, from Seville and Tarragona, from Constantinople and Carthage and other cities. It is almost impossible to describe the wonders and magnificence of this immense and gorgeous building. The approach to it is through "The Court of Oranges," the oldest trees in which date from the fifteenth century, and are now laden with fruit. While in the Cathedral I wore, as usual, a velvet skull-cap, which I was requested to take off by an official, the first time in all my visits of three years to Roman Catholic churches.

We also visited the Roman bridge that crosses the Guadalquivir, and the walls and towns that encircle the city.

*December 10th* (Sunday).—We spent an uncomfortable evening in our brazier-heated room, and retired very early. At 8 this morning the brazier was brought in ; we got up, dressed, and took breakfast, shivering with cold, and stayed in all day till the time of leaving to go to Seville at 2 P.M., where we hope to get warmer quarters. We reached Seville at 5.50 and found good quarters at the "Fonda de Paris,"

although we are not yet out of the region of braziers. The ride from Cordova was very pleasant, over a beautiful, level country, highly cultivated, with sierras on both sides, and watered by the swift Guadalquivir. The peasants were busy at ploughing ; in one field we saw twenty-nine ploughs, each drawn by a pair of oxen. The olive, cactus, orange, and palm abound, but there are no shade trees in the whole land. The route lies through an interesting region, and is full of historical ruins and monuments of the Romans, Goths, and Moors.

*December 11th.*—A clear but cold morning. After breakfast, went to the Cathedral. The interior is very impressive, on account of its great extent and the singularity of its architecture, a combination of the Moorish, Gothic, and other styles. The exterior, on two sides, is Moorish, and also the great tower, which is two hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a giralda. On entering the great Moorish gateway the visitor walks through a court of considerable extent, filled with orange trees, which were in full bearing ; then he passes into the Cathedral, and is lost in amazement at the first sight of its vastness and magnificence. The roof is said to be one hundred and forty-five feet above the floor, and but for the centre being much taken up by the choir and the high altar, its vast proportions would appear to much greater advantage. Here are many fine paintings and other works of art, but the light is so bad that we could form no appreciable opinion of their merits. We were shown through this colossal museum of architecture and art by the sacristan, but I was requested here, as in the Cathedral at Cordova, to take off my skull-cap. In vain I pleaded that it was "frio" (cold), and showed my bald head, and so I had to yield ; I used the same cap in St. Peter's, at Rome, through the Holy Week, but was never interfered with. In the evening, we attended a curious service in the Cathedral, made up of many prayers chanted by the priests, with the accompaniment of two great organs, said to be the largest in the world, after which



there were processions of the great church dignitaries, amidst clouds of incense. Then followed part of an opera by a full band of instruments, accompanied by vocal music by a choir of boys, and the whole was closed by dances in front of the high altar by a company of boys, dressed in white tights, which were decorated all over with many colored patches and ribbons, in which red, green, blue, and yellow were prominent; the heads of some of the boys were bare, others wore cocked hats with long white feathers. The dancers joined in the vocal performances also, and the whole was enlivened with castanets. As soon as the dancing was finished the boys rushed out of the edifice, tumbling over each other on the stone floor and rattling their castanets. And this is the place where I was ordered to remove my skull-cap!

We visited the Government Tobacco Factory, an immense establishment, where we saw five thousand five hundred women (as we were told by the guide), engaged in making cigars, cigarettes, cartouches for smoking tobacco, and all the various processes of such an establishment. We expected to find much beauty in such a vast assemblage of Andalusian women, but, with the exception of three or four, all were very plain.

The Casa de Pilatos (a copy of the house of Pontius Pilate formerly at Jerusalem) is an interesting example of a dwelling in the Eastern style; it belongs to the Duke of Medina, and with its gardens and fountains it is well worth a visit. In one of the courts there is a representation of the cock which crew when Peter denied his Master. The visitor is also shown the Judgment Hall and the column of the Flagellation. The Torre del Oro, or the Golden Tower, has a historical interest, as being the place where Dom Pedro the Cruel confined his favorites when they offended him. In the time of Columbus, it was the great depository of the gold brought from the new world. We also visited the palace of one of the nobility, a fine residence and elegantly furnished and ornamented, but

destitute of comfort in cold weather. The Marquis was seated in his library with a cloak and cap on, shivering.

The House of the Barber of Seville was pointed out. I supposed that he was an imaginary character merely, but the guide assured us to the contrary.

We drove over the Paseo-de-la-Delicia, the fashionable drive and promenade which runs between the magnificent grounds around the palace of the Duke de Montpensier and the Guadalquivir.

We spent the evening most agreeably at the house of our Consul here, and were entertained with accounts of Spanish life and objects of interest to be seen. Mr. Jordan is the Consul at Seville.

*December 12th.*—Another fine day. Our courier is sick in bed, and we are considerably embarrassed as to how we shall get about to-day.

Visited the Museum, where we saw a fine collection of paintings, many of them by Murillo.

After lunch we found a valet-de-place, who took us to the Alcazar, a palace and fortress built by one of the last of the Moorish kings. We wandered over the magnificent gardens, and then visited the interior of the palace, every room in which glitters with the splendors peculiar to the style of the Moorish architecture; some of the chambers, especially that of the ambassadors, exceeds anything I ever saw, or read of, in brilliancy and magnificence. The ceilings and walls of several of the rooms are dazzling with gold and bright colors, and decorated with tiles in various colors and shapes, and marble floors and fountains in endless variety. The gardens were filled with fruits and flowers, fountains, and works of art in bronze and marbles of various kinds.

We next visited the Caridad Church attached to a hospital for old men. The church contains several of Murillo's best works, chief of which are, "Moses Striking the Rock," and "Christ Feeding the Five Thousand." The church is very

beautiful, and is filled with fine paintings and other works of art of high merit. The Alameda de Hercules is the most ancient Paseo in the city, and is of great length and beautifully ornamented with several rows of trees. At the entrance are two columns on pedestals crowned with Corinthian capitals and surmounted by statues of Hercules and Julius Cæsar; these columns are of very great antiquity and arrest the attention of everybody.

We drove to the outskirts of the city and saw the remains of the ancient Roman walls and towers and one of the oldest gates, all of which are in a good state of preservation; we also saw the Roman aqueducts, all of which greatly interested us. There is a fine Plaza de Toros for bull-fights, which will contain thirty thousand persons, as I was told. Among the interesting relics of antiquity which abound here are numerous columns, which, with their bases and capitals, have been used in building the present houses of the city. These are all of Roman origin, and may be seen in scores all over the city.

*December 13th.*—A fine, clear morning. Drove to the Palace of the Duke of Montpensier ("Palace of San Telmo"), but could not get in until 4 o'clock, so we pushed on to the Biblioteca Colombina, the University Library, where we saw some beautiful paintings and sculptures in wood in the church; this was formerly a Jesuit convent. Visited the Palace of the Duke of Alva, now rapidly going to decay; it was a Moorish palace, and has many remains of its ancient magnificence. This building and its gardens are chiefly remarkable as the residence of a man who figures in history as a monster of cruelty. Visited also the building (a Moorish tower) where the Inquisition was first established in Seville; saw one of its horrid dungeons, all that remains of it. Also drove to the Quemadero, the ground where the victims of the Inquisition were burned, and we wound up by driving through the Triana, and that part of the city where

the thieves, cut-throats, and gypsies congregate in motley groups. Got a few photographs, and returned to the hotel to get ready for our departure for Cadiz this evening. Our courier sick ; employed a valet-de-place again to-day. Started by rail to Cadiz at 6 P.M., and reached the " Hotel de Paris " (one of the worst I ever saw) at 11. We were put in a dark room, as cold as a cellar, although our courier had telegraphed for a good room, well warmed.

*December 14th.*—Slept little ; up at 6.30 ; room very cold. Morning clear ; walked out to get myself warm ; visited the Church of San Francisco ; a large attendance at mass. Returned to breakfast, and visited our Consul, who was most kind, returned with me to the house, and asked the proprietor to give us another room (we had been moved to another while I was at the Consul's), which he could not do, as all his best rooms were engaged for the Empress Eugenie, who comes to-night to Cadiz, on her way to Gibraltar to-morrow, to take an English war steamer to England.

We went to the Cathedral, and were much pleased with it. The interior is grand, and in a style quite different from all others I have seen. The whole is wainscoted with a variety of dark marbles, and all above the wainscoting is pure white polished Carrara marble. The high altar is most beautiful ; it is in the form of a round temple with double Corinthian columns and gilded capitals. There are several good pictures, which are obscured by a bad light.

In the afternoon the Consul called again, and invited us to go with him on a stroll through the city. He took us to the office of the Steamship Company, where we bought tickets for Gibraltar, and were told that we must be on board ship at 6 A.M. rain or shine, which required a departure from the hotel long before daylight.

At 10.30 P.M. the late or ex-Empress of France arrived, and occupied the rooms next to ours, and separated by a board partition ; poor enough they are.

*December 15th.*—Up at 4.30, as the steamer sails at 6.30 ; got a substitute for a breakfast. The Empress Eugenie was up and breakfasted before us, and off to the ship. She was to have sailed in the ship with us, but a steamer was offered, which she accepted after her luggage had been shipped in our vessel. The morning was mild and clear ; we drove through the dark and narrow streets to the quay, and went on board of a small boat ; in half an hour we reached the *Algeria*, and at 7.30 started from Cadiz, just an hour after the appointed time ; the day was beautiful and the sea calm. We coasted in sight of land all the way, sometimes near enough to hear the roar of the breakers. We passed over the memorable spot on which the battle of Trafalgar was fought, which gave England the mastery of the seas. On coming in sight of Tarifa, the wind freshened, and when we were fairly in the Straits of Gibraltar, there was a heavy sea-sickening swell. At 6.30 we anchored off Algeciras, five miles from Gibraltar, where cargo had to be discharged, and as the Gates of Gibraltar closed at 5.30 P.M. we determined to go ashore and pass the night, and go to Gibraltar in the morning. At great risk of upsetting, we ran through a heavy surf till the boat beached, and we got out on the wet sand and walked to the hotel, which we found tolerably fair, and where we got a good dinner. We made the acquaintance of three young gentlemen, Mr. Thomson, merchant and banker of Gibraltar ; Mr. Bock of Hamburg, and Mr. Boker, son of Herman Boker of New York ; these gentlemen went ashore with us, and occupied adjoining rooms ; we had to pass through their room to get to ours. Floors of stone, no covering, beds of cotton, very hard, rooms lighted with very small openings near the ceiling.

*December 16th.*—Up at 6 ; a fine morning. Got chocolate and a bit of bread, and put off in a small boat to the ferry steamer, and crossed in thirty-five minutes to Gibraltar, where we landed again in a small boat, and walked through

the muddy streets and lanes of the city, among crowds of many nationalities in a great variety of costumes, to the "Club House Hotel," where the Empress had preceded us, and we had to take rooms in an adjoining house. In the course of the day we saw the Empress several times, once on foot, returning from a walk. She uses a cane in walking, and was dressed in plain black, richly trimmed, and a small, jaunty bonnet, giving her quite a youthful appearance ; she is but little changed in face, and still retains the marks of great beauty. Afterward, we saw her enter the carriage of the Governor, and drive out for a ride with the Governor's lady, the Governor following on horseback, with a gentleman in attendance on her majesty.

In the afternoon, accompanied by two of the young gentlemen, we took a ride in a jaunting carriage to the Neutral Ground, through the city, and to the Alameda. At 6.30 we dined, and thus passed our first day at Gibraltar. Our rooms were changed to the hotel to-day ; they are next to those of the Empress.

*December 17th* (Sunday).—A fine day. Saw the Empress as she walked out to attend mass at church. I went to the church afterward, and had a position from which I got a distinct view of her without being seen ; she is yet beautiful, but wears a careworn look. On returning from mass and passing into her rooms, which are next to ours, she passed so close to me that I saw her perfectly. Later in the day, we saw her as she rode by in the Governor's carriage to embark on board ship for England. We attended the Scotch church ; heard a good sermon by Rev. Mr. Coventry, who introduced himself after service, and invited us to go home and lunch with him, which we declined ; he introduced us to his wife, and we found them very pleasant people indeed. Our newly made friend, Mr. William A. Thomson, sent us a card of admission to the Gibraltar Club.

The height of this mountain of rock is (as given by the

guide-book) one thousand four hundred and thirty feet, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea. This rock has been perforated into galleries rising one above another at an enormous expense, and at short intervals may be seen embrasures, from which cannon project; there are altogether two thousand cannon thus projecting from this huge fortress, which looks as if the combined power of all the nations of the world could not take it. The rock has a supply of water, and could be provisioned to subsist one hundred and fifty thousand for two years.

Our windows face the Bay of Gibraltar, on the opposite side of which are seen the hills of Spain, and off to the left the rugged mountains of Africa rise in huge black masses. The bay is filled with shipping at anchor, and there are many hulks in it which are used as store ships and coal depositories.

Our friend, Mr. Thomson, dined and spent the evening with us; he is a native of "The Rock," and his family have long been in business here, and from him we obtained much information.

*December 18th.*—After a violent storm of wind and rain, which lasted all night, we have a beautiful morning. After breakfast we started, accompanied by Messrs. Bock and Boker, to visit the far-famed galleries which surround the Rock of Gibraltar in various lines, from the base nearly to the summit. These galleries are excavated inside the face of the rock with ports at intervals, in each of which is a mounted Armstrong gun of the largest calibre. The guide told us there were six hundred of these guns thus mounted, and two thousand mounted in all on this vast fortification. After ascending to a most fatiguing height through the galleries, Mrs. B. returned to the hotel with our courier, and I continued to ascend to the top of the rock and the signal station, upward of one thousand four hundred feet, from which I obtained the grandest and most extensive views, stretching, as the guide said, one hundred and fifty miles

into Africa, and the same distance through the Straits of Gibraltar and the Atlantic on one side, and Spain and the Mediterranean on the other. We could distinctly see Ceuta and the hills which girdle Tetuan and Tangier in Africa. We had, also, the most perfect views of the bay and town of Gibraltar and their Spanish surroundings, the Neutral Ground, and the cork oak forests, and the beautiful hills and plains of Spain, studded here and there with white towns and villages. The view stretches along the Spanish coast, on the Mediterranean side, to the mountains of Granada, and almost to Malaga. The sergeant in charge of the signal station showed us a register which has been kept there for many years, wherein the men on duty are required to record how many monkeys they see each day, and what they were doing! One of these entries is to the effect that, on the 18th of November, three monkeys were seen on Charles the Fifth's wall, two of which were carrying the third, which was sick. Another entry says, saw eleven monkeys on the day named; they came to drink at the well, and after playing on the ropes and poles of the station, took their departure. After getting some refreshments we proceeded on our way, and reached the hotel after a delightful ramble of four hours. Afterward we drove to Europa Point, which is the most southern point of Europe; here Queen Adelaide built a beautiful lighthouse. Our ride was charming, filled with objects of interest; among the sights is a great Moorish fortress and castle, built early in the seventh century, and which is still in a good state of preservation; its walls are full of holes, great and small, which were made by the repeated battering of cannon, in several bombardments. We returned by way of the beautiful Alameda, where the fine military band of one of the regiments stationed here was playing, and where we saw several of the people on the grand promenade and parade ground.



## XXXII.

Tangier ; Malaga ; Bobadilla ; the Alhambra ; Granada ; Valencia ;  
Barcelona ; Marseilles ; leave for Nice.

*December 19th, 1871.*—A beautiful morning ; up at 6 to be ready to embark for Tangier at 7.30. The hour of sailing was postponed till 10 ; went on board the Messageries Nationale steamer *Sphais*, in a small row-boat, and started at 10.30. The day was very fine, and we had a magnificent view of the European and African coasts as we passed through the straits, which were full of steamers and sailing vessels. The headlands of the African coast rise in majestic grandeur, and rear their mountainous heights in great black masses against the sky.

We arrived at Tangier about 2.30 P.M., and were soon surrounded by great numbers of small boats, which crowded to the gang ladder, while their Moorish crews fought and clamored with each other to take the passengers on shore. We passed down the ladder with difficulty and got into one of the boats, but scarcely had we got seated before we were unceremoniously pulled out and pulled into another boat. These brawny fellows brought us as near the shore as the boats could go, where we were met by another clamorous crowd of Moors up to their waists in water, who took us on their shoulders ashore. My wife went ashore on a chair carried by two men, where we were met by an agent of the "Victoria Hotel," who took charge of us and led the way through a dense throng of scowling fellows and donkeys, over rough and hilly lanes, badly paved and very dirty, to the hotel. Mr. Martin, our

host, was as black as ebony, and his wife very white and fair, "the Moor of Venice and Desdemona." While waiting for dinner, the proprietor proposed a boar-hunt; he said the horses and guides would be ready, and he promised us a "good time," as there were many boars within a few miles. After being installed in the proprietor's own room (the best in the house), and getting luncheon, we employed a guide, a bright Moor named Mohammed, who conducted us through part of the city, whose narrow streets and lanes were badly paved, and very hilly and dirty. We went to the house of the Belgian Consul, and were conducted through it; it was entirely furnished and fitted in the Moorish style. Thence we strolled again through the streets, market places, and bazaars, which were crowded with motley groups of Moors and Jews. Outside the walls of the city many tents were pitched by Moslems, who are waiting for steamers to take them to Alexandria, on their way to Mecca. Many had their camels, horses, and donkeys. A crowd was assembled at one place, in the midst of which were musicians and singers squatted on the ground, and led by a man standing in front of them. The music was the same monotonous sad refrain we heard all over the East. We next visited the gardens of one of the Consuls, which are filled with flowers and curious trees and huge magnolias and a rank growth of vegetation. From there, we went to a place where we saw a dancing party, who accompanied themselves on drums and instruments something like castanets. The music was monotonous, but the dancing was spirited and graceful. The people shave their heads, all except a small tuft on one side; they dress in the Eastern style, with a fez, turban, abaya, and red or yellow slippers. In the evening a party of four musicians entertained us while at dinner with the same sad and monotonous music, accompanied by singing. The men, most of them, are tall and fine looking, powerful in body and limb, and capable of great endurance. Most of them are good-natured, and return the smile and recognition

of visitors ; the faces of the women were mostly veiled, so that we could not judge of their appearance, except in the case of the common people, whose faces are not covered ; several of these were handsome, the eyes were dark and the features regular. At sunset we heard the usual call to prayer from the minarets, and all the Moslems are crowding the streets and lanes on their way to the mosks.

Tangier is quite a business place. The products of the interior find an outlet here to the markets of Europe and America ; cotton and fruits seem to be the chief exports.

*December 20th.*—Although we had the state chamber of the "Victoria Hotel," we found it anything but comfortable during the night ; so, having seen all that Tangier could show in a short visit, we resolved to return to-day in the steamer to Gibraltar, and sailed in the *Sphais* at 12 M. The shore was filled with people, and, as usual, the boatmen were clamoring for employment ; four of them fought for our valise, and twice that number contended for each of us, to carry us on their shoulders to the boat. At length after a dozen persons were put in a boat, which should not have carried more than eight, we pushed off to the ship, the sea being so rough as to threaten the swamping of our frail boat several times.

While waiting to put to sea, another steamer anchored very near us, the decks of which were crowded with pilgrims from Mogadore on their way to Mecca. I would gladly have paid a good price for a photograph of the scene ; hundreds of pilgrims, all in their white abayas enveloping the whole body, except the bright copper-colored face, covered the entire deck ; their faces were turned to our ship and we had a capital view of the great throng.

We sat on the ship's deck all the way, enjoying the magnificent scenery of the Straits as we did yesterday. On the right, the majestic mountains of Africa bounded the vision, and on the left, the sunny hills of Spain. A storm was raging on the African coast, while at the same time, the

weather was clear and fine on the European coast. On reaching Gibraltar, we again landed in a small boat in a rough sea.

*December 21st.*—A very fine morning, the air is genial and soft, and we find it more pleasant out of the house than in it. We visited Mr. Sprague, our Consul, who introduced us to his wife, and found them very pleasant people ; also visited Rev. Mr. Coventry, the Scotch minister, and were very agreeably entertained.

*December 22d.*—Walked about Gibraltar. Mr. Consul Sprague called, and made us a long and pleasant visit. On our way to take the steamer we stopped and took leave of our friend, Mr. Thomson. In order to get on board the Malaga steamer, we left Gibraltar by small boat to a steamer that took us to Algeciras—five miles ; we left that steamer in a small boat and boarded the Malaga steamer, which we found as dirty and uncomfortable as all the other Spanish vessels we had travelled on. During these various passages we had showers of rain and a rough sea. At 5 we dined, a fair meal, and at 6 weighed anchor and off ; doubled Europa Point, and when fairly in the Mediterranean, found it squally and rough ; a beautiful moonlight night, with occasional short showers of rain. Our companions were the Rev. Mr. Greaves, a clergyman of the Church of England, and his wife, and our young friend, Mr. Bock. Mrs. B. retired early to the ladies' cabin, and I remained on deck, enjoying the conversation of these friends and the beautiful moonlight night, until 11 o'clock. At 2 A.M. we reached Malaga Harbor, but could not leave the ship till 7.30, when the Health Officer boarded us. After a formal examination of part of our luggage at the Custom House, we were allowed to depart to the "Fonda-de-la-Alameda," and got a room at the top of the house.

*December 23d.*—We passed through the market, on the way from the landing to the hotel ; it was filled with oranges, lemons, and other fruits, and nuts in great variety. The peasants were gathered in great numbers, and their beautiful

costumes gave them a very picturesque appearance. What with the monotonous songs and plaintive cries of the people and the neighing of the donkeys, we almost imagined ourselves again in Egypt ; indeed, there are many strong resemblances between these people and the people of the East.

Our Consul called at the hotel and invited us to visit him, and he would give us some information which would be of use to us in travelling ; we accepted his kindness. Afterward we strolled through the city, visited the Cathedral, which, though large and massive, is by no means fine as a whole. We also viewed the ruins of ancient fortresses dating back to the early Goths and bearing marks of Moorish and Spanish restorations and additions.

The climate is excellent for invalids ; very dry, warm in the sun, but cool in the shade.

*December 24th* (Sunday).—Sky cloudless and blue as indigo ; air soft and warm. About 6 A.M. the peasants poured in from the country with fruits, vegetables, flocks of turkeys, sugar-cane, fat hogs, and other products, and at 7 the air was ringing with their cries, which continued all day in an incessant din. On the Alameda there are large piles of oranges, lemons, apples, melons, sweet potatoes, nuts, etc., reaching to the waists of the venders, whose peculiar costumes remind the traveller that he is in Andalusia.

The streets in the neighborhood of the Alameda and the Alameda itself have been crowded the whole day with multitudes of peasants selling their wares ; they rend the air with their cries. Here we saw five men and a woman driving a hog so fat that its belly touched the ground ; it was dressed in bright colors. There are several men and boys with long reeds driving a flock of turkeys,—perhaps two hundred. In another place, there are Andalusian girls dancing to the jingle of a tambourine and accompanying themselves with castanets. There is a perfect babel of tongues and an incessant movement in all directions of hundreds of people under our win-

dows ; it is an animated scene, but one of which the sights and sounds soon become wearisome. After settling the preliminaries of our journey from here to Granada, on Tuesday next, with the Rev. Mr. Greaves and wife who, with ourselves and couriers form one party, we drove to the Protestant cemetery and walked through it. Here we found a large majority of the occupants to be Scotchmen and women, three or four Americans, among them a son of "the Honorable Thomas Wm. Clerke, Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York," who died here in 1851. This cemetery is kept in excellent order ; it is on the side of a hill looking out to sea.

We returned to the hotel on foot, and felt that we had never enjoyed a walk more thoroughly ; the sun was brilliant and warm, the sea calm, and the ships resting on its mirror-like bosom, with all sails set, waiting for the first breeze to bring them in, or carry them out.

*December 25th* (Christmas).—A magnificent morning. The streets and the Alameda are full of peasants calling their wares, many in very picturesque costumes.

*December 26th*.—Awake at 4 and feared to go to sleep again, as we cannot trust our courier to rouse us in time for the train, which starts early. The moon is almost full, weather mild, and while the sun is up very warm ; we would remain here longer, but for the unpleasant circumstances in which we are placed with our courier ; so, after seeing Granada and Alhambra, we will push on to Marseilles as soon as possible.

We started at 7.30 by rail to Salinas. The country was charming, abounding in orange and lemon plantations ; most of the trees were quite equal to the largest of our apple trees, and were loaded with fruit. As we proceeded the scenery changed ; long ranges of high hills terminating in sharp, rocky peaks skirted the horizon, and suddenly on turning we emerged into a valley of singular loveliness,

bounded all around by mountains ; crossing the valley, we plunged into the mountains, which are pierced by innumerable tunnels. We crossed a roaring cataract several times in our tortuous course, and passed several ruined castles, which crowned the summits of the loftiest and sharpest hills.

On leaving Bobadilla, the aspect of the country changed again ; we suddenly opened our eyes on a magnificent plain, bordered by lofty ranges of hills, which rise, in some points, to the dignity of mountains. Large flocks of sheep were grazing in this plain, and numerous herds of black swine were rioting on them. The cypress pine, cork oak, olive, magnolia, and other trees abound, with now and then a palm to grace the landscape. Here, as in Southern Italy, the towns are built on hillsides and summits, with highly picturesque effect ; while in the valley we had just entered we found almost innumerable towns and villages scattered over it, their white walls glittering in the sun ; the vale of Antequera is, in fact, checkered all over with lovely little villages and hamlets. When passing a mountain gorge we saw a group of peasants on foot, dressed in the gay costumes of the country, with the bright purple and yellow as the predominant colors ; it was just such a scene as we had often witnessed on canvas with pleasure and admiration.

On leaving Antequera the train passed through an extensive and beautiful olive grove and plantations, on emerging from which the scenery was splendid in the highest degree. The olive-clad hillsides which skirt the valley between Antequera and Salinas, the green fields, the towering and overhanging cliffs, and the towns and villages on the hillsides, form a series of splendid pictures which can never fade from the memory.

On arriving at Salinas we hired the coupé of a diligence drawn by nine mules and managed by a driver, a man who whipped the cattle incessantly, and a postilion who rode the leading mule, three persons in all to manage the team. In

less than two hours of hard driving we reached the beautiful town of Loja (pronounced Loha), passing over a country unsurpassed for the beauty and grandeur of its scenery. We were lodged at the "Posada-de-los-Angelos," on the first floor of which there was a stable containing a large number of mules and horses; but we found our quarters on the next floor clean and neatly furnished, with stone floors and heated by the irrepressible brazier. We walked to see the town, but were impeded by a large and clamorous crowd of children and grown people of both sexes, who looked on us as though they had never seen strangers before. After an excellent dinner, with the best Valdepenas wine, we retired at 8 to be up for an early start to Granada.

*December 27th.*—Up at 4.45; breakfasted at 6, and off to the train; the moon was full, and the morning magnificent but cool, almost cold. At 9.45 we reached Granada, after a most enjoyable ride over a country of transcendent beauty, which is irrigated after the Egyptian mode. We drove with our companions, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Greaves of Weymouth, England, to the "Hotel Washington Irving," and found our rooms in readiness for us, with a nice fire in the parlor. After lunch we went out for a stroll, visited the Cathedral, but could not go through it, as there was a service going on. Visited the ancient Moorish bazaars, and found them interesting. Ascended the hill to the grounds of the Alhambra, and visited the tower, from the roof of which we obtained an unspeakably fine and extensive view of the whole country and of the City of Granada. On one side, the Sierra Nevada rose in great magnificence to a height of over thirteen thousand feet, with its summit of perpetual snows. From the base of this mountain-range flowed the rushing torrent of the Darro into the extensive and fertile plains, which stretch as far as vision with their highly cultivated and fertile fields; this is the celebrated valley of the Vega. Beneath us lay the City of Granada, covering a large space with its white



buildings ; a finer landscape I do not recollect ever to have seen. In our route from Bobadilla to Loja we passed over a region of Granada which has been repeatedly deluged in human blood, in the contests between the Moors and the Spaniards. It was here in this neighborhood where the war began, which, after the hardest struggle recorded in history, at the end of ten years resulted in the expulsion of the Moors. Alhama and Antequera are two of the most noted places in that sanguinary conflict, and Ronda will be ever memorable for the most obstinate and terrific fighting of which history gives any account.

*December 29th.*—We have been overtaken by a severe snow-storm, which set in during the night. The hotel is in the beautiful grounds of the Alhambra, and our windows on one side look through a magnificent avenue formed by tall elm trees, which unite in the centre, forming a succession of Gothic arches which are covered with snow, giving effectiveness to the delusion. Nobody went out to-day, the storm was so severe, except Mr. Culbertson and his family, who rode in a closed carriage to see the Cathedral and the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, in which they were disappointed, as the crypt was too dark. Spent the day in reading aloud to wife and writing letters.

*December 30th.*—The trees and grounds have a fresh coat of snow on them which fell during the night. The avenue opposite our windows and the elms are more beautiful and picturesque than yesterday ; the sky is clear, and the air frosty. My poor wife is coughing this morning, the result of the change of weather ; she could not go out, so I went alone to visit the Alhambra, where I spent some hours in almost silent amazement at the huge barbaric pile which, in the days of its glory, must have been one of the most enchanting palaces, and, at the same time, one of the strongest fortresses in the world. Its walls are fifteen feet thick, and enclose an area of upward of two thousand four hundred feet long, and six

hundred feet wide, encompassing, in fact, a royal city, so numerous and magnificent are the buildings. The parts which interested me most were the Hall of Judgment, where, for several hundred years, the Caliphs sat and heard the cases of the rich and poor ; the Court of Lions, which has been the scene of bloody deeds, especially during the reign of Muley-Aben-Hassan, the next to the last of the Moorish kings ; and the Hall of the Ambassadors, where Isabella commissioned Columbus to go on the voyage which resulted in the discovery of the new world. There is a multitude of wonders about this most enchanting palace, which it is quite impossible to describe. The stranger who wanders through its silent courts and ruined halls gazes in bewilderment on the remains of its ancient splendor, and when he summons imagination to his aid, and pictures to himself how the sights and scenes before him must have appeared in the days of the Moorish kings, he becomes utterly lost in bewilderment. The views from the great towers of the Vela and Comares, in which is the Hall of the Ambassadors, are so extensive and magnificent, taking in the entire Vega and the ranges of mountains on all sides beyond, also the great Sierra Nevada, thirteen thousand feet high, that they are perfectly indescribable. The approach to the Alhambra, after leaving the City of Granada, is through a massive gate, after passing which, the visitor enters a magnificent avenue, which runs through a thick grove of elms, the top branches of which meet in a Gothic arch. The trunks of many of these trees are clad in vines of brilliant green, and long festoons of the same vine hang from the tops nearly to the ground. This grove is said to be vocal with the songs of myriads of nightingales in the season ; a more enchanting scene my fancy never painted. The ascent to the gate of the Alhambra is through this grove ; it is very steep, but there are frequent benches of marble on which to rest on the way. Fountains of crystal water pour forth their innumerable jets on the paths, and flowers of rare beauty and fragrance grow

luxuriantly on all sides ; among them are the magnolia, the camellia-japonica, roses in great variety, and geraniums, which latter grow rank in bushes which cover large surfaces. There is also a large variety of the myrtle, and I never saw box used so successfully in the ornamentation of gardens ; it is cut in all sorts of shapes to resemble beasts and birds, architectural designs, borders, and impenetrable walls five feet high, and so close and thick that no light is visible through it ; so perfect is the growth of these forms of box that I have looked in vain for decayed spots in a very large garden.

To return to the Alhambra, I would say that it is just such a mass of grandeur, in style and fashion so purely Oriental, to which the eye is so unaccustomed, that it is quite impossible to give a satisfactory description of it.

In general terms I would say, that the Alhambra externally is a pile of ungainly and ugly buildings, whose only outside beauty consists of the Moorish horse-shoe arch, but internally the exact reverse of this is true ; every interior of every apartment staggers, and at the same time enchants, the gazer with its endless profusion of magnificent objects, and the dazzling brilliancy and perfect harmony of coloring combined with gold so artistically blended as to satisfy the most critical taste.

I am persuaded that any attempt to imitate Oriental architecture and decorations, even by skilled European artists, must fail. I have never yet seen a successful instance of such an attempt.

I have taken great pleasure in the view of the Sierra Nevada, which, though said to be twenty miles distant, seem so near as to lead one to think they are within a very short walk ; this is owing to their immense height (they are eleven thousand feet above the Alhambra), and to the clearness of the atmosphere.

*December 31st (Sunday).*—A lovely morning. There is

no service in Granada except in the Romish churches. While at breakfast, Lieutenant-General Sherman and Colonel Audenried, one of his aids, together with Lieutenant Grant, a son of the President of the United States, entered, and we became acquainted at once. At the General's request I lent him my copy of Irving's "Conquest of Granada" to read. After breakfast, I went out with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Greaves for a walk ; we went to the summit of a hill which overlooks the Alhambra and the great cemetery of Granada, from which we had a most commanding view of the magnificent Sierra Nevada to nearly the full extent. We also saw the lovely Vega or Valley, at the base of the Sierra, through which the beautiful River Genil flows. Turning to the right, we could trace the course of that stream and part of the River Darro, through the extensive Vega which environs Granada on three sides. What a view lay before my vision ! No words can describe it. In the afternoon, not finding either my courier or valet-de-place, I determined to depend upon myself, and started off on foot to Granada, to see the Cathedral. The interior is lofty, spacious, and grand ; it abounds in magnificent marbles, and some of its chapels are covered with gold. There are many paintings, and marble and wood sculptures, some of which possess merit. I found the sacristan, who conducted me through the great edifice, with its many chapels, vestry-rooms, and other chambers, and showed me the royal robes of Ferdinand and Isabella, the sword and sceptre of the former, and the jewel-case of the latter, from which, it is said, she took her ornaments to defray the expenses of the expedition of Columbus. Then visited the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Chapel Royal ; they surpass any I have ever before seen in magnificence ; they are of pure Carrara marble. The sacristan then led me down into the vault beneath, and with the aid of candles showed me their coffins, also those of their children. Thus ends 1871.

1872.

*January 1st.*—The year opens with a cloudy morning.

Went to the office of the Madrelena Diligence Company, and engaged and paid for six places to Menjibar on Wednesday morning—three for ourselves and courier, and three for Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Greaves and their courier. Engaged a carriage, and took wife and Mrs. Greaves to the Cartuja, and then drove through the best portions of Granada. The Cartuja is one of the suppressed convents, and is full of splendor ; its marbles alone are worth thousands of pounds sterling ; all of them are from the Sierra Nevada, and all are exceedingly rich and beautiful, and worked up into the most artistic styles.

This is one of the innumerable holidays in Spain ; the people of all ranks are out in their best, and business yields entirely to pleasure. The great bell on the Vela tower, at the Alhambra, has rung incessantly all day. The weather is fine, and the air soft and warm.

*January 2d.*—The day opens with a bright morning and a warm sun ; this is the anniversary of the Evacuation of Granada by the Moors, and it is one of the greatest holidays in the year. The large bell on the tower of the Vela began to ring at sunrise, and will continue to ring without a pause till sunset. After breakfast, I went with a guide on my third visit to the Alhambra ; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Greaves accompanied me. We went very thoroughly through the palace, and also through enormous subterranean tanks, which are sixty feet below the surface, but now empty, to be cleaned. These tanks hold water enough for forty thousand persons for a year ; they are filled by aqueducts from the Sierra Nevada, and are very wonderful for their immensity and the cyclopean solidity of their masonry, showing that the Moors were skilled in solid as well as light and ornamental architecture. We went all around the great fortress of the

Alhambra and considered well its bulwarks. We visited some of the towers, went to the tops of those in which the daughters of one of the Sultans were imprisoned for life, but escaped, and on the tower from the summit of which the Moors threw their war captives on a stone one hundred and fifty feet below—their Tarpeian rock. We then visited an ancient Roman house in the town, which is occupied by the Italian Consul, and filled with works of art and a great many objects of great interest; among the paintings, a head of Christ, by Titian, riveted our attention. The Consul received us in person, and politely showed us through his beautiful house; the front of the house is extremely interesting; it looks like a fortress, with full-length statues of armed men, and out of the embrasures in the upper part of the walls old guns project. After this visit I called on the Rev. Jose Alhama Tevor, No. 79 Zacatin, Granada, presented the letter of introduction of Rev. Mr. Coventry, and conversed with Mr. Alhama through his daughter, who speaks English fluently. I learned from her that her father began the work in which he is engaged in 1859; the persecution began in 1860, when he was imprisoned, together with his wife, for three years. He was discharged through the intervention of the British Government, and exiled to Gibraltar until 1868, when Isabella was driven from her throne, and they returned to Granada and resumed the work. At this time there are two hundred and sixty-five communicants on the books of his church, twenty-five to thirty Sunday scholars, seventy men and boys in the night-school, and about eighteen women and girls in the same school. All the means they have are derived from the Scotch Evangelical Society in Edinburgh, which allows them fifty-five dollars a month. Alhama's business, which was that of a hatter, and so large that he employed sixty-five men at the time he was imprisoned, was broken up by his imprisonment and exile, and he has nothing left. Miss Alhama is very intelligent, quiet, and lady-like, and her heart is evidently in her

father's work. She says they have now no trouble from the government, only from the priests, who instigate the people against them, and do all they can to break up their church and schools. I was much pleased with the appearance of their school-rooms ; they were plainly furnished, but neat and clean, which is very unusual in Spanish houses. The walls of the room were hung with framed Scripture texts, such as "God is love," etc. On taking leave of these simple but earnest Christians I gave them some help, and they said they would call in the evening and tell me more. Drove to the Alhambra with wife, and went through the principal parts of it. There were thousands of people gathered in and around the palace and within the walls, and a military band was playing, and the bell of the Vela Tower was ringing. Afterward, our guide took us to an eminence where we had new, extensive, and superb views of the Alhambra, Granada, the Vega, the Sierra Nevada, and the whole country for many miles. We also drove to the Gypsy settlement, on the side of a high hill which overlooks Granada, where they live in rock caves. We entered one of them in which a woman, said to be eighty-seven years old, lived; it was nothing but a cave in the rocks. We were surrounded by a multitude of all ages and sexes, who clamored for money. We returned to the hotel by another route, and saw new and finer views and objects of interest, among them all that now remains of the Inquisition, consisting of part of a Moorish castle, which was blown up by the French in 1808 ; it is on the edge of the River Darro, at the foot of the tower of the Comares (ambassadors).

The American party, consisting of General Sherman, Colonel Audenried, Lieutenant Grant, Mr. Iselin, Mr. French, and ourselves, and our English friends, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, took our last dinner to-day. It was a pleasant occasion. General Sherman was very agreeable and most instructive in his explanations of the causes which led to the American Rebellion, and I think he convinced his English

hearers of the entire rectitude of the North in that quarrel. We retired at 9.30 to be up for an early start for Valencia.

*January 3d.*—Up at 4 ; the moon was bright, and the morning lovely. Started in a carriage to go to the diligence, in the City of Granada. We occupied the berlina, or coupé, with Mrs. Greaves ; Mr. Greaves inside, and our young friends, Iselin and French, in the banquette. Our diligence was drawn by nine mules, and we dashed out of Granada while the moon was yet up. We traversed the beautiful Vega, the plain which surrounds Granada, as the day was breaking, and my eyes never beheld lovelier scenes ; such landscapes I think can only be found in Spain, which combine so many charms of mountain, hill, valley, plain, and river scenery. On we went, changing, at the end of each ten miles, our weary and jaded nine for a fresh nine ; the mules are kept up to their work by the muleteer, who jumps off at short intervals, runs to the head of the long column, and thrashes the animals into a gallop.

The last half of the journey was even finer than the first, with its wonderfully precipitous and sharp, towering, and needle-like rocks, rising hundreds of feet from the tops of mountain-ranges. The summits of many of the hills were covered with towers and castles, which in bygone years must have defied almost any enemy. We reached Menjibar (pronounced Menzivar), after dark, got dinner at the station, took our places in a railway carriage, changed at Alcazar about 2 in the morning, and went on again until 12.30 P.M.

*January 4th.*—When we reached the City of Valencia, in the Province of Murcia, we put up at the “Hotel-de-Madrid,” where we found comfortable rooms, with the luxury (so uncommon in Spain) of a nice blazing olive-wood fire.

Almost as soon as we entered Murcia, the difference of climate was perceptible. The whole country is magnificent, and looks like a garden. Perhaps a richer land, and more



productive, cannot be found. Immense plantations of oranges are here, also olives, pomegranates, mulberries, almonds, grapes, citrons, and many other fruits abound. The country has a decidedly Oriental look about it, with its Bedouin-looking peasants, its water-wheels (exactly like those of the East), and other things, such as the palm tree, reminding one of the lands on the African side of the sea. Then you hear doleful monotonous songs of the peasants, as they labor in the fields, with now and then the painful braying of the donkeys, and one imagines he is in Egypt or the Holy Land. The Moors have left their marks all over this land, which tends to heighten the delusion, and cheat the traveller into the belief that he is indeed in the land of the Moslem.

We took a drive through Valencia in the afternoon, visited the Cathedral, a noble structure of curious architecture, and full of paintings, many of them by the best native artists. We also drove through the Alameda, and saw the equipages of the wealthy and the titled, but not a single good face of either sex. Thus far, in our journey through Spain, we have found no beauty in either sex, with the exception of a very few instances, the most of which were males. The Spaniards are a sullen, gloomy people, with no politeness or refinement; education (I am told by persons who are natives, and others who have resided here in this country) is at an exceeding low ebb, even among the wealthy and titled, and so in proportion to the lowest class. In personal appearance and dress, the people fall far below any other nation I have seen. They are dirty and slovenly and devoid of taste, except in a few cases. I have already said that the hotels are comfortless, they are also most expensive; if no bargain is made on entering (and that is by no means pleasant) the traveller's bill is found to be exorbitant. In Madrid I was charged at the "Hotel de Paris" two hundred reals a day—ten dollars gold (lights, wines, and fires extra)—for a single room

in the second story, which had been let to two gentlemen and a lady, as I was told by themselves, for just half that sum ; true, they had no courier, and in my bill there was no charge for our courier, as usual, which may account in part for the difference.

*January 5th.*—A bright morning ; climate delicious, air soft, warm, and genial. After breakfast we went to the Church of the College of Corpus Christi to see a performance there at 10 A.M., which is held in this church only. On entering, the sacristan approached us and told us that Madame (Mrs. B.) could not remain with her hat on, and that she must have a veil over her head, so our courier sent to the landlady of the hotel to borrow a veil. In the mean time, a priest approached and insisted that the hat must be taken off, so Mrs. B. complied or rather compromised by putting the veil over her hat.

The performance consisted of darkening the church, and then, by some invisible process, the great picture behind the high altar is concealed and in its place a figure in wood, most beautifully carved, representing the Saviour on the cross, is substituted with several other figures standing around, and during this process the “Miserere” is chanted ; the service is impressive and worth seeing. After this was over we were summoned to the sacristy, where, after all were assembled who wished to attend, a bell was rung, and the large doors of an immense closet opened, the shelves of which were filled with caskets of various shapes and devices, each of which was said to contain a relic of some kind ; a priest kneeling in front with a long rod in his hand, with which he pointed to each casket and told what was in it. Among the relics thus enumerated were some hairs from the head of our Saviour, some thorns from the crown of thorns, a piece of the wood of the true cross, and at least fifty other relics. When the catalogue was closed the priest rose to his feet, the doors of the closet were shut, and we departed ; wife, with the courier,

to our hotel, while I went through the College, in which I found nothing worthy of note.

We visited the port of Valencia, a long ride over a very rough road, after viewing which we returned to Valencia by railroad, Mrs. B. quite fatigued, so I finished the day's sight-seeing alone. Went to the museum, which is a large collection of paintings, gathered chiefly from those formerly in old churches and suppressed convents; a few had a good deal of merit, but the most of them were mere trash and rubbish. Among the collection was a modern painting by a native artist representing Don Quixote and Sancho on their travels; I was much pleased with it. I visited the Botanical Gardens, and saw some very large and beautiful specimens of the cactus and other plants; visited also the house of Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, surnamed the Cid, in which he lived after he captured the city from the Moors in the eleventh century, and in which he also died.

*January 6th.*—Up at 3, sky clear, moon and stars brilliant. Lighted a fire and dressed to be ready for a start at 4.30 from the hotel to the railroad to Barcelona. The solemn cry of the watchmen as they pace their weary rounds is heard at intervals of half an hour, calling the time, the only sounds in the solitary streets till 4, when the cocks begin to crow. At 4.30 the watchmen begin to muster for the purpose of relieving guard, and as they marched past the hotel they sang to the music of a guitar, a very cheerful and pretty air. The early dawn was most beautiful, especially as it gradually increased, tingeing the eastern sky and light clouds with crimson, purple, and blue alternately. By degrees the stars disappeared, and then the moon, as the sun emerged from the Mediterranean, and rose with a brilliancy I have rarely if ever seen. The early morning air was warmed by the Khamseen wind, but when the sun was fairly up we stripped off our wrappings; it was in reality as warm as summer; I never saw such a sixth day of January. We had a whole carriage

to ourselves, and we thoroughly enjoyed our continuous sixteen hours' ride and felt very little fatigue. The country traversed was almost one unbroken garden of various fruits and flowers, and the landscape was charmingly diversified by mountain, hill, valley, and river scenery on the left, and magnificent views of the Mediterranean on the right, as it dashed in foam on the rocks, or gently washed the sandy beach. There were many views which strikingly reminded us of the incomparable Corniche Road. Then it was a high holiday; the peasantry had forsaken their fields and were gathered in happy groups, clothed in their best, at the stations to gaze at the trains. We were the only first-class passengers and seemed to be also the sole objects of attraction. The costumes, especially of the men, are very picturesque and were shown off to great advantage to-day.

This whole coast has a wonderful amount of historical interest clustering around it, and carrying one back to a period one thousand four hundred years before Christ, as in the case of the City of "Sagunti," the ancient "Saguntum," whose magnificent ruins crown the extensive summits of several hills, and form a most striking scene. All the intense ardor I felt when a boy, on reading about this city and the gallant defence it made against Hannibal, was revived again when I gazed upon its ruins. "Saguntum" (I quote from the guide-book) "was founded by the Greeks of Zante, besieged, taken and destroyed by Hannibal, rebuilt by the Romans, celebrated for the splendor of its edifices and strong and magnificent position." Judge of it now, when I say that on this spot are to be seen the ruins of a period in Grecian art when architecture reached its highest perfection; also the ruins of the Roman period, colossal and grand; then the ruins of the period of the Goths; and, lastly, the ruins of the Moorish period, all blended here, and forming a great volume in history such as is scarcely to be met with elsewhere! Is it surprising that I am enthused over Saguntum?

It is impossible to traverse this wonderful and interesting coast without being reminded of its startling and bloody history. Every hill-top, nearly, is crowned with a castle or stronghold of some sort; every town, large or small, is walled and turreted in its entire circumference; some of these defences are still wonderfully perfect, others are nearly in ruins. While they tell of wars and strife to which they owe their origin, their present ruined state, though sad to gaze upon, seems to assure us of the advent of peace.

I would like to draw a more detailed picture of the sublime and lovely scenery of the country which lies between Valencia and Barcelona, but it might be tiresome. We passed through many interesting places, such as Castellon, Vinaroz, Tortosa, Tarragona, and others; it was dark before we reached Barcelona.

*January 7th* (Sunday).—Raining a little, but at 9 it cleared. Called at the office of Messrs. Roses & Co., bankers, but found no letters. Took a stroll on the "Rambla"; day clear and hot. Mr. Iselin and Mr. French, of New York, called this evening and asked me to go with them to-morrow to Montserrat, three and a half hours from here, but as Mrs. B. is not well I declined. This is a most interesting place; it is perhaps the greatest monastery in the world, and is situated among mountains of jagged rocks, three thousand eight hundred feet high, and the cells of many of the monks are in caves, and almost inaccessible, so high and precipitous are the crags in which they live.

*January 9th*.—Determined (on the advice of Mr. Ruggles, the United States Consul) to go to Marseilles by land and not by sea, as the Gulf of Lyons is not to be depended upon in winter; so we took the coupé or berlina of the diligence from Gerona to Perpignan for the 11th, and expect to reach Marseilles on Friday afternoon.

*January 10th*.—We are booked for to-morrow at 6.30 A.M. to Marseilles. The route is as follows: Barcelona to

Gerona, by rail ; Gerona to Perpignan, by diligence (twelve hours) ; sleep at Perpignan ; at 5 next morning, by rail to Cetta-Tarascon and Marseilles, arriving, as is said, at 3.30 P.M. ; stay at Marseilles all night, and off at 8 A.M. next day to Nice, arriving at 2.30 P.M., where we expect to rest a while.

*January 11th.*—We started at 6 from Barcelona by rail, and reached Gerona, an old and rather interesting Moorish town, walled and strongly fortified, at 10.30 ; after an interval of fifty minutes, we started for Perpignan by diligence ; having the coupé we could see the country well ; it is very beautiful, and the scenery much diversified with mountain and valley views. The plains are highly cultivated, and the peasantry were in great numbers in the fields hard at work ; the men wear a red cowl which hangs well down on one side, and, with the other part of the costume, gives a picturesque appearance. The olive and vine abound, and cork trees cover the hill-tops ; mountains, with snow-covered summits, appeared on the right after leaving Gerona. We entered Figueras at 3 P.M., which appears to be an interesting town, with a good deal of business going on. At 5.30 we reached the French frontier, where our luggage was examined by the custom officers, and, after crossing the Pyrenees by a magnificent road, we arrived at Perpignan at 9.30 and put up at a hotel, where we found comfortable and clean quarters.

*January 12th.*—Up at 3 to go by rail to Marseilles ; lighted a fire and got tea, eggs, and bread for breakfast, as usual on early departures. We experience the great discomfort, trouble, and immensely increased expense of travelling, to say nothing of loss of time which fear of the sea entails.

On our route we stopped at Beziers, where there is a remarkable Cathedral, which crowns the highest hill in the place, and looks exactly like a strong tower, or rather a number of towers. This was the scene of the horrible massacre of sixty thousand Protestants in the early part of the thirteenth

century, by order of Pope Innocent the Third. The Albigenes inhabited this country and were driven out or slaughtered at that time. We also touched at Nîmes, which is full of beautiful Roman ruins in an almost perfect state; also, at Certe, where, while we were at breakfast, General Sherman and his staff came in, and we travelled together as far as Tarascon in the same railway carriage, they going to Lyons, we to Nice. The General and his party were very entertaining, and when we parted he wished us to announce his intended visit to Nice in a few days. From him we learned that Fisk, of Erie notoriety, has been assassinated.

*January 13th.*—Up at 5 ; lighted a fire, and got ready for a start at 7.30 for Nice. The train left at 8 ; we had a bright summer-like day, which greatly heightened the splendid scenery of the Mediterranean coast. We passed over grounds of great fertility, where grow in rich luxuriance the oil and wine which constitute the chief products of the country, groves of oranges, laden with golden fruit, gardens filled with choice and brilliant flowers, and filling the air with fragrance. The entire one hundred and forty miles from Marseilles to Nice was traversed with great pleasure. Arrived at our quarters ("Hotel Chauvain") at 2.30 P.M. and found only a single room vacant ; the whole town is full of visitors.

*January 17th.*—After lunch we drove to Villefranche, and saw our half dozen beautiful war ships riding at anchor. We met Monsignor Capel, who had just returned from Rome, which, he says, is not at all the Rome of twelve months ago ; everything is changed for the worst.

### XXXIII.

Matinée on U. S. Ship ; Cannes ; Arles ; Nîmes ; Avignon ; Lyons ; Geneva ; Paris ; London ; Sea Voyage (April, 1872) ; New York.

*January 19th, 1872.*—Yesterday we received an invitation from Rear-Admiral Alden, of the United States frigate, *Wabash*, the flag-ship of the squadron at this station, to attend a *matinée*, to be given on board his ship to-day. The weather was unfavorable, but cleared up about 1 o'clock, and we drove to Villefranche, and went on board in a steam launch. Before reaching Villefranche the rain came down in torrents, but we reached the ship in good condition, and were received by the captain and admiral on the gangway. The affair was nicely gotten up ; the main deck and the two decks below were fitted up for the occasion. The whole ship was covered with awnings, which kept the main deck perfectly dry. The gun deck was turned into a ball-room ; dancing commenced very early ; the first cotillion was made up of the admiral, General Sherman, Colonel Audenreid, and Lieutenant Grant ; the ladies were strangers to us.

The deck next below was devoted to refreshments, and the tables were most amply supplied : after spending three hours very agreeably, and seeing the storm gathering thick and fast, we determined to return. The captain ordered a launch, and, accompanied by Captain Boyd, formerly of the navy, we returned to Nice, bringing the captain with us through a hard rain.

The River Paglione, which ordinarily is a very small rivu-



let, scarcely deep enough to drown a kitten, has swollen into a raging torrent, and is rushing to the sea in a muddy stream with tremendous additional volume and velocity. I went to the outlet at the sea-beach and saw a grand sight ; the wind was blowing strongly on the land, and dashing the spray on the steep and lofty rocks to a height of more than fifty feet. The muddy Paglione was belching its torrent into the clear sea, which threw it back in disgust, and piled up the waters to dizzy heights, as the huge waves of the sea and the river torrent met in deadly conflict ; it was, indeed, a grand sight. For miles along the rocky coast to the left the towering waves broke in spray that seemed almost to reach the clouds, and the huge breakers rolled on the crescent-shaped beach, which stretches many miles to the right.

*January 25th.*—Another rainy morning. I went to the seaside at the mouth of the river, and found the battle still raging between the two, the muddy torrent steadily rushing into the clear, blue Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean vainly trying by gigantic efforts to hurl back the disgusting stream.

*January 30th.*—Drove to the place of the accident which happened a few days ago in the outskirts of the town ; a terrible scene, indeed. A thousand tons or more of rock became detached from a steep and lofty hill, and overwhelmed several houses in its fall, killing eight and wounding eleven persons. A military guard kept people off, and workmen were engaged in removing the mass of débris. We then drove to see the Roman ruins at Cinnes, distant three miles. These are the remains of an amphitheatre which was capable of holding several thousands of spectators. We then returned to the hotel by a circuitous route full of lovely scenery, gardens of flowers and fruits, oranges and date-palms. After lunch we walked on the Promenade-des-Anglais, a magnificent walk and drive of two and a half miles along the sea-shore, skirted in its entire length by splendid villas and gardens. The day being uncommonly fine, it was

crowded with elegantly dressed people on foot and in fine equipages.

*February 6th.*—At 12 M. we started for Cannes, and reached the “Grand Hotel” at 3.30 P.M., having been delayed by the destruction of the bridge at Antibes by the late storm. This is a fine hotel, well furnished, and has an excellent table, the attention is also good. We have a parlor and two sleeping-rooms *en suite*, so near the shore that the sound of every wave is distinct. The view of the bay, mountains, the towns and ruins of ancient fortifications and castles is grand and comprehensive.

*February 7th.*—Up at 6 ; saw the early dawn across the sea as it crimsoned the light clouds which mantled the eastern horizon. Presently the sun rose warm and bright, and every object stood out in bold relief. Oh ! what music there is in the “far-sounding sea” ; it never wearies.

After breakfast we called on our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, and finding vacant rooms in their hotel more to our liking than those we are now occupying, we moved to the “Hotel Beau-Séjour.” From our windows we have a very fine view of the land and sea, and the sun shines in our rooms all day. One of the most prominent objects is a ruined tower of the tenth century, which stands out in bold relief from the summit of a hill. The Isle Ste. Marguerite is also in sight ; on its summit is a citadel, in one of the dungeons of which was confined the mysterious prisoner known as the “Man with the Iron Mask.”

*February 8th.*—After luncheon wife and I mounted the hill back of the hotel, from which we had some splendid views ; we then descended to the other side through gardens and the grounds of several villas to the main road, and to the grand promenade which skirts the beach for a long distance, returning to the hotel in a carriage. Our walk and ride were most enjoyable, the air was warm and soft, and redolent with the perfumes of flowers,

*February 10th.*—A dull morning ; rained during the night ; took a long walk and visited the Cathedral, where I saw a wedding of persons in high life. The music in the organ-gallery was by a full band and organ accompaniment, with very fine selections, among others, the "Marriage March," in which there were chimes of bells beautifully introduced ; the ceremony continued one hour and a half. Afterward visited the ancient tower near the Cathedral on Mont Chevalier, built early in the eleventh century for defensive purposes ; it is a very venerable ruin.

I omitted to say that, after the grand wedding procession had marched into the Church of Notre Dame d'Esperance, an humble procession, consisting solely of a groom and bride, marched out, who had evidently just been united at the same altar where a more fortunate pair now knelt ; yet not the same altar in all respects, as the sacristan and others were actively engaged in adding gaudy decorations and lighting a large number of extra candles. Bride number one was dressed simply, and carried one small bouquet of white flowers ; while bride number two was evidently attired by Paris dressmakers, and was unable to carry all her beautiful bouquets.

There is a wide difference between the climates of the various places on the Riviera (the west coast of the Mediterranean). We do not like the climate of Cannes ; it is too damp, arising, we think, from the clay formation, which retains moisture even in hot weather. The rain does not sink, and, as the drainage is defective, it does not run, but is carried off by evaporation ; the difference of temperature between sunshine and shade is almost incredible ; both are intolerable, especially after rain. On the whole, we give Nice the preference to all other places on the coast, from Gibraltar to Naples, on account of its dryness and the uniformity of its temperature.

*February 16th.*—A beautiful morning at last. The sun rose bright and genial, and we resolved to push on to Mar-

seilles ; so we took the rail at 11.20 A.M., and got to our destination at 7, where we found comfortable quarters at the "Grand Hotel Noailles." We had a charming day for our journey and a compartment to ourselves. The beautiful and interesting coast along which we passed never looked more beautiful ; the peasants were pruning the olive trees, and the almond trees were in full bloom.

*February 17th.*—Up at 6.30 ; a splendid morning. Spent the afternoon driving to see sights, visited the Cathedral, tenth century ; went on board steamer *Malvina*, to see what sort of vessels ply between Marseilles and Algeria ; we were much pleased with this ship ; it was large, commodious, and clean ; we then drove down to the promenades and boulevards, which are fine ; they were filled with people enjoying themselves. Visited the new Picture Galleries and Museum of Natural History ; connected with these is the finest fountain perhaps in the world, and magnificent pleasure grounds ; these are at the upper terminus of the Boulevard Long Champs. The gallery of paintings contains some good pictures, for the most part modern. I was pleased with an unfinished one by a good artist who was killed in the late war ; subject, "Judith and Holofernes." It was treated in an entirely original manner ; Holofernes is sketched in his gorgeous tent asleep ; Judith and her female slave have just stolen in and stand at the head of their unconscious victim. I have never to my recollection seen sleep so well represented before, nor passion so strongly depicted as in the female figures ; the head of Judith is unfinished, but her attitude and the expression of every limb tell what is passing within. The slave looks into the face of her mistress with an expression of mingled terror and amazement.

*February 18th* (Sunday).—Another magnificent morning. Our room is nominally on the second floor, but, in fact, on the fourth, and very high flights at that, so, as we could not be accommodated lower down, we determined to start off and go

to Arles, where we arrived at 12.30. After lunch we drove to the following places: the Palace of Constantine, the Champs Elysées, the Roman Arena or Amphitheatre, the Church and Cloisters of St. Trophine, the Museum, the Forum, the Hotel de Ville, and other places, all of which were very interesting. The Amphitheatre is an immense and very grand ruin, and resembles strongly the Coliseum, though much smaller, but in a better state of preservation. It was capable of seating thirty thousand persons; the whole is of stone, while the Coliseum was largely built of brick. There are the ruins of three square towers within this great arena, the building of which was attributed to Attila by some, and to Charles Martel by others; they appear to belong to the Saracenic period. This grand structure is elliptical in form, and is exceedingly well preserved, considering what vast amounts of material have been taken from it for centuries to erect other buildings; it has, in fact, been the quarry from which modern buildings have been erected; there are portions remaining which attest the ancient magnificence of this grand building. The Forum, or so much of it as remains, is included in the front walls of the "Hotel du Nord," where we stayed; the architecture is exceedingly beautiful. The cloisters of St. Trophine are exceedingly well preserved, and are marvels of skill and beauty of sculptured marbles.

The Palace of Constantine is colossal and very magnificent. The Museum is filled with a multitude of Roman antiquities, which have been collected here from time to time, and consist of fragments of sculptured stones, marbles, statuary, coins, and many other things of great interest. We found the "Hotel du Nord" pretty good.

Murray says that Arles is one of the most ancient, and was once the most important city in France, the Rome of Gaul ("Gallula Roma Arelas"), as Ausonius calls it; it is rich in ancient ruins of the period of its greatness.

The Amphitheatre, or, as it is called here, "Arènes," is one

of the most splendid ruins of Roman times ; it is said to be four hundred and sixty by three hundred and forty feet, and has five corridors, and forty-three tiers or rows of seats ; it is two immense stories high, and has sixty arches ; those of the first story are Doric, and of the second, Corinthian. This is one of the most massive buildings I ever saw ; it is constructed of huge blocks of stone fitted together with the utmost exactness ; the parapet which surrounds the great arena is faced with enormous slabs of marble. There are several vaulted chambers, built of immense stones, which communicate with the arena, and which were probably the places where wild beasts were kept. This is only one of a multitude of marvellously interesting remains to be seen and studied in this city, once so great, now shrunk almost to insignificance. A considerable part of the Roman walls which surrounded Arles remain in a well-preserved state. All through the modern city parts of Roman buildings are to be seen ; these are portions of columns, pedestals, capitals, friezes, pediments, and such like, which have been utilized in constructing modern buildings, or for the purpose of preserving them. A considerable part of the Forum (its front) has been thus preserved and built around, and forms part of the front of the "Hotel du Nord" ; two columns, the wall and pediment, which surmounted it, are in this portion, and exhibit evidences of the richest and most perfect ornamentation in architecture to be found anywhere.

*February 19th.*—Up at 6 ; dull morning ; early breakfast, and off at 9 to the station, where we took the cars for Tarascon ; thence for Nîmes, where we arrived at 11.15, and found pleasant quarters at the "Hotel de Luxemburg." After lunch drove to the following places : Fountain of Pradier in the Esplanade, Palais de Justice, Roman Amphitheatre, Maison Carrée, Jardin de la Fontaine, the Roman Baths, the Temple of Diana, the Gate of Augustus Cæsar, the Cathedral, the Protestant Temple, etc. I think it quite

safe to assert that the Roman remains at this place are scarcely inferior to those in Rome in point of splendor and preservation. The Amphitheâtre is a grand ruin, and, though not more than one-quarter the capacity of the Coliseum, it is in a much better state, and, being built on the same plan, it gives a much better idea of what the Roman Amphitheatre was when perfect than the Coliseum, which is much more dilapidated. This is, indeed, a most impressive object to gaze upon, whether viewed from without or within. We ascended to the top, and descended to its dungeons and dens for wild beasts and its vast arena ; its almost innumerable rows of stone seats traverse the elliptical sides of the huge building with graceful curves ; they are almost in a perfect state, and it was not difficult for the imagination to people the immense interior with an excited multitude of Roman spectators, such as centuries ago met there to gloat their eyes on scenes of blood.

The Maison Carrée is one of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, one of the best-preserved examples of a Corinthian temple perhaps in the world, and it is wonderful how well it has survived the ravages of time. Murray says it was consecrated in the reign of Augustus ; was used in the eleventh century as a Christian church ; still later, a place of the meeting of a municipal body ; later, it was used as a stable, and its owner pared away the flutings of the columns to make room for the passage of his carts ! Then it was used as an Augustine convent, a tomb-house for burial, a revolutionary tribunal, and a corn warehouse ; and now it is used as a museum, and is stored with Roman relics, gathered in the city, and paintings ancient and modern ; among the latter, the most attractive to me was Paul Delaroche's "Cromwell viewing the Body of Charles the First"—a magnificent picture.

The Jardin de la Fontaine is a most magnificent place, and a great popular resort. In it are contained the Roman Baths, and the ruined Temple of Diana ; many fine statues

grace these grounds, with many flights of elegant and extensive marble steps and balustrades, and the crystal fountains which flow in most copious supply from the side of a hill ; it is a most luxuriant and attractive spot.

The Cathedral, externally, is very fine ; its pediment and friezes are elegantly sculptured, and it has a front of great beauty ; internally, it is really nothing. This is the birth-place of Guizot, whose father was guillotined here.

*February 20th.*—A fine morning ; up at 6 for an early start to Avignon, thirty-eight miles by way of the Pont du Gard. I strolled out early, visited again the Augustine Gate, a fine ruin, next to which stands the Protestant Church, or “ Temple,” as it is called ; it is a large building with rather a handsome front, and nothing in the way of inscription upon it to indicate the denomination to which it belongs, except an open book over the main entrance with the words “ Sainte Bible,” the most eloquent mode of distinguishing it from the surrounding churches. Out of a population of sixty thousand in Nîmes, Murray says the Protestants number twelve thousand ; a more recent authority, and more entitled to credence (a gentleman who is well acquainted with this whole region, and more friendly to the Roman Catholics than the Protestants), assured me that the two denominations were nearly equal, and that it was due to that circumstance that the affairs of the city government were not managed more harmoniously, consequently an injury to its advancement. At all events, Protestantism is very strong in this part of France, where, in the Middle Ages, the Albigenses flourished until the persecution early in the thirteenth century, under Innocent the Third, when they were exterminated ; but “ the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church,” and the Protestants are now stronger in this part of the country than ever.

I was impressed with the wonderful flow of the purest water in an immense volume from the foot of the hill, at what is called the Fountain of the Nymphs, where, also, are



the Roman Baths ; at its source the water is many feet deep, and flows with wonderful force through those splendid grounds, and is conducted through the city by means of a grand canal. We started from Nîmes at 9, and reached Pont du Gard in two and three-quarter hours, after a most enjoyable drive of eighteen miles over a magnificent road, which traverses a country of great fertility and beauty. At first sight of this most stupendous work we were amazed ; but, on a nearer approach, where we could get a more general view, we gazed in dumb astonishment at the enormous stones of which it is constructed, and at the close and exact manner in which the stones are united together. The lower tier of arches which span the river are six in number, supporting eleven other arches of immense span, which, in turn, support thirty-five other arches, on the top of which is built the aqueduct, at a height of one hundred and sixty-five feet above the River Gard. We were conducted by the guide on the level of the first bridge, the floor of which is made of stones of tremendous size, so closely fitted that not a drop of water can get through ; we then climbed to the upper tier and walked through the aqueduct, which is formed like a U, and on which the Roman cement still adheres. This was but a small portion, of eight hundred and eighty-five feet in length, of the ancient aqueduct, which brought water to the city of Nîmes from a distance of twenty-five miles. The greater part has disappeared, and the materials are to be seen in walls of farms, gardens, and houses for many miles.

Looking to the north from the summit of the aqueduct, a considerable portion of the great chain of arches is visible, and an enterprising company has taken the matter in hand for the purpose of rebuilding it and obtaining the supply of water to Nîmes as in ancient times. There is no certainty as to the origin of this colossal structure, one of the grandest Roman ruins in existence, but it is thought to have been built about 19 B.C. On descending from the top, we viewed

it from the river level in every aspect ; it is perfectly stunning and fills every beholder with wonder and awe. Near the aqueduct is an immense cavern in the rock, where it is said many Protestants vainly tried to hide themselves in the persecutions of the early part of the thirteenth century. This cave is of very great extent ; I went a short way into it, but found it wet and cold.

After passing some time in viewing this most interesting relic of Roman grandeur, we continued our journey to Avignon, a distance of eighteen miles, over rather a dreary country, and arrived at the "Hotel de l'Europe" at 3.30 P.M. We at once engaged a guide, and strolled off to see the sights ; visited the Papal Palace, built for, and occupied by, seven of the Popes in the fourteenth century ; this immense building, the walls of which are one hundred feet in height, is now turned into barracks. It is built in the style of a fortress of great strength, with square towers, and severely plain exterior. Near it stands the Cathedral, of no particular interest, except that in it several of the Popes were consecrated, and the coronation-chair stands in the chancel. Here Pope Benedict the Twelfth was buried. The view from the platform in front of the Cathedral is very extensive and beautiful ; it takes in the Rhone for many miles on both sides and the country opposite. We visited some of the churches, which have nothing of interest in them. The Papal Mint, now the Conservatoire de Musique, has a magnificent front ; it stands opposite the palace. The Hotel de Ville and the theatre are also very beautiful buildings. From the upper promenade there is a fine view of the mediæval Castle of Villeneuve, on the opposite side of the Rhone. This city has a population of about thirty-seven thousand, many of whom are Protestants and are chiefly of the wealthy class.

*February 21st.*—A rainy morning. After breakfast we drove to the Museum, which contains a few good paintings—among the best are those of Horace and Joseph Vernet—a

large collection of Roman antiquities gathered here and in the immediate neighborhood, together with one of the most complete collections of ancient coins. We then drove around the walls which enclose the city ; they are of the Middle Ages, and well preserved. Large square towers of great strength occur at very short intervals. In some places the walls have been damaged, but are being repaired. We saw the great tower in the dungeons of which Rienzi, the last of the Roman tribunes, was a prisoner. Also, a curious old building where the Inquisition held its bloody court.

Avignon is a place of intense interest, and I would have gladly remained longer, if time permitted.

At 1.30 we departed by rail for Lyons, first inscribing a well-merited word of commendation in the register of the "Hotel de l'Europe."

Rain fell copiously as we flew along in the express train. Just after leaving Avignon we took leave of the olive trees, which do not grow north of that line.

The railroad skirts the margin of the Rhone for a long distance, then leaves it, and returns to it again at short intervals ; the scenery is highly picturesque, and the country very thickly populated. On reaching Orange, we had an excellent view of the great Roman ruins there, the chief of which are an immense amphitheatre and a triumphal arch, both in an admirable state of preservation.

We reached Lyons at 6.45, and the "Grand Hotel de Lyons" at 7.30, where we got excellent accommodations.

*February 22d.*—After lunch we drove to that part of the city which lies on the north side of the River Saône, to the Hospital l'Antiquaille, which occupies the site of a Roman palace, in which Claudius and Caligula were born ; then to the Observatory, where we had a very comprehensive view of the city and the surrounding country ; from this point, Mont Blanc is visible in clear weather, though nearly one hundred miles distant ; we then drove to the Church of

Notre Dame de Fourvières, which is noted chiefly for the multitude of ex-votos which decorate its walls. This church occupies the site of a Roman Forum, built by Trajan. We then visited the Cathedral, the chief interest of which is its antiquity and fine stained glass. There are many places of interest here which are worth seeing, but the weather is unsuitable. It is said that Lyons was founded some six hundred years before our era. Many things have been found attesting its high antiquity ; it has a most interesting though bloody history, running through many centuries down to the present time.

*February 23d.*—Up at 5.30 to get ready for an early start to Geneva. The morning was very foggy, but it cleared a little toward 8 o'clock ; the train started at 9. The country had no particular interest till we reached the Jura Mountains, when the scenery became grand and sublime ; a severe storm overtook us on passing through the Jura Gap ; our route, for the last third of the journey, lay through a beautiful region. We skirted the borders of the Rhone, where it forces itself through a very narrow gorge of precipitous rocks for several miles. At 3.35 we arrived at Geneva, and found the weather fine ; we put up at the "Hotel de l'Ecu," the best house on the Continent, in my opinion.

*February 28th.*—A hurricane raged all night, and the change was so great, and the wind poured in so cold at every crevice of our chamber, that we had feather coverlids crammed between the outer and inner sashes ; the wind came from the north, and was intensely cold. The sky has a leaden appearance this morning. The Swiss call the prevailing wind the "Bees." I asked (being at a loss as to the correct spelling): "How do you spell that word?" Answer : "Just the same as north wind."

*February 29th.*—A fine, clear, cold morning. The lake is like a mirror, disturbed only by the swans, which are sailing on it in great numbers this morning. The beautiful bridges

which cross the Rhone near our windows are white with frost, and every object, animate or inanimate, seems to be almost double its usual size in the clear atmosphere. I have always liked Geneva ; cold or warm, rain or shine, it makes but little difference ; the city is always bright and cheerful, and the people warm-hearted and honest.

We took leave of Geneva at 3.30 to go to Paris. The day was lovely, the air clear and mild ; I never saw Mont Blanc so distinctly from such a distance before ; it reared its snow-capped summit in awful grandeur, high above the surrounding peaks. We were filled with regrets, as usual, at leaving this bright and beautiful city ; everything and everybody pleased us, and we would gladly have prolonged our stay.

*March 1st.*—After a pleasant night on the rail, we reached the "Hôtel Chatham" at 8 A.M., and were fortunate enough this time to get satisfactory quarters on the first floor.

*March 20th.*—A chilly day. Started at 5 to the railway station to meet Johnny, who arrived at 6 with his Uncle Eben, all safe and sound ; we had a most joyful meeting. I am delighted with the boy, whose improvement since I saw him, six months ago, is very marked ; took him to our hotel, his uncle going to another ; the meeting with grandma was very tender, after a separation of three years and a half.

*March 21st.*—Johnny and I have been out most all day, riding and walking. It is impossible to get him away from the shop-windows, which are so attractive to old and young ; we drove to the ruins made by the Commune, and afterward to the Church of Notre Dame ; visited the sacristy, and saw the collection of church plate and vestments. Afterward we strolled along the River Seine, over the Bridge of Henri Quatre, through the grounds of the Louvre and the Tuileries, through the Rue de Rivoli, Rue Castiglione, and Rue de la Paix, home in time for dinner. Have had a pleasant day with my little grandson.

*March 25th.*—Wintry yet ; we had a flurry of snow this afternoon, but it cleared, and the sun shone out.

*April 4th.*—Johnny and I went to the galleries of the Louvre and had a fine time of it. He liked all he saw, except the naked figures, which he thought "very indelicate."

*April 6th.*—Started for London, by way of Calais and Dover ; arrived at 5.45 P.M.

*April 7th (Sunday).*—At church as usual ; heard Rev. Newman Hall preach a good sermon in St. James's Hall.

*April 10th.*—A beautiful morning. Went with Johnny to Slough and Eton, at his father's request, to see the schools at these places ; visited St. Michael's School, Alden House, Slough, John Wm. Hawtry, proprietor and master ; Mr. Hawtry was not at home, but we were conducted through the establishment by young Mr. Hawtry, a son. Both of us liked the school very much, and also the mode of conducting it ; Johnny said it was "enchanting." It was vacation, both at Slough and Eton, so we did not see the schools in operation. Mr. Hawtry gave me a prospectus. Afterward we drove to Windsor, went through the great park and visited the Queen's stables, and got back to London before dinner.

*April 16th.*—Weather still very fine. I took Johnny to the Tower of London ; he was delighted. One of the "Beef-Eaters" got hold of him at once ; he was captivated by the sprightliness of the child, and took him round with him. Johnny's questions and observations greatly amused the whole party.

*April 18th.*—We left by rail for Liverpool at 10 A.M., and arrived at 3.15, and put up at the "Northwestern Hotel," where we found a good suite of rooms.

*April 20th.*—The superintendent of the Cunard Line very kindly furnished us a steamer to go to the *Scotia* from the Prince's Landing Stage, three miles, early in the day, so as to avoid the great rush at the appointed hour for passengers ; so we started off at 11.30, and got all nicely settled long before

the arrival of the crowd. The ship sailed at 5.07 P.M., with one hundred and seventy-five passengers on board.

*April 21st* (Sunday).—We reached Queenstown about 1 P.M., and started at 4 on our voyage to New York.

*April 22d.*—The wind and sea arose about midnight, and there was more than a gale toward morning. The wind was on our quarter, blowing fresh from the north, and the ship labored heavily, and we took in great bodies of water by stem and stern, and over the wheel-houses ; nearly everybody was sea-sick, and the saloon was almost deserted. At noon, we had made one hundred and ninety-six miles from Queenstown. My poor wife was in bed all day, and suffered intensely, as usual ; Johnny also remained all day in the state-room, and was sea-sick. The storm increased as the day advanced, and we shipped very heavy seas. Toward midnight there was a very perceptible change for the better, and by early morning both wind and sea abated so much that the ship moved steadily on.

*April 23d.*—A bright and beautiful morning. Wind from the north, still on the quarter. It seems that the storm of yesterday was unusually severe. Captain Lott says he never was sea-sick before in his life, and this is his four hundred and eighteenth crossing ; some of the sailors also were sick. This has been an exceedingly fine day. All, or nearly all, of the passengers were on deck, and the tables were again full. At 12 M. the run for the last twenty-four hours was ascertained to be three hundred and twelve miles, exactly thirteen miles an hour. The moon is full, and the sky cloudless.

*April 24th.*—The morning is magnificent ; the wind is fair, and we have a prospect of a fine run to-day. As the sun got up, the wind freshened, and every inch of canvas was spread. Our gallant ship went on splendidly ; nearly all the passengers were on deck, and in fine spirits. The distance run between 12 M. yesterday, and the same hour to-day is three hundred and forty-three miles. Toward even-

ing the wind abated, and gave promise of a quiet night. To-day I spent a couple of hours in the room of T. Buchanan Read, the poet, painter, and sculptor, who is very sick. He told me of the large forgeries by which he had been robbed for some time past, since his illness, which began in October last. He also related a most singular incident that occurred just before he left Rome, about a Piedmontese, who fled to Rome two years ago, to escape prosecution for murder. Mr. Read had befriended this man, out of compassion for his large and destitute family, and he aided him in many ways, and with a liberal hand; among others, by taking one of his sons to instruct him in his art, as the boy showed evidence of fine taste. In a short time he detected his ward in petty thefts; but, without exposing him to his family, proposed to the father to put him to school at his expense, which was done. As soon as the father heard of Mr. Read's intention to leave Rome, he wrote him a letter stating that, under the belief that he had adopted his son, he had been induced to give up a most flattering chance of gaining a fortune, and that he (Mr. Read) must make amends by paying him ten thousand dollars before leaving Rome, and should he decline his life would be taken. To this letter a conciliatory answer was sent; the man asked for an interview the next day. Mr. Read fixed 12 M. at his house, repaired to the questor, and stated the case, and arranged for two gendarmes to be in attendance in an adjoining room, which was separated from that in which the interview was appointed to be held by heavy curtains over the door. The officers came at 10, and the would-be assassin punctually at the appointed hour. Mr. Read was superintending the packing of some trunks, preparatory to his departure. The man asked for a private room; Mr. Read answered, that if he came on an honest errand he need not fear to speak out. Putting his hand to his mouth, he approached Mr. Read, and said in an undertone of voice, "You lose your life, if



you do not comply with my demand"; the next moment the gendarmes rushed in, seized the man, and took him to prison.

*April 25th.*—This was the finest day I ever experienced at sea. Nearly everybody was on deck and in high spirits. Mrs. Duncan, the good stewardess, got my wife out of her state-room into the ladies' saloon, where she remained reclining on a sofa for two or three hours.

I have been in twice to see poor Mr. Read to-day; he looks very ill, and fears are expressed that he will not live to reach New York. At 12 M. the run was three hundred and thirty-six miles.

*April 26th.*—The run at 12 M. was three hundred and thirty-nine miles.

*April 27th.*—Weather still fine. Toward afternoon the wind changed suddenly to the northwest, and our progress fell from fourteen and one-half to nine and one-half knots an hour. Mr. Read is better to-day. The run at 12 M. was three hundred and forty-one miles.

*April 28th (Sunday).*—It blew a gale all night, and the ship labored fearfully in the teeth of the storm, the sea making a clear breach over her. Several times her bows were under water, and on rising a torrent flowed from her decks; now a sea struck her under the wheel-house, or amidships, and made the noble vessel stagger and tremble as if she had received a fatal blow. Our progress was consequently very much retarded, and ranged from five to ten knots an hour throughout the day. Very few of the passengers left their rooms until it was time for service, when a goodly number attended in the main saloon. The Rev. Mr. Nevin, of the American Episcopal Church in Rome, conducted the services, and preached a capital and very interesting sermon from the text, Heb. ix., 27: "It is appointed unto men once to die." All on board looked rather grumpy all day, and toward sunset the gale seemed to gather strength again; run, two hun-

dred and thirty-eight miles. Poor Mr. Read was thought by the ship's doctor to be dying to-day ; but he revived by the aid of stimulants.

Passed a large ship under full sail, going before the wind. The sea is rolling in a tremendous trough, and our ship seems like a toy as it rises and falls.

*April 29th.*—The gale continued all night, but the sea is not quite so furious as it was, and all are hoping that the gale is nearly spent. After noon the sea fell considerably, and the wind came off from the northwest very cold indeed.

Poor Mr. Read is growing weaker ; his mind is wandering at intervals, and the doctor sometimes doubts if he will reach the land in life.

The run to-day was two hundred and seventy-five miles. About 10 P.M. a pilot boarded us. The sea is again quite smooth.

*April 30th, 1872.*—What a magnificent morning ! The sea is calm, and the sun clear and warm ; everybody is in fine spirits, and getting ready to land.

The run since 12 M. yesterday is three hundred and fifty-seven miles.

Sighted Fire Island Light House at noon, and reached the dock at Jersey City about 6 P.M.

## XXXIV.

Return to Europe (1873); London; York; the Minster; Paris; Cologne; Berlin; Dresden; Prague; Vienna.

NEW YORK, *April 2d, 1873*.—Up at 4.30; breakfasted at 6, left the "Fifth Avenue Hotel" at 7.15, but a thick fog on the river prevented our reaching the ship until 8.30. President Hitchcock introduced himself to us, and gave information as to the movements of the American Commission, which is now on its way to explore Bashan, Edom, and Moab, and perhaps other parts of the Holy Land. About sunset we were shrouded in a fog, and the fog-whistles began, and continued all night.

*April 3d*.—Up at 5, on deck at 6.30; wet, foggy, and cold. We had a good night's rest. Wife has no cough, showing the truth of the theory of Dr. Gray, "When beyond soundings the cough will be better." At 12 M. thermometer forty-two; sea smooth; thirteen miles an hour; run, two hundred and eighty-eight miles.

Found several friends on board, among them Mr. Chandler, wife and daughter, Miss Hitchcock, daughter of President Hitchcock, and three young lady friends, who are travelling together; also Rev. Dr. Murphy, to whom I delivered a letter of introduction from Rev. Dr. John Hall.

Weather warm, overcoats and wraps are laid aside, and the sea is like a mill-pond.

*April 4th*.—Up at 5; sea smooth; sun rose bright and warm; slept soundly; ship under full speed, engine said to be making sixty revolutions a minute.

*April 5th.*—Up at 6 ; passed a quiet night ; both of us slept well ; air chilly, forty-one degrees, in fifteen minutes fell to thirty-one and one-half degrees.

*April 6th* (Sunday).—Up at 6.30 ; it snowed all night, and continued this morning. On the Bank of Newfoundland ; no fog ; storm increasing, ship rolling. Nearly all the passengers sea-sick ; a very short service ; no sermon, both of the ministers sea-sick, scarcely any one at table ; crockery, glass, and other things swept from the table by a sudden lurch ; a great amount of breakage ; one of the three ladies at the table was thrown from her seat under the table in an instant. As my steward handed me a plate of soup, I inquired if it was warm, and got the answer from my lap before it reached my ears.

The run by dead reckoning was three hundred and fourteen miles ; the storm of wind, snow, and sleet continued all day without abatement, and the night closed in with the prospect of a boisterous time, and a more grumpy-looking lot of passengers I never saw.

*April 7th.*—Up at 6 ; a beautiful morning ; sun shines into our "Bull's-eye," but it lights up as stormy a sea as rocked me to sleep at 10 last night ; between these hours, with the exception of a few minutes, I slept soundly. The sea presents a very grand appearance as our gallant ship rises on the billows, and bowing gracefully, ploughs through them at a rapid rate ; now and then we ship a sea that makes our vessel tremble as she rises and shakes it off. Run at 12 M. was three hundred and forty-two miles, making one thousand five hundred and eighty-one miles in five days, or over fourteen miles an hour.

*April 8th.*—Up at 5.30, but only to retire again ; it is impossible to stand without holding on to something ; scarcely a dozen at breakfast, and fewer at lunch, and not more than a score at dinner. Nothing remains on the table, liquids and solids are suddenly thrown together where least expected. A

pie tumbled into a Frenchman's lap; the captain said: "What for you take all ze pie? only leetle piece pour vous." Answer, "I no go to ze pie, him come to me." A gentleman filled another gentleman's glass with wine, which was instantly emptied by a sudden lurch; "Take another, and wait till we join you this time." The sea was very high all day; nearly everybody in bed; run, two hundred and ninety miles.

*April 9th.*—Up at 6.30, and down again; too much commotion to stand. The sea is lashed into foaming billows, wind east by one point south; run, two hundred and seventy-three miles.

*April 10th.*—A partial lull. Up at 7 and kept up; a promise of fine weather, but wind east (dead ahead); as the day advanced the weather improved, and the sea was so calm that nearly all were on deck. A concert for the evening was started by the captain, the proceeds to be given to the Liverpool Seaman's Orphan Institute; Dr. Murphy presided. Everything went off well and eighteen pounds were collected. Run, two hundred and eighty-six miles.

*April 11th* (Good Friday).—Up at 7, a beautiful morning; racks off. Service in the saloon at 10.30; Episcopal form, after which Dr. Murphy will preach a short sermon. Run, two hundred and eighty-nine miles; sighted land at 2 P.M. Reached Queenstown at 8, landed some passengers, and off at 8.30 full speed, to pass the bar and get to Liverpool in time for the 4 o'clock train to London, but it was otherwise destined; a fog closed in suddenly about 6 A.M. next morning.

Almost within an instant, April 12th, we were foul of a brig which was standing across our bows; away went her bowsprit, the engines stopped suddenly, a boat was lowered, and after a delay of nearly two hours, occupied in preparations to tow the disabled vessel, we were off again at half speed. This will keep us back and compel us to wait outside the bar, and thus not reach Liverpool till perhaps midnight. The air is chilly, damp, and foggy. The wrecked brig was

towed into Holyhead, and we pushed on at full speed, and arrived at the bar about 6.30, where we were met by a small steamer which took us and our luggage to Liverpool, and we landed at 7 P.M. at the Prince's Landing Stage. Here another detention awaited us; all the luggage was taken into the Custom House shed by the usually slow process of a trunk at a time, and after a formal examination, we were permitted to depart at 9. We were comfortably lodged at the "North-western Hotel," and after sitting an hour and a quarter at the table we got a little supper and retired. Nothing is more trying to the patience of Americans than the slowness of the waiters at this hotel; remonstrance and entreaty are equally vain.

*April 13th* (Sunday).—What a pleasant change from the narrow berth of the *Abyssinia* to the wide, soft, and warm bed in which I slept last night.

*April 14th*.—Up at 6, started for London at 9, and arrived at "Story's Hotel" at 3.30, where we were comfortably lodged, *en suite*, and we felt at home at once; we had a pleasant journey; the spring opens in England beautifully.

*April 16th*.—Up at 6.30. Procured tickets for the Zoölogical Gardens on the 20th. Drove to the Victoria Embankment, the Parliament Houses, and Westminster Abbey, where we spent a few minutes going hurriedly through. At midnight last night received a telegram from Cataldi, at Rome; answered early to-day that we start for Paris end of May, also wrote saying that we would engage him as late as the end of June.

*April 17th*.—Up at 6.30. Received letter from Cataldi, dated April 12, at Rome, that he is engaged for two or three months, but had made up his mind to leave the family and go with us; answered the letter, that two months is time enough for us to start, as we do not wish to go north till summer has fairly set in.

*May 9th*.—Up at 4.30. At 6 A.M. started for North Aller-

ton. From time of leaving London until my arrival I passed over an almost unbroken panorama of magnificent agricultural scenery ; the whole country is in a splendid condition and state of cultivation, and is truly beautiful in the brilliant early verdure of spring, and the blossoms and flowers ! I cannot describe them ; what loveliness they added to the landscape !

The windows of my room look out upon York Minster, which is in full view, and looms up in colossal grandeur under the light of a full moon. This great and splendid relic of antiquity never impressed me so much as it does to-night ; its massive walls and square towers seem more solemn and imposing than ever, and their solemnity increases as I gaze upon them, and hear the deep-toned bell ring out eleven. Time has no better herald to announce its flight than the ancient sentinel of this grand old Minster.

*May 10th.*—The sun woke me at 4.30, and the first object that met my view this morning, as it was the last I looked upon before going to bed, was the Minster, but how changed ! There it stands in sharp outline against a clear northeastern sky, but so different from the Minster as shown by last night's full moon as scarcely to be recognized ; it seems shorn of its sublimity in great part, such is the difference in the effect of light and shadow on such grand structures. I visited the interior just as the 10 o'clock services were begun, and my ears were enchanted with the soft, and at the same time grand, melody of the organ and the singing of the boy choir, as it rose to the clustered arches, and rang with reduplicated richness and sweetness through every part of the building.

I left York by the Great Northern Railroad at 12.45, and reached London at 5.40 ; five hours—two hundred miles.

*May 11th* (Sunday).—Up at 7 ; a beautiful morning ; heard Rev. Donald Frazer preach a wonderful good sermon.

*May 12th.*—Up at 6 ; a fine day ; in the evening attended

a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, and heard a paper read on Chinese Tartary ; rather interesting.

*May 13th.*—Up same hour ; fine weather. Preparing to leave for Paris in the morning.

*May 14th.*—Up at 4.30 ; breakfasted at 6.30 ; off to Charing Cross at 7.30, and by rail *en route* to Paris at 8.30, where we arrived at 6.30. I never crossed the English Channel on so fine a day ; the sea was perfectly smooth, and weather fine.

*May 25th (Sunday).*—A beautiful day ; I went out early, and saw evidences of great public excitement, which I did not understand till later. Horsemen rushed through the streets regardless of pedestrians ; men were reading the morning papers as they walked along, and there was evidently something in the wind. On entering the house after my walk, M. Pincet screamed out to me with a paper in his hand, and pointed to an article, from which I could gather that M. Thiers had resigned, and General MacMahon had been elected President of the Republic by an overwhelming vote of the Assembly.

I was too unwell to go out again until late in the afternoon, when we rode to the Champs de Mars to get the air.

*June 4th.*—Up early ; weather clear and warm, with showers. Drove to the Buttes de Chaumont, a most beautiful resort, very little known to Americans, where we spent an hour very satisfactorily.

*June 10th.*—Still complaining ; in the afternoon we went around the entire circuit of Paris, by the *chemin de fer de Centure* ; the time consumed by the trip, which was very beautiful, where the road is on a level with the surface, was two and a half hours.

*June 12th.*—In the evening we were most agreeably surprised by the entrance of our friends Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson, of Edinburgh, and their two oldest daughters.

*June 13th.*—Up at 5.30 ; much better. Accompanied



Mr. Nelson on a visit to the studio of Gustave Doré, where we were delighted with a number of pictures, mostly unfinished, which could be produced only by a man of the highest order of genius. Drove out with wife in the afternoon, and in the evening, while visiting Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, at "Meurice's Hotel," I met and was introduced to Gustave Doré, the most remarkable painter of the age. He spoke little English, and seems to be about forty-five years of age.

*June 17th.*—Up at 5.30 ; morning very fine and warm ; we took a landau and drove to Versailles, where we spent a delightful day, and returned at 7.30 P.M. We visited the magnificent grounds which surround the palace, and also the Grand and Petit Trianons, all of which are most interesting and beautiful.

*June 20th.*—Up at 4 ; a clear and warm morning. Started in the 7 A.M. train, and reached Cologne at 7 P.M., and put up at the "Hotel Disch" ; the day was hot and the road dusty ; after a rather late dinner we were driven to the "Volks Garten," on the opposite side of the Rhine, where we passed an agreeable hour, hearing a fine band and refreshing ourselves with Moselle.

*June 21st.*—Up at 6 ; a hot and sultry morning. After breakfast we went sight-seeing ; visited the Museum, which contains a few good, and many indifferent, paintings, also some very interesting Roman antiquities, which were found in the neighborhood of the city ; also visited the Cathedral, of which so much is known that I omit describing what I saw. Visited also the Church of St. Ursula, and saw the bones of the famed eleven thousand virgins, two of the thorns from the crown of our Saviour, a piece of the true cross, one of the six jars used at the Marriage in Cana of Galilee, when "the conscious water saw its God and blushed," besides numerous other things too tedious to mention. At 4 we embarked in a steamer for Bonn, where we arrived at 7, after a charming trip, and were pleasantly lodged at the "Grand Hotel Royal."

Our windows overlook the Rhine, with an extensive view up and down that beautiful river.

At the Museum in Cologne there is a very fine painting, which represents the German King and his staff on horseback ; William is, of course, the central figure ; on his right is Bismarck ; on the left, Von Moltke ; and behind them, fifty other most notable actors in the Franco-German War. This picture is dated 1872 ; I regret to say I have forgotten the artist's name, which deserves to be remembered. I do not remember ever to have seen "fore-shortening" better exemplified ; all the figures are approaching the spectator ; the coloring, vigor, and action are very remarkable.

*June 22d* (Sunday).—Up at 6, almost exhausted by the great heat. The Rhine is shrouded with a dense fog, which is lifting as I gaze, like a drop-curtain in a theatre, and disclosing views of great beauty as it rises ; the river is as placid as a mirror, but the air is thick, hot, and heavy. At 10 I started to go to the Scotch Church, but not finding it in the whole length of the street in which it is said to be, I returned, half exhausted with the overpowering heat.

At 5 P.M. we drove to a height a few miles from Bonn and had a fine view of the city and the surrounding country, thence to Godesberg where we dined, and returned at 9, greatly pleased with the excursion.

*June 23d*.—Up at 5 ; a rainy day prevented us from going up the Rhine, so we took the rail at noon for Dusseldorf, where we arrived at 2.45, and spent the afternoon in visiting the collections of paintings, and in driving and walking through that most beautiful of all German towns ; we stopped at the "Hotel de l'Europe" and found it good.

It is evident that the Prussians are acting on the maxim : "In peace prepare for war," as they have large numbers of soldiers massed on the Rhine ; we were told they have five thousand and upward at Cologne, four thousand in this town, and in like proportions at other places. Drilling and

parading go on incessantly, and the nation seems quite in a military spirit.

How different everything visible to travellers is in France ! The native appears to be humbled, the usual "fuss and feathers" we were accustomed to see is all done away with, and the people are active and industrious in the pursuit of their various occupations. A comparison between the two nations, as regards all external objects which tend to refine and civilize, is immensely in favor of France, and even if it is true, as has often been said of the French, that their politeness is insincere, and used for selfish motives, who would not prefer it to the brusque manners of the Prussians ?

*June 24th.*—We started at 7 for Berlin, three hundred and ninety-three miles, where we arrived at 6.50 ; the day was fine and cool, and the journey, though tedious, was pleasant. We could not help remarking frequently the great difference between French and Prussian agriculture, which is immensely in favor of the former, so that there is scarcely any resemblance between the two countries. Everything in both the country and the towns wears an untidy, dirty look in Prussia ; the people are meanly dressed ; the peasantry are slovenly and loathsome ; the houses and their surroundings show an utter neglect of cleanliness and neatness. In the towns and cities the streets are dirty and badly paved ; even the finest buildings fail to impress strangers for the same reason.

There is a wonderful degree of vigor and activity in every part of Prussia in the way of new buildings, both public and private ; in every town or place we passed through new buildings in great numbers were in process of erection. The iron, steel, and other great manufacturing establishments were all in active operation along the whole route from the Rhine to Berlin.

*June 25th.*—A rainy morning, which kept us in till 1 ; afterward we took a walk, but we found the streets dirty and badly paved. Visited the Royal Museum, and found it so

very extensive that I could only take a cursory view of, perhaps, one-tenth of it in the two hours we were there. The collection of copies of ancient sculptures is very great and very good, and I was enabled to judge of their quality from having seen the originals in my travels. There is a large collection of old pictures, some of which I thought very fine; the cartoons of Raphael in the rotunda are very remarkable. I was familiar with the subjects, and found I could appreciate them more than I did at first sight.

*June 26th.*—Our windows look out upon the Palace of Frederick the Great. I cannot cease to admire the grand dome which rises in majestic dignity from the roof of the chapel. We spent three hours in the old and new Royal Museums, and were greatly delighted with the paintings and other works of art therein contained.

After dinner we drove through the principal parts of the city; some of the dwellings are fine, but the streets are reeking with filth, so that our ride through the best parts of the Prussian capital will suffice for the party, unless compelled to take a vehicle in a storm, or to do penance.

*June 27th.*—Another rainy day, the third since our arrival, so that our sight-seeing is much hindered. We spent some hours at the two collections of paintings, several of which were very fine; among them there were several by Lessing, and others of equal eminence. We also visited the Aquarium, said to be the greatest in the world. It is really wonderful, and gives a most truthful representation of the mysteries of the sea and animal life therein, with all their various movements and habits; also of the formation of sponges and marine fungi and other strange things, such as shells, etc.

In this wonderful place, there is an immense collection of tropical birds, beasts, and reptiles, all living in their natural state and showing their natural habits and actions to perfection. We were greatly pleased with this most unique museum.

In the evening we attended the great Jewish Synagogue, which is said to be the largest and grandest of all the Jewish temples in Europe. It was well filled, the men, with covered heads, occupying the ground floor, and the women occupying the magnificent and extensive galleries. The service began at 8 and continued an hour ; it was intoned and chanted with a grand organ accompaniment ; the choir is very full, and is composed almost entirely of boys, who opened the service with a plaintive but highly musical air, and sang the responses in splendid style. It was, indeed, a most impressive service, and one which cannot soon be forgotten.

*June 28th.*—Another rainy day. In the afternoon it cleared, and we drove to Charlottenburg, and saw the magnificent mausoleum of William the Third, and his beautiful Queen, Louisa, effigies of both, in finest Carrara marble, by Rauch, reclining each on a marble sarcophagus erected by the Emperor William. This royal tomb is in the form of a Doric temple, built of Finland granite, and is embowered in a shady recess in the grand and extensive gardens which surround the palace. I spent three hours in strolling through the city to see the magnificent bronzes which adorn it ; chief among these are those by Kiss, “St. George and the Dragon,” and “An Amazon attacked by a Tiger” ; also the equestrian statues of Frederick, the great Elector, and Frederick the Great.

*June 29th.*—(Sunday).—A dull, chilly morning, with an appearance of the storm continuing ; we attended the service at the Cathedral, or Dom, which opened at 10 with remarkably fine singing by a very numerous choir, unaccompanied by any instrument ; this choir sings the Psalms of Mendelssohn with most wonderful effect. The first half hour is occupied in choir and congregational singing ; the latter service, accompanied by the organ, is also very fine ; then prayer and the reading of the Scriptures and a sermon ; all, of course, in German, which made it rather long to us. We drove from

the Dom to the American Chapel, where we heard a very original discourse, with which we were much pleased, on the text, Isaiah ix., 66 : " And His name shall be called Wonderful." The preacher very earnestly and successfully combated the modern heresy which denies the Divinity of Christ ; his argument was very satisfactory. After dinner we walked a short distance in the neighborhood of the hotel.

*June 30th.*—The morning is foggy and chilly. Berlin is a very disagreeable city ; I shall be glad to leave it, and never again return except on compulsion. It reeks with filth ; pools of green stagnant water are seen in the best parts of the city where the wealthy reside, and every gutter has dirty water standing in it which gives off a very offensive smell ; this is true of even the " Unter-den-Linden," the greatest and most frequented of all the thoroughfares in the city. The bridle-path, which runs through this avenue, is nothing more than a wretched mud road, which would disgrace our highways in the country, and still the city seems to be sewerred, and there is certainly no lack of water with a river running through it. There is no denying the fact that the Prussians are a people of untidy habits ; every coin is coated with thick, greasy dirt. I asked why this was, and was told that the English go to the trouble to wash their money. The Prussians are, in addition to their dirty habits, arrogant, cruel, and avaricious. Their capital is ornamented with splendid statuary in marble and bronze, but nearly all of these are emblematic of war ; there is scarcely one to symbolize the peaceful arts. The figures of emperors, electors, kings, and warriors grace their great highways and their public buildings, with a large admixture of mythological statuary and designs, not one of which is calculated to inspire a gentle emotion, but, on the contrary, to instruct the public mind in the arts of war, and rouse a spirit of rudeness and cruelty. What I call an instance of their arrogance is to be seen in one of the marble groups which ornament the principal bridge ; there are two figures,

representing an angel and a youth ; the angel is instructing the youth by pointing to a tablet with the names of Alexander, Cæsar, and Frederick on it in gold letters ; heavenly teaching, truly ! The cruelty of the Prussians is exemplified in the treatment of their animals ; dogs are made to draw heavy loads, horses the same ; they look thin, weak, and ready to fall in the streets. In front of our hotel I saw four droskies, each with a single horse, and there they remained at 6, when I looked again ; the poor animals were actually tottering on their legs, and the large, fat drivers, wrapped in their ample cloth cloaks, were all asleep on their boxes. I have seen a single horse drawing a heavy drosky, with six full-grown persons in it, over the worst paved streets I ever saw—and this is a very common sight !

We started at 10, and reached the famous Potsdam in half an hour, where our courier procured a carriage for us for the day ; first, we ordered dinner to be ready at 5 P.M., and then we drove to Babelsberg, which we could not see in consequence of the presence of the royal family, who are here, and we drove to the Palace of Prince Karl, which was not open for the same reason, but we saw the grounds, which are rather pretty. On the way to Sans Souci, we met Prince Frederick William returning from the chase with some friends on horseback, and surrounded by a pack of hounds ; as we passed them they sounded their horns, which had a fine effect in the distance. On the way we visited the marble palace, where we saw the chair in which Frederick the Great died. At the Sans Souci we were admitted only to the picture gallery, which is very extensive, but containing no pictures of any great merit, as Murray says, and as we found. The collection was made by the Great Frederick, on his own judgment, and proves the truth of his biographers, who said he was greatly imposed upon by his agents and the picture dealers.

On the way to the Salle de Raphael we stopped for lunch,

and, when eating it out of doors, the Emperor drove past, and honored us with a bow.

At the Salle de Raphael we were detained at the entrance, until the Ex-Queen Elizabeth, the widow of the late king, finished her visit. We saw her as she was wheeled out in a sort of invalid's wagon to her carriage ; she is a poor little sickly, shrivelled-up old woman, with brown corrugated skin, one that might envy the lot of any healthy peasant woman who toiled for her bread. We entered the great salon, which contains copies of all the paintings of Raphael, the most of the originals of which we had seen ; some were good, others were indifferent. We were shown through the grand salons, which contain many works of art and are sumptuously furnished. The grounds round the palace are exceedingly beautiful, and being on high ground, they command superb and very extensive views. We next drove to the New Palace, an enormous structure built by Frederick the Great, which, with the immense buildings in the grounds, form a series of grand and stately edifices. We were conducted through a large part of the palace, the other portion being occupied by the Crown Prince, and found what we saw to be very grand, but not kept in repair. We next drove to the Church of the Garrison, as it is called, where, in a vault under the pulpit, we were shown the zinc coffin which contains the dust of the great Frederick, and a marble sarcophagus alongside, where rest the mortal remains of his almost equally renowned father, Frederick the First, called the Elector. In this church hang a good many French standards taken by Prussia in the wars of 1815 and 1870, also many Austrian flags taken at the terrible and decisive battle of Sadowa. We closed the sight-seeing of the day by visiting the Royal Palace, an immense structure built by Frederick the Great also, and which is remarkable for its close and intimate connection with his history. Here we saw many articles which were worn by the great soldier, such as his

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cocked hat, gloves, boots, green eye-shade, flute, writing-table besmeared with ink, pieces of music composed and written by him, and sundry other things. In this palace we found a few good paintings and several works of art, some of them the gifts of royalty. We dined at Potsdam, and returned to Berlin at 8, in time to see a beautiful balloon ascension after a day of fatigue, though at the same time one of pleasure to us all.

• *July 1st.*—There is an appearance of a coming storm ; the air is hot and thick, which does not help the bad odors of the Prussian capital, from which we expect to depart at 3.45, for Dresden. I regret to say that the hotel bill was exorbitant ; we left Berlin with great pleasure.

After traversing a vast plain of sand, which produces a stunted growth of pine trees, and a poor quality of grain, judging from the appearance of the standing crops, we reached Dresden at 5 P.M., and put up at the "Hotel Victoria," where we were well accommodated. Rain fell in copious showers, and prevented my evening stroll.

I called to see my old and much-esteemed friend, James Vandervoort, but learned from Miss Vandervoort, his sister, that he had gone to Carlsbad two days ago, for a month.

*July 2d.*—Up at 6 ; the people here are early risers, and very industrious. I saw the children of both sexes going to school, at 6, with their books under their arms.

We went early to the Royal Gallery of Dresden, and spent four hours in looking at part of the rich and rare collection contained therein. In the afternoon we went to the studios of the porcelain painters, to have a copy of Georgie's photograph, taken in infancy, made ; we saw some exquisitely beautiful things at these studios. In the evening I got on the top of a tramway car, and went the extent of the route, which must have been three or four miles into the country, returning the same way, and thus getting a good view of the suburbs.

*July 3d.*—A fine but cool morning ; wife and I went to the Historical Museum in the Zwinger, where we spent between two and three hours, with very great pleasure. The objects are admirably arranged, ancient armor abounds, and there is also an immense collection of articles in civil life, dating through many centuries, and of great interest. One of the most interesting is a cupboard and sacramental cup, which were used by Luther, as also his sword, and other relics of the mighty Reformer.

After dinner we took a drive through the suburbs, which are very beautiful. Dresden is built with great regularity ; nearly all the streets are filled up with uniform houses of about four stories high ; everything is neat and clean, and the air and water are much more pure than in Berlin.

*July 4th.*—A fine morning. We went at 10 to the "Green Vaults," which consist of eight rooms, or vaulted chambers, in the basement of the palace. These chambers were formerly the property of the reigning sovereigns of Saxony, and of other distinguished personages who figure in history, and are filled with a multitude of curiosities. The collection of gold and silver plate, diamonds, and precious stones, is said to be by far the largest and most valuable in Europe. It was gathered by the various monarchs of Saxony during a period of great prosperity. Room No. 8 contains cases which literally blaze with masses of the largest and richest diamonds, set and unset in various articles, such as tiaras, necklaces, coronets, bracelets, belts, orders, decorations, sword-hilts, and scabbards, etc. There are three brilliants in an epaulette each of which weighs fifty carats ; then there are great numbers of other jewels, such as sapphires, pearls, rubies, emeralds, etc., to say nothing of an immense collection of less value, and semi-precious stones, such as lapis-lazuli, agates in nearly every variety, chalcedony, crystals, etc. In short, this mass of almost fabulous wealth and splendor reminds one of the stories of the dazzling magnificence

of Oriental potentates. It is such a collection as I had no expectation of seeing in Europe, and proves the former wealth and gorgeous display of the Saxon electors and princes. In this great museum, the things which most interested me were two rings which were worn by Luther, and a crystal cup he used, that were the gifts of his friend and patron, the Elector of Saxony.

We again visited the great Gallery of Paintings, and were once more surrounded by its bewildering splendors, in the grand productions of such immortals as Raphael, Titian, Murillo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Guido Reni, Correggio, Battoni, Van Dyck, and a host of others. After dinner we started for a drive with Miss Vandervoort, our kind and efficient guide, but the rain fell in showers, and we were driven back, and she spent the evening with us.

*July 5th.*—Weather fine. In the forenoon we visited the Japanese Museum, so called, on account of some grotesque figures which stand in the great hall of what was formerly a palace ; it is filled with antiquities in marble, bronze, terra cotta, and composition from every part of the ancient world ; those from the Euphrates and Tigris interested me most of all. Among the more modern, I was most interested in the busts of Cardinal Richelieu, Charles the First, and Gustavus Adolphus, which are said to be originals.

The Roman collection of statuary is large and very interesting. A bust of Caligula, the only one of that monster I have ever seen, shows a face which verifies history in its descriptions of his character.

In the new town across the Elbe there is a cemetery, which we visited to see some strange bas-reliefs in stone, some centuries old, representing the "Dance of Death." At the head of the procession the grim monster marches, followed by a Pope, Cardinal, Bishop, Priest ; the next group, headed in like manner, and followed by a King and nobles ; another, by the people of all ranks and conditions, whom the King of

Terrors drags after him very rudely. In the graveyard lie poets, warriors, philosophers, musical composers, etc., with very little regard to regularity or order.

The Acoustic Cabinet was next visited, where we heard some exquisite music ground out by machinery. "The Watch on the Rhine" was given admirably; "The Aulodion" overture to "Masaniello" beautifully rendered by the "chordolodion," and other pieces by "the symphonion," "the trumpet automaton," "the bellonian," "the salon orchestron," "harmonium," etc.

After lunch we went to the photograph shop and bought twenty-eight copies of the best pictures in the galleries of Dresden, Madrid, etc.

In the evening, accompanied by Miss Hitchcock, the three Misses Brayton, Mrs. Jewell, and Miss Williams, we went to a concert garden, and heard an exquisite military band of sixty instruments.

*July 8th.*—Up at 5; a hot morning. Started by rail for Prague at 12, and arrived at 7; distance, one hundred and fifteen English miles. The journey was delightful; the railroad runs along the Elbe nearly three-quarters of the way through what is called "Saxony-Switzerland," the scenery of which is remarkable for its singularly rugged beauty. There are no heights which rise to the dignity of mountains, as might be supposed from the comparison with Switzerland, but the walls and strangely-shaped turrets of perpendicular rocks, rising in many places hundreds of feet, remind the traveller of sights he has seen in that country. Openings in the rocks and ridges as we progressed discover the courses of streams and rivers, bordered by the loveliest green, and dotted with fine villas of the rich, and cottages of the peasantry. These are all tributaries of the Elbe, which is navigable by steamers. We saw hundreds of rafts floating to market, showing a wealth of timber I did not expect to find here. The people seem to be industrious, and the country is in a high state of culti-

vation. We were pleasantly lodged at the "Hotel d'Angleterre," although it is not as neat as it should be.

*July 9th.*—Up at 5.30 ; a clear, warm morning. We started at 9 in a carriage to "do Prague," and were on the go five hours ; dined, and off again for three hours more. It has been a well-filled day, and we have seen the most interesting sights in this most interesting, old and quaint city. Prague deserves three days, and ought to have them to be seen thoroughly. I much regret to leave it so soon, and am surprised when I remember how little I have heard from travellers in commendation of this famous historical city.

The places visited were the following : The ancient bridge, fourteenth century ; the Headschin, palace for centuries of the Bohemian kings ; the Clementinum, or University, and its vast library ; the Carolinum, also a University—the first great public school ; the Rathhaus, or town hall, with its wonderful clock ; the Bethlehemplatz, No. 257, house of John Huss ; the Judenstadt—Jews town—synagogue, 1290 ; the old Jewish burial-ground, first interment in 606, last eighty-three years ago ; the Ross Market ; equestrian statue of St. Wincilaus ; the Cathedral ; palaces of the Bohemian nobles—seen at a distance ; the Ziskaberg, beer garden ; the city generally ; the Loretto—interior trashy, chimes beautiful ; the Island, beer garden.

Without going into particulars, for which I have no time, I would say that Prague is one of the most interesting and remarkable cities we have visited, and I recommend all travellers not to pass it, as the great majority do, but to devote at least three or four days to it.

*July 10th.*—Up at 4 ; breakfasted at 5, and started at 7 for Vienna, where we arrived at 4, two hundred and fifty-four miles. The day was hot, road dusty, but a pleasant breeze made the journey tolerable. We drove to the "Grand Hotel" and were shown to a room, for which we were charged fifteen florins a day, dark and gloomy—first story. We finally

accepted one in the third story (a lift), at nine florins. Eating, service, and everything else is extra ; in short, the living is much dearer than at the "Fifth Avenue Hotel." After dinner Cataldi and I went by a street car to the Exposition building and saw the outside of it ; afterward we went through the Ringstrasse, which encircles the city, on the top of a French omnibus, and had a pleasant time.

*July 11th.*—The sun rose red hot, and the day was too oppressive to go to the Exposition. We took a short walk, and afterward dined at an excellent restaurant opposite the Opera House, where we got a much better dinner for three florins each than we got at the hotel for a larger price. After dinner we took a ride in a city railroad car three or four miles, and found it very pleasant, and then we closed the day by going to the "Volks Garten," where we heard two very fine bands, one of them led by Edward Strauss. The best people seem to go to this garden, judging by the appearance of the gay throng ; all were well behaved, and evidently very respectable. There is far more refinement among the Austrians than the Prussians, and in comparison of female beauty, the Austrians bear the palm alone.

*July 12th.*—Excessively hot. Started in a carriage for the Exposition, where we spent several hours. Hot and oppressive as the external air was, we were agreeably surprised to find it much cooler in the buildings of the Great International Fair, although they are largely composed of glass. We visited only a small part of the collection, intending to return several times and to go through the whole ; there is quite enough to occupy a month in the examination. Of all the departments we visited, that occupied by France is by far the best ; and, I regret to say, that which is assigned to the United States is the worst ; in fact, we are disgraced by it. I will refer to the Exhibition and be more particular after visiting it again. We lunched at what is called the American Restaurant, but did not find an American attendant in it ; all were Germans, a

few spoke a little English imperfectly ; the refreshments were inferior, and at very high prices. We again dined out, preferring this to the dinner at the hotel ; and after that we drove to the "Dornbach," and returned at 8.30, somewhat fatigued, though by no means as exhausted as we rather expected to be.

*July 14th.*—The hot weather is unabated. At 10 we drove to the Exposition, and remained till after 4 o'clock. During four hours of the time Mrs. B. used a wheel chair, and was carried in it through a large part of the great buildings ; without this facility she could not have remained more than a couple of hours on her feet. We spent the day in the department of the Beaux Arts, which occupies a large number of grand chambers, well adapted to the purpose, in a separate building. So numerous is the vast collection that we could do little more than pass through room after room, dwelling a few moments only on such paintings as particularly arrested our attention. Nearly all nations which cultivate the fine arts are represented, but, though we were told we had been in every gallery, we did not see an American painting. The pictures which attracted me most were those of Switzerland, France, and Belgium.

After "doing" the paintings, we passed through a small portion of the main building, and, without stopping to examine anything, we were more than half an hour, walking slowly, in passing from end to end of the immense structure.

*July 15th.*—A rainy day ; great change in temperature ; wore my overcoat ; yesterday it was so hot that the thinnest clothing was uncomfortable. Did no sight-seeing to-day.

*July 16th.*—A beautiful, cool day. Started at 10 to visit places of interest in and about Vienna ; Church of the Augustines, of which the gem is a monument by Canova to the Archduchess Christina, one of the finest things done by that great sculptor ; in another vault are the hearts of various members of the royal family in small silver caskets.

We visited also the Capuchin Church, in the vaults of which repose a large number of the royal dead. These two churches we visited in May, 1869, and a more full description will be found in my notes of that time. We spent the rest of the day in visiting the Jewel Office, which contains the imperial regalia and other objects of historical interest. We then drove to the palace of the Schönbrunn, and walked through part of the beautiful grounds to the splendid menagerie, after viewing which we drove to the palace of Luxemburg, which we visited, and then walked through its splendid parks and gardens. As all these places are mentioned in my notes of May, 1869, I refer to them.

*July 17th.*—Rain prevented our sight-seeing, so I visited the U. S. Legation; saw Mr. Delaplaine, the secretary, and learned that there is no cholera on our proposed route through Russia, or on the Caspian Sea, and got other information. Mrs. B. and I then went into the principal streets to do some shopping, but found all sorts of wares so much increased in price since we were here four years ago, that we bought nothing.

*July 18th.*—I spent seven hours at the Exposition to-day, and though all that time on foot, except half an hour for lunch, I was not fatigued.

I was greatly interested in what I saw, and took particular pleasure in examining the "Relief" models of the Cities of Jerusalem, Constantinople, and the Bosphorus; and Egypt from the Second Cataract to the delta of the Nile. These are all faithful representations, and have a peculiar interest to me after having seen the places.

The French ambulance railway-train is admirably adapted to the purpose. There were also a great variety of medical and surgical war-appliances for use on the field, which greatly interested me; they seemed to be complete, and well adapted to every want of the wounded and sick. There were kitchens on wheels, capable of supplying food for two hundred



and fifty, one thousand, and two thousand five hundred men each, and were so marked.

There were Vacheries from Salzburg, and other neighboring countries, filled with beautiful cows. All around the stables were suspended the trappings and bells worn by these animals in the field, varying in pattern, colors, etc., according to the countries to which they belong ; they were very picturesque. The cow-yards were admirably planned, and kept in fine order. In adjoining buildings were to be seen the various apparatus for preparing butter and cheese. Near by there were Tyrolese, Swiss, and Wallachian cottages, furnished and inhabited, where visitors were served with refreshments by girls in the peculiar costumes of their respective countries, all very pretty and very picturesque. I went through a large Swiss cottage, and found it most commodious and comfortable ; no paint to be seen anywhere, all the wood and furniture of the natural color, and kept perfectly clean ; not a carpet, rug, or mat was to be seen except at the entrance. I also visited Polish, Hungarian, Slavonian, Croatian, and Russian cottages ; all had the same air of neatness and cleanliness ; the occupants were engaged in various duties, some of the women were weaving and basket-making, others knitting, and everything was going on as usual, as if no intruders were near. Some of these cottages were enclosed with the barn, stable, and cow-house, all in nice order. There was also a model of a Magyar Church, which was filled with agricultural products of the country ; there were sections of the trunks of trees, some of which were twenty-two feet in circumference. After going pretty thoroughly over the various divisions devoted to the various industries of nearly every country in the world, I found myself constantly returning, and dwelling with a great degree of pleasure and satisfaction on the products of the East, which I think interest me more than those of other countries, with the exception, of course, of the fine arts.

The buildings and grounds of this vast Exposition are very extensive and very splendid, and are designed to be permanent ; they will form a most attractive point to travellers, and will not cease to command the highest admiration while they endure.

In the vast enclosure there are many restaurants kept by the people of as many different nations, each in the costume of its particular country ; some of these are very attractive and picturesque. Turks, Russians, Finns, Hungarians, Poles, Greeks, Danes, etc., serve the hungry and thirsty customers, in the manner of their various countries. Vienna has a large accession to its population during the fair, but it is not so large as expected ; for this the Viennese are mostly to blame, having inaugurated a shameless system of extortion, whereby prices are in almost every case double, and in many cases triple, their former amount. The hotel charges are shameful ; we occupied a third story room, with a single window, bare floor, and indifferent furniture, for which we paid ten florins and forty kreutzers, equal to about twenty-five francs, or five dollars a day, merely for the room and service. The same in the "Grand Hotel at Paris" would cost us, at the outside, eight francs. The table d'hôte dinner costs four florins, or two dollars, and not superior at that. All these extortions, in addition to those practised by the trades-people of Vienna, in their eager greed, have discouraged visitors and kept them away, while those who go to Vienna make a very brief stay.

## XXXV.

Poland : Cracow, Warsaw, Grand Review ; Russia : Moscow, St. Petersburg ; Objects of Interest : Cathedral, Palaces, Public Buildings, etc.

*July 21st, 1873.*—A cool morning ; started at 10.30 for Cracow (twenty-five miles), and arrived at 8.50 P.M. Good fortune put us into the same railway-carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cattley, who are on their way to St. Petersburg, where they reside. They are most agreeable and highly intelligent English people, and have been extensive travellers. We obtained much valuable information from them respecting Russia, and the means of travelling through it, and on the Volga and the Caspian Sea, a journey which they consider not only practicable, but most delightful and easy.

The railway from Vienna to this ancient and interesting city passes over a country of great magnificence in point of natural scenery and in point of agriculture. The splendid range of the Carpathian Mountains is in view almost the entire distance, and the country is watered by the Rivers Danube, Oder, and Vistula, all of which we crossed. We passed through Moravia, Silesia, and Galicia, all cultivated in the highest degree, and in many places in these provinces manufacturing was carried on to a great extent ; so numerous were the tall, smoking chimneys, that we were reminded of such districts as Birmingham.

*July 22d.*—Poland. A beautiful morning ; up at 5. Took a short tramp through the streets of Cracow, the sights in

which make me realize that I am getting somewhat beyond the limits of civilization. The hotel is not equal to the most inferior we found in Spain. Everything had a decayed, tumbled-down appearance. The people are half naked, that is, the poorer classes, and the better class are poorly clad. But it is not so with the Polish peasantry, who were at the markets in great numbers this morning, selling their various products. The costumes of these people of both sexes are very picturesque ; the men wear high, conical hats, with bright bands, white, loose coats trimmed with red and other bright colors, and high boots to the knees outside the pants. Others wear short jackets, shirred at the waist and trimmed in fancy colors. The women are mostly bare-footed ; their dresses, though of common cotton material, are of bright colors and tastefully arranged. The bread market, held in an open square, was filled with thousands of loaves of black bread, sold chiefly to the peasantry. The flower market makes a good show ; so, also, does that for the sale of fruits, vegetables, etc. Few sights can be more animated and picturesque than these vast markets with their almost endless variety of brilliant costumes.

After breakfast, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Cattley, we drove out to see the sights of Cracow ; among them, two of the churches ; the Cathedral (called by Murray, the Westminster of Poland) ; the Palace, and the ancient University where Copernicus taught ; and then drove through and around the city.

The crypt of the Cathedral contains the sarcophagus of John Sobieski, who, by his utter defeat of the Turks, saved Western Europe from being over-run by them, and in consequence from being Mohammedan ; Prince Poniatowski, the gallant soldier, and the great and noble Kosciuszko, at whose fall "Freedom shrieked." All these three sleep in close proximity to each other.

In the nave of this Cathedral is to be seen the massive

silver coffin of St. Stanislaus, the patron saint of Poland ; it is borne on the wings of four angels, which are also of solid silver. This church is filled with magnificent statues, some by Thorwaldsen. In the Schwatzkammer, or Treasury of the Cathedral, there are the regalia of Poland ; the most interesting objects to me were the sword of Poniatowski, and some of the horse-trappings of John Sobieski.

After a 12 o'clock dinner we drove to the village of Waliczka, ten miles, where are the stupendous salt mines, for which Cracow has been famed nine hundred years. A party of sixteen ladies and gentlemen were waiting to descend, and after each of the party had put on a linen covering to protect the clothing, and a great conical hat, the party began to descend by flights of steps, numbering three hundred and ninety-two, to the first level, where, after a long walk nearly on a level, we were suddenly introduced to an immense apartment, the walls of which were of solid rock salt, and as smooth and regular as masonry. This was lighted by Bengal lights, which showed it to great advantage. Passing on through the great halls, we again descended several flights of steps to another level, and were admitted to another grand chamber, lighted by immense chandeliers and Bengals, and enlivened by a very fine band of music, composed of miners. Passing on still further, we again descended till we reached the lowest level, eight hundred feet from the surface, where we were shown into a palace, which was illuminated by a multitude of variously colored lights. Here again the band played, and wine was given the visitors. Another long walk on the same level brought us to a lake, which was also illuminated, and where the band again performed. We embarked in a boat, and crossed the lake, and just before reaching the other side a cannon was fired, the reverberations of which continued through the innumerable passages for some time with fine effect. Again we ascended, and on reaching a lofty gallery, overhanging the

lake, we looked down and saw the band, by means of Bengal lights, recrossing, and playing very fine, soft airs, the effect of which was wonderful. Upward and upward we continued, until we came to a gateway, which, suddenly opening, led us into a splendid and spacious ball-room, where the band, which had preceded us, was again playing ; some of the party set off in a waltz, which was continued by others. Leaving the ball-room, we again ascended, and went on till we reached a beautiful and spacious chapel, in which we lingered a few minutes to rest, and resumed our march, until we came to the foot of the three hundred and ninety-two steps, which were ascended without a halt, till we reached daylight, having been a little more than two hours in this greatest of all known salt mines in the world.

The party was lighted by men carrying lamps to show the footing. In many places we were shown fine pieces of statuary and various monuments which had been hewn out of the salt rock, most of which were very well done indeed, all by the miners.

After tea, Mr. Cattley and I walked entirely around Cracow, a distance of about three miles, and viewed the old walls, towers, and castles which, in ancient times, defended the city, but are now in a ruinous state.

There is a very large population of Jews here, who wear the high-crowned hat and long black coat to the heels, which form the distinctive costume of the race in Jerusalem. The Hebrew women shave their heads on marrying and wear false hair, in accordance with a custom which originated while they lived in Spain. About one-fourth of the population is Hebrew.

*July 23d.*—A cloudy morning ; up at 5 to get ready for a start at 8 to Warsaw. At this early hour, the women of the Black-bread Market are arranging their tables and covering them with huge loaves, which they are rubbing off with their aprons and pocket-handkerchiefs, to put them in salable

trim. A man in Polish costume at one of the tables is similarly engaged, and uses a red cloth with which he has been wiping his face. We arrived at Granitsa, the Russian frontier, about 11; our passports were demanded, and we were required to run the gauntlet of the Custom House. These ceremonies were only formal as regarded ourselves, but others did not fare so well. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cattley's, trunks were overhauled, and a Russian gentleman had his luggage ransacked. The secret of our exemption from these annoyances leaked out when the direction was given by the superintendent to a subordinate to "Pass the Americans," showing that they are in favor here. Our courier did not fare so well, his passport lacked the Russian visé, although I had suggested to him to have it before we left Paris. The best that could be done was to leave the courier at Granitsa, as suggested by the officers, until a reply by telegraph could be obtained from the Chief of Police at Moscow, saying whether he could follow or not by the train at 11 P.M., so we bade good-bye to Cataldi, hoping to see him to-morrow morning, and pushed on to Warsaw, two hundred and fifty miles, where we arrived at 8 P.M., and put up at a dismal-looking hotel called the "Hotel de l'Angleterre," for lack of accommodations in the "Hotel de l'Europe," which was full. Much of the country between Cracow and Warsaw is sandy, and not so fertile as that which lies between Vienna and Cracow. At every station the black-gowned Jewish money-changers accosted us and offered to sell us roubles for florins, but their terms did not suit Cataldi.

*July 24th.*—Up at 6; a dull morning and showery all day. At 7 A.M. Cataldi arrived from Granitsa, and said that his passport was now rectified, and he could go freely through Russia. At dinner time I learned that this was not correct, but that he had only obtained permission to proceed to Warsaw, where he is required to go before the Governor and obtain a permit to travel in Russia. Before this, we resolved

to go to Moscow, and start early to-morrow morning ; in pursuance of which Cataldi went to the station and engaged places and bought tickets for passage and sleeping cars to Moscow (eight hundred miles). This, however, cannot be done, as Cataldi cannot start till he has got his passport, which is impossible until to-morrow at 10 or 11 A.M. By this means we will perhaps lose the price of the tickets we have paid for to Moscow, and must postpone our departure till to-morrow night or, perhaps, till Monday morning. I have almost resolved to return to Paris, and put off my northern and eastern journeys till another time ; such is one of the miseries of relying on an obstinate courier ! We spent the forenoon in driving through Warsaw and its suburbs, visited the Jews' quarter, the palace and grounds of the Belvedere, which are very fine. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cattley, left this evening for St. Petersburg, much to our regret.

*July 25th.*—We started at 9 in a barouche to see a military review by the emperor, and our courier is again lost to us for the day, as he must attend to getting his passport right ; we arrived on the ground about 10. The field is said to be about half a mile in width and three-quarters in length. An immense body of soldiers of all arms was already on the ground, and still they came pouring in at three points in almost unbroken columns—cavalry, lancers, artillery, with an immense number of cannon, each with all the appliances belonging thereto. There were men from all parts of this widely extended empire of Europe and Asia : Cossacks of the Don, Calmuck-Tartars, Circassians, Georgians, and the swarthy and fierce-looking men of the distant Caucasus ; and then there were Finns, Siberians, Poles, and men in hosts from other provinces of the Czar's almost world-wide dominion. Regiment after regiment marched in, with drums beating and banners flying, until our dazzled vision was weary of the sight. At length the last man took his position



in the lines, and the grand array presented a beautiful and, at the same time, an awful sight. The host was in martial array; all stood as if each man thought the eyes of his sovereign were upon him alone. We had a commanding position, and could see the huge army in its length and breadth. The Cavalry, Lancers, and Cossacks were formed in the rear, their pennants, of various brilliant colors glittering in the far horizon and extending the entire length of the field; next, the artillery was drawn up, and was of equal extent; then the infantry, of all uniforms, the whole making as magnificent an appearance as can be imagined. At noon the bugles announced the Emperor's approach. All the spectators turned in the direction of the middle gate, and in a few minutes a company of perhaps two hundred horsemen, in splendid waving plumes, brilliant uniforms, in every color, and still more brilliant armor, came prancing into the field. This was the Emperor and his staff, which was composed of some of his first officers, among whom was the celebrated Todleben, who became so famous during the war of the Crimea. Away went the dashing party till it reached the extreme of the right wing. The music of each regiment broke out as the sovereign and his suite passed from one to another, until they turned the extreme of the left wing, and so on till the last, after which the Emperor and his staff took a position in the front centre, fortunately within fifty yards of our carriage; then began the marching review. First, the infantry passed on, each regiment carrying its battle-standard, not one of which was entire, and two had nothing but the tassels swinging from their staffs, while, in several cases, all that was left were mere ragged fringes, showing that all had passed through many bloody conflicts. It was, indeed, both a sad and a splendid sight, which told a tale of the terrible strife through which these colors have passed within the brief period of fifty years. The infantry was followed by the artillery, which passed in gallant style, but all was eclipsed by the

magnificent cavalry. The splendid bands of music, which in turn took their places in front of and facing the sovereign and his suite, were changed, and a much larger band occupied the same position. As the Circassians cantered up in solid and even line, they paused instantly when about one hundred yards off ; the music began a waltz ; every horse at the same moment lifted his feet, but did not leave the spot ; they turned their heads, every muscle seemed to move, as if they entered into the spirit of the occasion, as no doubt they did. This continued for perhaps a minute, when the officer in command raised his sword, and every horse danced on with a grace and uniformity of action that was quite astonishing ; through the whole vast body—made up, as was said, of two thousand horses—there was not the least perceptible deviation from a straight line and uniform movements in all the ranks.

Again the band ceased to play. The Cossacks of the Don have galloped to the front ; another air begins its rapid and enlivening notes ; the horses understand it, every nerve is touched by it ; the ranks are in straight and solid phalanx. A motion of the commander, at the head of the vast column, is instantly obeyed, and, as if touched by an electric spark, every horse in that grand array springs its full length, and the whole fly past the Emperor like the wind, and are soon lost sight of in the dense cloud of dust they have raised.

The grand review was at length closed by the passage of the Calmuck-Tartars, who pranced along to still another air, in gay and gallant style, before the sovereign, and with the same exact and graceful precision as those which preceded them.

A beautiful feature of this marching review was, that each company, after it had fairly passed the Emperor, paid its homage by a cheer. We left the ground before the end of the review, to reach the railway station in season for Smolensk ; but we were stopped by the Cossacks who com-

pletely filled the road. As they passed on, they sang a war song to the wild music of drums. No words can describe the strange effect of this monotonous strain, as it rang out of a thousand throats with a harmony that showed it had been sung a thousand times before, under vastly different circumstances. On reaching the hotel we had just time enough to take dinner and be off in the 4 o'clock train for Smolensk.

*July 26th.*—Russia. We have been travelling all night ; both of us have slept comfortably, and, thus far, we are not fatigued. We entered Russia at 12 (midnight), the line being at or near Brest. Car travelling has all the annoyances in Russia that we found in Spain, the foremost of which are fleas and tobacco smoke. No class (first, second, or third) is exempt, the fleas have free range, and persons of all ranks, and both sexes, are free to smoke wherever they please ; remonstrance and entreaty are equally unavailing, smoke they will, and all must submit.

The country between Warsaw and Minsk, or so much of it as we saw by daylight, is tolerably fertile and well cultivated. At a distance the peasants (some of them) are well looking, but the most of them are walking columns of greasy filth. We saw a man at a station take a mouthful of water, pour it in his hands, and wash himself ; that is, as we are told, customary.

We were ticketed to Smolensk, where we arrived at 9 P.M. ; but being advised that everything would disgust at the hotels in that place, we determined to continue to Moscow, where, after a not very comfortable night, we arrived at 12 M.

*July 27th* (Sunday).—Found clean quarters at the hotel of Edward Billo, which I heartily recommend to every traveller. After dinner I walked to the Kremlin, but only saw part of its walls. It was with no little difficulty that I found my way through the streets, which are crowded with a class of persons in comparison with whom the wild Bedouin

of the desert that I saw in Egypt and Syria are neat and clean. I do not exaggerate when I say that a great majority of the Russian poor are absolutely encrusted, coated, plastered with grease and dirt, and their heads are matted with filth, animate and inanimate.

*July 28th.*—We retired at 9, and up this morning at 7; rested well ten hours, and quite over our two nights and one day on a railroad. The journey from Warsaw to Moscow is only eight hundred English miles, but the speed is slow, and the stoppages are long at every station. At 10 our courier came in, and said he was too ill to go about with us. We might be almost as well off without a courier for all the service he renders us; he does not like his business, and he hates Russians, and is ignorant of Russia.

As the traveller approaches Moscow, and sees its many gilded domes glittering in the sun, and its multitude of green roofs, he is agreeably impressed at once; but on reaching the station, he is surrounded by a crowd of rude and dirty people, through whom he elbows his way to a dirty, narrow drosky, and is driven over the roughest cobblestone streets in the world to a hotel; every agreeable impression gives way to feelings of disgust.

We were unable to find an English-speaking guide until 12 o'clock, when Mr. Billo introduced us to Mr. Edward Matthews, an Englishman, who has lived nearly all his life in Russia, and who seems to be a very intelligent man. I engaged him at three roubles a day to go about with us, and we started in two droskies to go to the Treasury, where we spent three hours, with very great pleasure. Here the regalia of Russia are kept, and a larger and richer collection of the precious metals and jewels is perhaps not to be seen elsewhere in the world. Here are many crowns, ancient and modern, composed entirely of gold and the most precious stones, all of which are in the natural state, except the stones in the latest of the crowns, which are all cut. Thrones are

here also which glitter all over with "barbaric gold" and jewels, royal robes also, which are almost covered with gold, pearls, diamonds, etc. The masses of wealth here in the sacristy of the patriarchs, the palaces, churches, and other places may be accounted for, perhaps, by the position of Russia to Persia, Armenia, and India, whence she derived these enormous treasures of inestimable value during her intercourse with these countries in ancient and modern times.

The Treasury building is within the palace walls and forms part of the Kremlin; the interior is very grand; the visitor enters by a magnificent hall and flight of stairs to the regalia chambers, to reach which he passes through a great hall, which is ornamented with various works of art, ancient and modern, also with armor and figures of men in armor, of various provinces of the empire and periods in its history. All these are deeply interesting, but his interest culminates on reaching the grand room which contains the regal relics; in fact, the history of Russia for many centuries can be read here almost at a glance. After viewing the contents of this chamber, where it might be supposed the history of civilization and refinement might be read, the predominant idea in my mind as I passed out of the door was, that even now, with all these auxiliaries, this great empire is only semi-civilized. Everything that meets the eye proclaims this; but I think it is easily accounted for by the utter absence of education among the masses; this may be erroneous, but it is my opinion.

The chambers adjoining those in which the regalia are kept are stored with a vast collection of trophies, taken in many wars with surrounding nations, and also with vast quantities of gold and silver plate, much of it richly jewelled, the gifts, in many instances, of foreign potentates and sovereigns of Russia. Here in almost endless variety are drinking goblets, made of the precious metals which have graced the

banquets of royalty for ages past ; then there are portraits and other paintings, busts, innumerable banners and battle-flags hanging in shreds, and stained with the marks of many bloody fights. Here, also, in other halls and chambers are to be seen royal carriages and sleds of three centuries or more, some of which were made to carry their royal occupants to coronations ; so large and cumbersome are some of these, loaded as they are with ornaments, that they required eighteen horses to draw them. This enormous museum would fill volumes, and it is useless to attempt a further account of its contents. There are here many things which have been used in centuries past by the sovereigns of Russia, among them, John the Terrible, in the sixteenth century ; Peter the Great, in the early part of the seventeenth century ; Catharine the Second, in the eighteenth century, and many others. Here is shown a staff with a sharp ferrule, that was carried by John the Terrible, with which that cruel tyrant used to transfix the feet of such as incurred his displeasure as they came into his presence, and it is said he killed his son with a similar stick.

We next visited the palaces—ancient and modern. The former is most interesting and curious, from its historical reminiscences ; the latter is one of the grandest perhaps in the world, its halls are lofty and spacious, and its chambers magnificent. Here may be seen the semi-precious malachite, used almost as common as marble elsewhere. “The Great Bell of Moscow” is known to every school-boy. I was astounded on first seeing it ; Murray says : “ It weighs four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds ; its height is nineteen feet three inches ; circumference, sixty feet nine inches ; thickness, two feet. It was broken by a fall, in consequence of a fire which destroyed the beam from which it was suspended ; the fragment stands near it, and weighs seven hundred pounds.”

The sacristy of the patriarchs is also most interesting ; it contains many objects of immense value and great antiquity,

such as the crowns worn by the patriarchs some centuries ago, and which are about as highly ornamented with a profusion of gold and precious stones as those of the Emperor. The robes and vestments also are covered with pearls, diamonds, and precious stones; one of these robes, it is said, weighs sixty pounds, it is so loaded with these things. Then there are here the vessels which contain the "Holy Oil." There are a great number of these, each large enough to hold several gallons, all made of silver. But by far the finest is the grand cauldron, or boiler, and two other vessels of nearly equal size, which are immense and made of solid silver; the gifts of the Empress Catharine the Second.

Lastly we visited the Cathedral of St. Basil, a most remarkable structure, built in the early part of the sixteenth century; it has eleven domes, all differing in design, and of different colors, each of which crowns a separate chapel. The interior is almost a labyrinth, winding through many passages and halls, to each of these chapels; the masonry is rude, and so also is the ornamentation of the various chapels and rooms. I never saw a building at all like this; externally, at a little distance, it is so much like a mosque as to deceive the traveller. It is said, that Napoleon sent an order to his Chief of Artillery to "destroy that mosque"; but, by some means, it escaped the almost general destruction of that awful invasion.

Our courier is still sick, and so disgusted with Russia, that we think it useless to proceed farther in this direction, this year. Our itinerary includes Nijni-Novgorod, down the Volga to Astrakhan; across the Caspian to Astrabad; thence via Mesopotamia to the head of the Persian Gulf, and possibly beyond.

*July 29th.*—We engaged a carriage for the day, at a charge of seven roubles and "tea-money" to the driver, which, together, amounts to about seven dollars of our currency. After breakfast, accompanied by Edward Matthews, our

guide, we started off ; again we visited the Cathedral of "St. Basil the Beatified," as we could not see the shrine yesterday. We succeeded in this to-day, and saw the coffin which contains the body of the saint, and the chains and crosses of iron, weighing many pounds, which he wore in doing penance. A small spot in the forehead of the saint is exposed, which the devout are allowed to kiss. The Church teaches that the bodies of saints do not decay, hence no change has come over St. Basil's during the centuries that have passed since his death. The shrine is a mass of glittering, tawdry stuff, which attests the excessive rudeness of the people ; in fact, they seem scarcely to have emerged from barbarism.

The Church of the Saviour is an immense and truly splendid building, and occupies a commanding position to the west of the Kremlin. It was commenced thirty-three years ago, and will not be finished until 1880. This building is being erected to commemorate the deliverance of Moscow from the French during the invasion of 1812. The marbles of the grand interior are surpassingly beautiful ; the walls will be completely lined with these rare marbles, most of which are from Russia and Siberia ; the base, to a height of about twenty feet above the surface on the outside of the building, is of a highly polished stone from Labrador. In form, it resembles most of the Greek churches, and presents a great number of sides and angles, the spaces between which are occupied by marble groups, the figures of colossal size ; each group representing some remarkable event in religious history.

The Romanoff Palace, where the first Czar of Russia was born, is shown. All that remained of it, after the conflagration of 1812, were its walls, which have been restored, and the interior is said to be an exact copy of the original, with many of the ancient articles of furniture and other things which were saved. It is interesting, as showing the mode of life of the Russian nobility in the earliest days of the empire.



The Cathedral of Michael the Archangel, which is within the walls of the Kremlin, is a lofty building of rude masonry, whitewashed and surmounted by nine gilded domes, which glitter brilliantly in the sunlight. The interior is a mass of flashy gilding, and is crowded with images, and the bodies of a great many of the princes, which have reigned in Russia, each covered with a pall of velvet, and a tablet at the head, with the name of the person whose coffin it rests on. These coffins are ranged along the walls, and are protected by a railing above each coffin ; on the walls are pictures of the dead, dressed in white. Among the most interesting are John the Terrible, who, in spite of the many acts of blood and brutality committed against some of the dignitaries of this very Cathedral, his own son also, whom he murdered, and whose body is at his side, lies next to the altar ! Here, also, is the body of a younger son of John the Terrible, who was murdered—a pretender to the throne. This church is literally covered with treasure in precious metals and jewels of the most costly description, the gifts of royalty and nobility and the wealthy as propitiatory offerings for crime. Twice a year services are performed for the sins of those who lie here. The attendant who showed us around lighted a taper, and to our surprise showed us clusters of sparkling diamonds of immense value, set in figures and images on the walls. We were shown a drop of blood of John the Baptist, covered with glass, on one of the altar screens which is richly adorned with pure gold. I was admitted to the sacristy, which contains many of the church treasures ; but, as ladies are not admitted, Mrs. B. remained outside.

The Cathedral of the Annunciation is very near the last one, and like it is crowned with glittering gilded domes. The interior is crammed with showy stuff little worthy of notice, but there are many relics which show the high veneration in which this church is held. The floor is paved with jasper and agate, and is most beautiful, but not easy to walk.

over, being almost as slippery as glass. In this church the Czars are baptized and married.

The Cathedral of the Assumption, also close to the last two, and like them crowned with splendid domes, is by far the finest of all. Here the emperors are crowned, and the interior is almost one mass of glittering gold. The interior is literally crowded with pictures and tombs, and other objects of interest from the floor to the roof. Here the patriarchs in ancient times officiated, and many of them are buried here. The jewels are valued at forty-five thousand pounds sterling ; there is an emerald which alone is worth ten thousand pounds, as it is said. Behind the altar-screen, to which I was admitted, there is what is called a copy of Mount Sinai in pure gold, the gift of a prince ; this contains the Host, and it is said to weigh one hundred and twenty thousand ducats. Besides the vast treasures in the sacristy, this church contains many more of, it is said, greater value ; in short, I have never seen in any other part of the world such wealth, heaped and massed together, as is contained in Moscow.

In one of these churches we were shown one of the nails of the true cross, and a bit of wood of the same ; a scrap of the Saviour's garment, and of that of the Virgin Mary, each of which is contained in a gold casket encased in glass. The body of the martyr St. Philip is buried in this Cathedral ; only a small spot of his forehead is shown, which all the emperors kiss with great reverence.

Again we have seen the great bell, the magnitude of which is more astounding the oftener it is viewed. In the arsenal are gathered many cannon, which the French abandoned in their flight from Moscow in 1812. Also, some huge cannon captured from the Turks, and the enormous gun cast in Russia, which was never used. These are all objects of interest.

We drove through the best portions of the city, which are

wretchedly paved, and almost destroy the pleasure and interest of the sights. On the way, we called at the great Foundling Hospital, founded by Catharine the Second ; the main building is immense, besides which there are many others of great extent, the necessity for which will appear in the statement we heard, that twelve thousand children are annually admitted to this enormous asylum.

In the afternoon we drove to the Sparrow Hills, some eight or nine miles out of the city, where Napoleon got his first sight of Moscow, and a grand and terrible one it must have been, as Moscow was in flames ; a sacrifice made by the Russians themselves, to save their holy city from desecration by their enemy. The view of the magnificent city, with its great multitude of gilded domes, glittering and dazzling in the rays of the setting sun, was unspeakably grand. How different the first sight Napoleon obtained of those beautiful temples, which, for him, were lighted by the lurid flames of a grand but horrible sacrifice made by a patriotic people !

*July 30th.*—Our courier is better, but as it is quite manifest we cannot get along with him in Russia and beyond, we have resolved to go direct to St. Petersburg, and thence to Paris, via Sweden, Finland, Norway, and Denmark ; so we have arranged to leave at 8 this evening, by the only express train running.

We strolled through the business places and looked into the shop windows, but saw nothing that tempted us ; in fact, everything except teas is so expensive that we resolved not to purchase anything in Moscow. For instance, the price of photographs, double card size, very indifferently colored, is two and a half roubles, nearly two dollars and fifty cents, other things are proportionately dear ; washing, eighteen cents each—large and small ; a pail of warm water, fifty cents ; hotel bill, fourteen dollars a day, with a single room.

On leaving the hotel to go to the railroad station, a sad procession passed the door ; it was composed of some seventy

or eighty persons of both sexes, all below middle life, most of them with scarcely clothing enough to cover them ; they were guarded by a force of soldiers with drawn swords and carbines, marching to the railroad, which was to carry them on their way to Siberia. These poor wretches were condemned to penal servitude in that distant and dreary land from which very few return. Their crimes were indicated by a patch of some color on each of their backs ; yellow for stealing, red for bloodshed, and so on. The worst were chained together in pairs, and all marched along with that indifference which so often characterizes criminals when they know their fate.

We started at 8 P.M. for St. Petersburg, in a most comfortable railway carriage, in which we slept nearly all night soundly.

*July 31st.*—We arrived at St. Petersburg at 11 A.M., after a pleasant night and day journey of four hundred miles, over a country which, for the most part, is almost a wilderness. Our courier took us to the "Hotel Russie," kept by Klei, where good rooms were assigned us, but we cannot say as much for the table d'hôte dinner ; it was poor enough ; this is said to be the best hotel in the city. How unreliable are Murray and Bradshaw ; both praise the St. Petersburg hotels ; one says "they are as good as those in Paris or London."

*August 1st.*—We made an early call on our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cattley ; Mr. Cattley is a member of one of the great banking firms here. His residence shows the cultivated taste and refinement of highly educated people ; the library is extensive and select. Mrs. Cattley is an accomplished geologist, and has made an immense collection of natural curiosities, of rare beauty and value, so that the house is a museum, in the strict sense of the word. After this visit, we started in a carriage to go the rounds.

The Cathedral of St. Isaac of Dalmatia is a most wonderful building ; it occupies the largest square in the city, and is surrounded by many of the finest of its public buildings,

and most splendid monuments. It is in the form of a Greek cross, the sides of which are equal. There is a grand entrance on each side, which is reached by three broad steps, of highly polished red Finland granite, each step being a single stone ; the platform is of the same highly polished material, and on it rests a number of huge columns, each sixty feet high, and each a monolith, resting on massive pedestals of solid bronze, and crowned with Corinthian capitals of the same. The whole is surmounted with a great dome in the centre, and four smaller domes on each corner, all of which glitter with burnished gold, and produce a very grand effect. Nothing in architecture can exceed the simple majesty of this building, or the wonderful costliness of its materials.

The interior is very spacious and lofty ; it is filled with a wealth of precious metals and jewels ; its structure and arrangement prevent the appearance of overcrowding. There are several columns of malachite upward of thirty feet in height, and two of lapis-lazuli ; the latter cost sixty thousand dollars. What is called the "Royal Door"—which encloses the altar and shrine—is twenty-five feet high by sixteen broad, opening in the middle, and is of elegant bronze.

Murray says that the malachite, of which the columns were made, cost over twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

The walls and floors are all of highly polished marbles, in a variety of colors ; porphyry is also largely used. There is an immense amount of gilding in this vast interior, as in all other Greek churches.

Divine service was going on when we entered, so that we could not go freely through the church, it was so crowded ; but we heard part of the service, which was interesting. No instrumental music is allowed in the Greek Church, and the singing, which is by well-trained choirs in this Cathedral, is most effective. The people stand, no seats are allowed, and during parts of the service they kneel and stoop to the floor,

touching it with their foreheads and lips, and rising, cross themselves repeatedly. All classes, whether riding or walking in the streets, bow reverently on passing the churches, and cross themselves. Each one, on entering the church, buys a taper, and, going up to some particular shrine or altar, lights it, then sticks it into a hole in the stand, bows to the floor, prays, rises and crosses himself, and retires with his face to the shrine or altar, leaving the burning taper. It is said that the flame of the taper symbolizes the life of the soul. The lamp or taper is of universal use at all solemn or religious ceremonies, at betrothals, baptisms, burials, etc. All the most important ceremonies of this Church the (Greek) are accompanied by illuminations.

The Græco-Roman Church is unlike the Roman Catholic in many important particulars : it does not recognize the supremacy of the Pope ; it denies that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Son ; it rejects purgatory, indulgences, dispensations, and all works of supererogation, although it admits the intercession of saints by prayer ; it requires submersion at baptism, except in urgent cases ; laymen and women may perform baptism ; the words used are : " In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost " ; priests can marry, but only once ; there is this difference in regard to transubstantiation, the holy bread is leavened, and wine and water are poured in the chalice. It rejects all massive images of Christ as idolatrous, but everything represented on a flat surface, such as paintings, etc., can be used. The language used in the service is the ancient Slavonic, so that the masses of the people cannot entirely understand it ; but it is said they understand and comprehend its general significance. The congregation unites in the singing, more especially the choral parts and the responses. The whole system of public worship is attended with great pomp ; banners, pictures, and relics are carried in processions.

The patriotism of the people is also appealed to, by the

suspension of captured battle-flags, in groups, on the columns and walls of the churches.

There seems to be a profound feeling of veneration among the people in the churches, and on passing the places where tapers are sold, and the shrines in the streets.

The Russian calendar is sure to perplex travellers until they get accustomed to it; for instance, this day in Russia is not the 1st of August, but the 19th of July, twelve days behind us. They use the Julian calendar; we use the corrected Gregorian calendar.

The Fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul are very interesting. The Fortress is completely surrounded by a moat full of water, and the Cathedral stands in the centre. All the sovereigns of Russia, from and including Peter the Great, except Paul the Second, are buried here. The marble sarcophagi are ranged on the floor of the church, each with a gilded bronze plate fixed on it, stating name, etc. The tomb of Peter the Great and Catharine the Second are the most interesting. At the head of some of the marble coffins fixed on the walls are images of the deceased. The diamond wedding ring of the Emperor Alexander is attached to his image. The keys of the fortresses, which were captured in Poland, lie on the tomb of the Grand Duke Constantine.

The walls of the Cathedral and the pillars are ornamented with captured battle-flags, keys of captured cities, towns, and fortresses, armor, and other warlike trophies, such as shields, battle-axes, etc., taken from Swedes, Turks, Persians, Poles, French, etc.

Near the church is a small building containing a boat, which was built and equipped by Peter the Great with his own hands; the carving on the stern is very rude; it represents Peter launching the ship.

The cottage of Peter the Great is preserved just as it stood when he left it, and with all its furniture and many of the personal articles used by him. This was the first house that

was built by Peter, on the banks of the Neva in 1703. Here he lived while he learned his trade of ship-building and other useful occupations; under the same roof which covers the old cottage is a small boat built and used by Peter; it is rough, but strong. The cottage contains two rooms and a kitchen; one of the rooms is now used as a chapel, and was crowded by the devout, each of whom had placed a lighted taper on the stand, which made the room so hot that we were glad to leave it. The other rooms stand in almost the same condition as when Peter left it, with all the furniture, which is by no means ornamental.

After lunch we went to the Hermitage (pronounced *Dermitage*). It would be simply useless to attempt a description of this enormous palace; there is no end of magnificent halls, salons, and rooms, each of which is literally filled with an immense variety of objects of art. It may be called the museum of the world. Room after room is hung with paintings by the great masters of every nation; room after room is stored with a variety of things made of the mineral and other products of this world-wide empire; among these the most numerous are of malachite and lapis-lazuli. The mineral wealth of Siberia is here exemplified to the full. The whole great East seems also to have poured its countless treasures of the precious metals and jewels into this grand conservatory. There is no exaggeration in the statement that, so great is the collection of gold, silver, diamonds, pearls, and of every other known precious stone, that the eye is wearied with looking. After spending some hours in viewing these objects, which possess fabulous values, I found it a very great relief to get away.

I have not the power to describe this grand palace. From the entrance to the exit I found myself wondering if I was not dreaming.

The portico, or *porte-cochère*, under which our carriage was driven, is sustained by a number of colossal human figures of, I should think, at least twenty feet high, cut from



single pieces of Finland granite, with wonderful anatomical accuracy. Every feature, muscle, and vein is developed in these amazing monolithic giants.

The grand hall is immense, with the triple flight of marble steps, lofty, yet easy of ascent, and the walls on both sides made of marbles which reflect like a mirror.

The ground floor is occupied with stores of curiosities from Egypt, Assyria, and other prehistoric lands ; also, with a multitude of heavy articles of stone and earthenware gathered from the most remote corners of the globe.

The first platform on ascending the staircase is ornamented with marble statuary, by the greatest sculptors, prominent among which is the body of Abel, and at a little distance from it, the horrified figure of his murderer "rushing from the presence of the Lord."

The contents of this imperial building would fill volumes ; why should I attempt a further description ?

Among the multitude of prominent buildings which grace this splendid capital, is the Armenian church of "The Lady of Kazan," which covers an immense plot of ground, in the principal avenue of the city. This building is a copy of St. Peter's at Rome, but by no means so large. It is of gray granite, and so placed as to be seen all around to great advantage ; but, with all its splendor, it failed to impress me with the idea of architectural beauty after visiting St. Isaac's. The interior is very spacious—it is cruciform ; there is nothing on the great floor ; worshippers all stand or kneel on the marble pavement. The columns and walls are decorated with groups of captured battle-flags, many of them hanging in tatters ; keys of cities, fortresses, and castles, and other trophies of war, and spoils of victory. This splendid edifice cost sixty thousand pounds sterling ; so says Murray. The altar and its surroundings are silver ; the image of the Virgin is decorated with a mass of brilliants and other precious gems valued at seventy-five thousand dollars. On the floor

of this Cathedral there were many worshippers, all, apparently, devout, bowing and repeatedly crossing themselves, and kneeling to kiss the pavement and touch it with their foreheads, in front of the altar, or of some of the shrines; some added to these devotional genuflections the ceremony of lighting and leaving their burning tapers before departing.

*August 2d.*—We returned to the Hermitage, and spent the most of this day in its magnificent galleries. That which most interested me was that of Peter the Great, which is, in fact, not in the Hermitage, but the Winter Palace, which adjoins it and is connected with it by a covered bridge. Here may be seen a vast collection of the personal effects of the greatest of all the Czars, the turning lathes and a great variety of tools for carving and other mechanical work, which were used by him. Here, also, are many articles which he made, all of which attest his skill, especially in sculptured ivory, of which there are several admirably executed pieces. Here are his mathematical instruments, a great variety of telescopes, books, and walking sticks, among which is one of iron, the great size and weight of which attest his strength. Here, also, is shown a rod which marks his height, which was not far from seven feet, also his favorite horse and dogs, which have been preserved, and stand in a glass case in front of his own full-length effigy, seated in a chair, and looking at these objects of his attachment. The horse is the same he rode at the great battle of Poltava, where he achieved by far his greatest victory. Here, also, are many portraits of the great men and families of his reign; in short, this extensive collection tells the story of Peter's life and character more impressively than it can be found in books.

I cannot describe the contents of the great hall, which contains the crown jewels, it is impossible—there are such masses of them. Here may be seen brilliants and other precious stones in fabulous quantities and the precious metals worked into an interminable variety of articles and

shapes by the load. Murray says: "The coronet of the empress is perhaps the most beautiful mass of diamonds ever brought together in a single ornament . . . the whole are surrounded and set with a great number of stones, fit, in point of quality, to be associated with them."

Raphael's Loggie interested me much, with its illustrations drawn from the Old Testament.

Ranged along the windows are many cases which are filled with ancient coins of gold and silver, commencing with those of the first caliphs; these are extremely interesting as showing the progress of the coinage in the East. There is a whole case full of Persian coins, chiefly of gold, some of which are square and weighing not less than fifteen or eighteen ounces. Nearly all Asia is represented, including the Khans of the Golden Horde, the Khans of Bukhara and Khiva, etc. Here, also, is a decoration which was worn by the renowned Schamyl. This is said to be the largest and most valuable collection of coins in the world.

After dinner I walked through the Admiralty, a magnificent building of immense length, lying along the bank of the Neva; the centre of this building is crowned with a tall and graceful spire of brilliant gilt. Again I visited the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, to gaze on it in mute admiration, as the grandest exemplification of the man that could have been erected to commemorate him. Again I visited that most superb of all the grand buildings in the world, the Cathedral of St. Isaac. Nothing can exceed the splendor and magnificence of this temple; some idea of the cost may be had, from the fact that it cost one million dollars in gold to prepare the ground for its foundation, into which forests of timber have been driven, to solidify the ground. An English resident tells me that this building cost thirteen millions of pounds sterling! A statement hard to believe, even by those who have seen it, and are quite familiar with it.

When I entered, the evening choral service, with chanting

and responses, was going on ; a large congregation covered the pavement, and all joined in the singing, especially the responses. I stood at the extreme end, and found the music most effective. Nothing can stir the soul so effectually as the singing of a large congregation of sincere and earnest devotees, especially when, as in this case, entire harmony prevailed. More sincere worshippers than those in the Greek Church cannot, I think, be found. I am told that there is nowhere in the world such collections of the semi-precious stones, such as malachite and lapis-lazuli ; here are columns of it of forty feet in height, and as to the jaspers, porphyry, etc., there seems no end of them. The truly grand monolithic columns, of which there are thirty-two, each of sixty feet in height, which grace the four corners of the stupendous temple, are each a wonder in itself, to say nothing of the vast masses of bronze, in the shape of gates, capitals, bases, pediments, and porticos, groups of men illustrative of Scriptural subjects, animals, birds, and inanimate things ; when all these are considered, and the vastly expensive interior, with its splendid marbles, which line it from the pavement to the dome, its vast treasury of gold, silver, precious and semi-precious stones is taken into account, it is not so difficult to believe that this edifice cost between sixty and seventy millions of dollars, as is said.

Again I visited that most splendid and majestic of all equestrian statues in the world—the Emperor Nicholas. Horse and rider are larger than life ; such ease and dignity cannot be excelled, neither can the animal be excelled in its vigor and grace of “action” ; such lightness and power of “movement” is perfectly marvellous. I have seen such numbers of equestrian statues in the great capitals of the world that I grew tired of them ; not so with those of Peter the Great and Nicholas. I think that daily familiarity with them would only increase my admiration.

Wife and I looked for furs, such as sable and seal skins,

but found them far in excess of our expectations in prices, and did not purchase. For instance, a sable muff, five skins, cost three hundred and fifty dollars in gold; a tippet of sable made of two skins, one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. Seal-skin jacket lined with ermine, two hundred and forty-five dollars; same lined with silk, one hundred and ninety-five dollars in gold.

*August 3d* (Sunday).—Attended the “Church of the British Factory,” the only one in which service is performed in English. The rest of the day was very rainy, and we remained at home, remembering that it was the Lord’s Day.

*August 4th.*—The rain and inability to get into the Winter Palace has made this an almost idle day. We saw the imperial carriages, and again visited that most magnificent of all temples, the Cathedral of St. Isaac of Dalmatia—my fourth visit. There was no service going on, and I was conducted to the place behind the high altar; but, as ladies are not admitted, Mrs. B. had to remain outside. There was nothing remarkable in this chamber, except a magnificent model of the Cathedral in silver-gilt, which, with the sacred vessels of the church, used in its various services, are kept in a glass case. Each visit to this magnificent temple reveals more marvels in architecture, and new splendors in the materials with which it is built and furnished. This building is, in fact, entirely composed of the most rare and expensive granites, marbles, semi-precious and precious stones, bronze in tons, and in every possible form, jewels from brilliants down, gold and silver. I doubt if there is in the whole world another structure so rich as the “St. Isaac’s Cathedral.”

The collection of imperial carriages dates from Peter the Great down to the present Czar. The carriages and sleighs of Catharine the Second are much the most gorgeous. Every part of them, including the wheels (except the tires), is covered with gold leaf, and the panels ornamented with paint-

ings of exquisite beauty. The national escutcheon is emblazoned on the doors in a mass of imitation brilliants and other precious stones, and some of these are surmounted with a crown, which is radiant with the same decorations. The hubs of the wheels of one of her state carriages are studded with stones of this description; in fact, nothing that illimitable treasures could procure has been spared in the decoration of these grand carriages, which fill four large rooms. There are many carriages and sleighs which have been used in carnivals and masquerades; all are very curious, and in a variety of fantastic shapes. But by far the most interesting of all is a sled which was made entirely by the hands of Peter the Great; this is kept in a glass house to preserve it. Instead of glass for the windows, Peter used mica in thin sheets. Behind this sled is a chest, in which his clothing and provisions for long journeys were carried.

The afternoon was spent in fruitless efforts to get into the Winter Palace, all of which, except that part which we have seen and the chambers of the crown jewels, is closed for refitting, in anticipation of the royal wedding, which comes off soon.

After dinner we strolled through the bazaars, but saw nothing we cared to possess.

*August 5th.*—All admission to the Winter Palace being prohibited while preparations for the royal wedding are going on, we went to Peterhof and spent the day there, the pleasure of which was marred only by the rain, which at intervals fell in heavy showers; it did not, however, prevent us from seeing the magnificent and extensive grounds of the Russian Versailles, and some of its palaces, also. We drove first through the beautiful grounds to the gardens and fountains of Monplaisir; these are as splendid as money can make them. The fountains occupy an extensive space of sloping, undulating and terraced grounds from the palace to the shore of the bay, interspersed with groves and groups of trees,

bushes, hedges, and flowers of exquisite beauty and decorated with a great number of human figures—Scriptural and mythological—also of birds and animals, all covered with brilliant gold, dazzling in the sun. The great centre fountain throws a jet of immense size to a great height, the water coming out of the mouth of a golden lion, which Samson (a splendid colossal golden figure) is forcing open ; this is truly a magnificent group. The keeper started the fountains, the effect of which, when all were playing at once, was exceedingly fine. The water from these jets falls in thin silvery sheets over terraces which are seen in bas-relief, figures and groups in gold—marvellously beautiful.

The cottage, or summer house of Peter the Great, is like nearly all other residences of the great Czar, exceedingly plain ; it stands in the midst of a beautiful lake, which is filled with carp. The keeper rang a bell for dinner, and the fish came in quantities to receive the bread he threw them, until there was literally a “mass-meeting” on the surface. Another fountain near this cottage was started ; this is a terraced fountain, the waters of which flow in a veil-like sheet over golden surfaces, the effect of which, especially at night, when illuminated, is said to be almost indescribable.

The government works for supplying ornaments of malachite and lapis-lazuli are within these grounds. We went through them, and saw the process of plating vases and other things with these semi-precious stones ; we also saw samples of both in the natural state ; all this opened our eyes to a delusion we had heretofore been under, in respect to large objects, made, as we supposed, entirely of these stones, such as huge columns which ornament the St. Isaac's Cathedral and other great buildings.

The summer palace of the reigning Czar is one of the most charming residences ; it is replete with every imaginable elegance that nature and art can contribute, and it seems to

have been set down in the midst of the loveliest flowers and plants in the world ; indeed, flowers and plants grow in the splendid chambers, on and under tables, lounges, chairs, and other articles, contributing to the beauty of the furniture, without interfering with its use ; in short, flowers and plants are placed where no one would expect to find them ; here, they are used as screens ; there, as adornments.

The palaces of Peterhof are very numerous, and many of them immense in size, and built and furnished at such a lavish outlay of treasure, as if the world's wealth had been poured into it. But by far the most interesting of all these is one which was built by Peter the Great, in 1710, and has been altered and added to by every emperor and empress since. There is in this palace what may be called a portrait gallery, which contains three hundred and sixty-eight portraits of pretty girls in the provinces of Russia, in local costumes.

It would be difficult and tedious to describe this splendid palace ; the visitor is shown so many rooms that the walk is actually tiresome. He passes through salon after salon, ballroom after ballroom, dining, supper, breakfast, and lunch-rooms, bed-chambers, conversation-rooms, and boudoirs without number ; all fitted and furnished diversely, and in a style of grandeur and splendor that puts all brief accounts quite at defiance. Many of the grand ball and other rooms are decorated with splendid paintings, mostly of naval engagements. There is one drawing-room, which is particularly unique ; it may be called the white chamber, as there is no color in it, except a line of French gray, which relieves the otherwise dead white, and gives the whole a most tasteful and enlivening appearance.

In the Monplaisir Garden, on the edge of the bay looking toward Cronstadt, stands a one-story house, with two wings—I believe it is called Marly. In this house Peter spent his last days, and died in one of its rooms, which, with the sim-



ple iron bed, is just as it was left when he died. His night-gown, cap, and handkerchief are there ; everything wears the stern and severe aspect of the great Czar. From the water platform in front of this house, a splendid view of St. Petersburg can be had, and of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, which, with its brilliant golden domes, appears like a rich jewel decorating the imperial city.

We dined at Peterhof, and reached St. Petersburg at 9 o'clock (not dark till 10), highly delighted.

*August 6th.*—This is the fifth rainy day since our arrival at St. Petersburg, so that sight-seeing has necessarily been limited. To-day we succeeded in getting into part of the Winter Palace, where the imperial regalia are kept ; the other parts are either occupied by the imperial family, or are undergoing renovation for the great event so soon to transpire here. The imperial crown is, perhaps, the largest mass of diamonds that was ever put together ; it is not in my power to describe it. Never before have my eyes beheld such an expensive bauble. It is surmounted by a cross composed of several immense stones, and fixed upon a very large ruby ; then there is a large number of the greatest and most perfect pearls which encircle the top of the diadem, and divide it into domed spaces. The band which encircles the imperial brow, and on which the crown rests, is composed of twenty-eight enormous brilliants. The orb, which is held in the emperor's left hand, and is emblematic of the world-wide dominion over which he reigns, is of polished gold, surmounted by a cross of magnificent diamonds, and encircled with a wide band of the same precious stones.

The sceptre, which is held in the right hand and is emblematic of authority, is, perhaps, the most expensive one in the world. It is of polished gold, ornamented with bands of brilliants, and surmounted with the celebrated Orloff diamond, a jewel of, in fact, fabulous, I might say, inestimable value. It is said by Murray to weigh one hundred and ninety-

four and three-fourths carats ; while the great Koh-i-noor, in its original state, weighed one hundred and eighty-six and one-sixteenth carats. This is the largest of all the crown diamonds in the world, as it is said. Besides the above, there are large quantities of coronets, head ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, ear and finger rings, belts, and an endless variety of other ornaments which are used by the emperor and empress on grand occasions, all of which are literally masses of the richest and largest diamonds and pearls and other precious jewels in the world. Before we entered Russia, we had seen the crown jewels of other European nations, but they are really insignificant in comparison with those of this empire. Then, when we consider the enormous amounts of this kind of wealth which are contained in palaces, cathedrals, and churches, we are quite lost in amazement. There is in this vast collection an aigrette, which was presented by the Sultan of Turkey, and which is said to be worth fifteen million dollars. At this rate, considering this is a very small part of the entire value of this great collection, it must amount to several hundred millions of dollars.

Not much of the wealth of Russia is visible outside of the palaces, churches, and public treasuries, with the exception of this city ; all others that we have seen are almost ruinous in appearance, and even though St. Petersburg is but a young city (not yet two hundred years old), and is the grand centre of this mighty empire, it has very few fine buildings, except those of the State and the Church. It is true that the present emperor has done much, and continues to do much, for the development of the wealth and prosperity of the country, but Russia is still far in the rear of the other European nations in many respects. I think it may truly be said, that civilization seems only to have begun, and this is not surprising, considering the geographical position of the country, bordering, as it does, for thousands of miles on the Asiatic line. It may almost be said, that the present emperor is the father of

the great internal improvements of Russia ; its system of railroads is nearly all his work, and there will be in ten years more than double the present number of miles of railway, if all those which are in progress and in contemplation are completed ; nothing but wars, or some other great national calamity, will hinder these grand internal improvements, and there is a guarantee in the pacific character of the sovereign that no such obstacle will interfere.

Alexander the Second is greater than Peter the Great. He is the Liberator of twenty-three millions of Serfs, and his highest ambition seems to tend toward those measures only which will improve the condition of his people, and develop the inexhaustible wealth of his world-wide dominions. His railways now stretch from the Baltic Sea and the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, entirely across his immense empire to the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, and the Caspian Sea, and other roads are now being constructed which traverse the country in every direction, as far as Siberia on the north, and the Caucasus, Georgia, and Circassia on the south. The results of such a reign are now manifest, and, in a very few years, Russia may take its place among the more civilized nations of Europe.

*August 7th.*—The rain continues ; it comes in hard, drenching showers. About 10 there was a let-up, and I went to see the Monastery of St. Alexander Nevski, which is said to be the most interesting in Russia. The spot on which it is built is enclosed in double walls, which also encircle three churches and towers, an immense building now used as a university, cloisters, a convent, and other buildings used by the monks ; here a great battle was fought early in the thirteenth century. Catharine the Second built a cathedral here, the largest in St. Petersburg ; it is of Italian marbles, and is enriched with precious stones from Siberia, and pearls from Persia ; there are also some good paintings. The shrine of Alexander is magnificent ; it is formed of three

thousand two hundred and fifty pounds of pure silver, with numerous figures of angels and men ; all of life size.

I was fortunate enough to arrive just as a grand choral service was commencing. The singing was by eleven fine male voices, in which were a base, tenor, and treble of great beauty and power. Many priests officiated in splendid robes and vestments of gold and purple. Incense was burned in censers as in Roman Catholic churches, and there were many other parallels in the forms, such as frequent bowing and crossing. There was a baptism of an infant, much as in the Presbyterian style, administered by two priests, with water sprinkled on the face. Then the grand gates which enclose the high altar were opened wide, and a procession of Church dignitaries passed out headed by a Patriarch, with a crown on his head, resplendent with brilliants and other precious stones set in gold. These marched to the Alexander shrine followed by the people, where another choral service was performed. This shrine is fifteen feet high, in form of a pyramid, surmounted by a catafalque, and angels bearing silver trumpets and flowers. The keys of Adrianople are suspended near this shrine.

After leaving the monastery, we went in search of the Arsenal Museum, but had to give it up after a drive of two hours, in consequence of the stupidity of our coachman, who professed to know where it was. Few cities are so hard as St. Petersburg to drive through ; the streets are badly paved with cobblestones, and nothing is more trying than to be trundled over them, especially in the low-wheeled droskies ; it is, in fact, a sort of penance, done to gratify curiosity.

The lack of civilization is apparent in the condition of the streets, particularly in the suburbs of the city ; many of them have pitfalls, produced by the sinking of the surface, and the cavities being filled with water, their depth is, of course, unsuspected. Yet, with all these defects, and many

others, I consider this one of the most splendid capitals in Europe. The extended rows of its great public edifices, standing, as they do, on wide streets and squares, and facing the Neva on both sides, attest the magnificence of the Russian capital, while its numerous gilded domes, dotting the city all over, and glistening in the sun, give it an appearance of Oriental splendor. There is an unfinished sitting Colossus of syenite, standing in one of the streets, the history of which, beyond the fact that it was brought from Egypt, I could not learn. It is of the same height and general appearance of the Colossi which stand on the Plain of Thebes. How this mountain of granite was removed such a distance is marvellous.

We took a drive this afternoon to the Island, which is the resort of the aristocracy and the wealthy in fine weather; but we did not see it to advantage, on account of the rain; for the same reason, we will leave St. Petersburg without seeing several of its interesting places. We have spent a week here, and expect to sail to-morrow for Stockholm, touching at Helsingfors and Abo, in Finland. It was our purpose to go through Finland, but the rainy weather compelled a change of route.

*August 8th.*—Up at 5; a most beautiful morning. The fine weather seems to begin just as we are about to leave St. Petersburg *en route* to Stockholm. Before starting we called on our excellent and much-esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cattley, with whom we took tea and spent a pleasant hour. Mr. Cattley suggested that if I go on my contemplated journey to the region of the Caspian Sea, to write him my plans, and he will give me letters to friends at Tiflis, and other places, which will greatly assist me; an invaluable offer, of which I will certainly avail myself. We took leave of our friends, and went on board the steamer, Mr. Cattley accompanying us. Their house is very near the steamer's dock, and they sat at their open window, waving their adieus

until we passed a point which cut off the view. We will not soon forget these excellent people, from whom we have received much valuable information and great kindness.

We steamed down the River Neva, passing Peterhof, and that celebrated fortress, Cronstadt, and into the Gulf of Finland, with a stiff blow dead ahead.

Cronstadt is built on an island, opposite the mouth of the Neva, and at the entrance to the Gulf of Finland. All the foreign shipping is docked here, as vessels of that tonnage cannot go up to the city. It is a place of immense strength, surrounded by fortifications of great magnitude, and having a large fleet of monitors constantly riding at anchor, fully manned for service. This is said to be one of the most impregnable fortifications in the world, and it would seem impossible for a fleet to get beyond it to the capital.

On leaving Russia I cannot help recurring to some of my experiences, sights, and impressions, while on my short visit, most prominent of which is the singular universality of the religious principle among all classes of the people ; religion seems to pervade all their actions. At every new building, a cross, erected when ground is broken, remains till the finishing touch is put on ; before it all concerned in the work bow reverently and cross themselves ; and, indeed, bowing and crossing on passing shrines, churches, and all sacred places, even those where the tapers used are sold, takes much time ; if the worshipper is a coachman or drosky driver, he reins up, slackens his speed, takes off his hat, bows and crosses himself, until he has passed the object of veneration ; if he is on foot, he halts to perform his devotions.

On July 28th, a great holiday in the Greek Church, priests and people go to the burial-places in thousands ; no matter how bad the weather, all ages and sexes resort thither, each carrying a votive offering for the dead, and bread and strong drink for the living. The priests go through a ceremony, and all eat and drink to excess, and priests and people re-

cover their sobriety on the graves of their deceased friends. We did not see this, but Mr. and Mrs. Cattley told us about it.

In the fore part of every Sunday the people crowd the churches ; after that they amuse themselves.

The loyalty of the Russians is very remarkable, due, no doubt, in part at least, to the extreme severity of punishment of political offenders, whose doom is Siberia, which, to the majority is death. They almost worship Alexander the Second, who is deservedly popular, except among the nobility, who have always regarded with disfavor the emancipation of the serfs. So far is the popularity of this sovereign carried among the common people, that his photograph is to be seen in every house. I am told that the demand for his portrait far exceeds the supply.

In spite of all the discomforts and deprivations to which travellers must submit, I think Russia so interesting that all these things make but a momentary impression

## XXXVI.

Finland ; Helsingfors ; Abo ; Sweden ; Stockholm ; Carlstadt ; Jonkoping ; Lake Wetter ; Malmo ; Denmark ; Copenhagen ; Museum ; Hamburg ; Hanover ; Cassel ; Eisenach ; Wartburg Castle ; Ems.

*August 9th, 1873.*—Up at 6. Our little steamer tossed all night in a tempestuous sea, but the wind has abated a little this morning ; the sun shines now and then through a cloudy sky, and there is not an object in sight. It is expected that we will make the land this afternoon, and anchor at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, about 6.

Breakfast was served at 9. We had gin, with which the meal began, bread, butter, cheese, cold ham, veal and tongue, raw salmon, caviare, and cold water ; then warm beefsteaks and tea were brought in, and the meal closed with a plate of toothpicks.

The speed of the steamer is ten miles an hour. No land, only a ship, now and then, in sight all day ; air clear and bracing ; sea a little rough.

We made Helsingfors at 4, and took a drive through the city. There are many large and imposing public buildings, here, among which the Cathedral and University are the most prominent. We visited the former, which occupies a high position ; it is in the form of a Greek cross, and has a very spacious and lofty interior ; the ground floor is occupied entirely with pews, and there are several pulpits where preaching is carried on simultaneously without interruption of each other. The service is Lutheran ; a large part of the popula-



tion on the seaboard is of the same denomination. Helsingfors is a very clean and beautiful city, and makes a fine appearance on entering the harbor.

*August 10th* (Sunday).—We left Helsingfors at 2.30 A.M., and had not steamed far before a heavy fog shut down upon us and we stopped. About 12 M. our way was clear, and we prosecuted our voyage, which lay through a myriad of beautiful islands mostly covered with pine trees; some of them are inhabited by fishermen; great numbers of seal are caught in these waters.

I made the acquaintance to-day of an English traveller and a Swedish gentleman, both very intelligent, from whom I obtained much information about this part of the world.

The ship continued on her course, threading her way through hundreds of pretty little islands and half-sunken rocks, until 10.30, when daylight became too dim to see distinctly, and we anchored for the night in a cove, under the lee of an island, in smooth water.

*August 11th.*—I was roused by the weighing of the anchor at 3; dressed, and went on deck; the day was breaking, the sea calm, and we again shot ahead among the innumerable islands that lay in our course. We turned into the Gulf of Bothnia last evening, and our course is now toward the north again; for the last two days it has been almost due west. On both sides, behind and ahead, we are surrounded by immense numbers of islands of granite, covered with a sparse vegetation, and a stunted growth of the pine and the larch. Not only is soil wanting, but the summer is too short in this high northern latitude to produce trees of great magnitude, although still farther north the pine is much larger, due, no doubt, to depth and fertility of the soil. Many of these bleak islands are inhabited by a hardy race of fishermen, whose low thatched cottages are seen under cover of high rocks and woods. The passage through these multitudinous islands would be monotonous, but for their infinite variety of

form and distribution, being so arranged as to increase the picturesque effect.

The entrance to the harbor of Abo (which is a very old city where a university once flourished) is very beautiful. The ancient castle, with great ugly square towers, still bids defiance to the invader at the mouth of the channel, passing which, the traveller is brought suddenly in view of the city. The streets are wide and well paved, but so grass-grown as to show its little commercial importance. At 11 we steamed off toward Stockholm, where we hope to arrive to-morrow morning, if all goes well.

The sail for nine hours to-day, through the multitude of islands scattered over the gulf and extending more than half across it, has been exceedingly beautiful and gratifying. The sea was like a mirror, and reflected every object on its surface. The air was bracing, and foretold the advent of autumn. Heavy banks of clouds hung over the scene and belted the horizon, adding grandeur to the views on all sides. A flock of sea-gulls floated over our stern, clamorous for the favors of the cook, and it was altogether the most pleasing and soothing trip I ever experienced.

But we little dreamed that our pleasure was to end in so brief a time. As we approached the open sea, the wind suddenly sprang up, the sky was shrouded in angry clouds, and, on rounding the last island on the Finland coast, the sea was much agitated. On we went for half an hour, when we were overtaken by a violent squall that threw the ship on her beam ends, upsetting and throwing down everything that was not well secured; there was a general crash; many of the passengers were violently thrown among the débris; the ship righted and went over to the other side with great violence, and the destruction of the loose things was complete; again the ship swayed violently from side to side, and it seemed as if she would be swallowed up in the foaming, raging flood. This continued for nearly four hours, when we

reached the first island on the Swedish coast about 11 at night, and soon after we ran into comparatively smooth water and anchored for the night.

During these trying four hours my poor wife was very ill, with the worst form of sea-sickness, spasms in the stomach, and icy-cold extremities. By vigorous treatment, Cataldi and I brought her to. We will not soon forget "the Archipelago of the North" (as it is aptly called), neither will we soon forget the discomforts of those four hours. On emerging from the raging sea, which threatened destruction, it was curious to see the damage done. Everything was in utter confusion, the decks and floors of the saloon and state-rooms were covered with broken fragments, and it was not until after midnight that order was restored. Nearly everything was broken; even the benches, which were fixed to the deck by half-inch iron fastenings, were swept overboard.

*August 12th.*—Sweden. Up at 4; the ship has just got under way, and is steaming through the islands on the Swedish coast. These islands present a different aspect from those of Finland; they are not so sterile, and have more cultivation; houses are more frequent, and the trees are larger. The sun rose bright, but was soon obscured by clouds; the air is keen and autumn-like, and things look as they do in America, just before cold weather sets in. The last two hours of the passage almost made us forget the dangers and discomforts of the preceding night. The sea was again smooth, and we ran into a narrow channel, on both sides of which stand pretty cottages, and well-cultivated gardens and lawns, with here and there a fine country seat. The appearance of Stockholm from the steamer's deck is very striking; the city is built on eminences, and the public buildings are very imposing.

We landed at 9, and went to the "Hotel Rydberg," where we found the best accommodations since we left Paris. Went to the bank, which gave me eighteen rix-dollars to the

pound sterling. Visited the Riddarsholm Church, which is devoted exclusively to the burial of the kings, and some members of their families. This is a very ancient building, and was formerly part of a Franciscan convent ; the ground floor is spacious, and around the columns and walls are grouped in great numbers the flags and standards which have been taken in battle for centuries back. There are also many of the arms and musical instruments of ancient times, which were used in the armies of this and other nations. Also a number of great old rusty keys of city gates, castles, and strongholds, all trophies of victory ; these are very interesting. The flags are mostly in tatters, and many of the drums, which are in a variety of curious shapes and sizes, are pierced with bullet holes. In the side chapels are several magnificent catafalques and sarcophagi, of various marbles, most prominent among which are those of Gustavus Adolphus, "Magnus," and Charles the Twelfth, the "Impetuous." Near the sarcophagus of Charles the Twelfth there are many trophies of war, one of which is a standard taken by himself in battle. The simple inscription on the sarcophagus of Gustavus Adolphus, that noble champion of Protestantism, who died, sword in hand, at the battle of Lützen, covered with wounds, is "*Moriens Triumphavit.*" There are some effigies of other great men reclining on catafalques. The walls of this church are largely covered with heraldic tablets to deceased "Knights of the Seraphim"; among them is one to Napoleon Bonaparte.

In several vaults to which visitors are admitted there are the splendid coffins of the royal dead, from a very early period down to a late king, a most impressive sight, and one which teaches a solemn and instructive lesson.

In the afternoon we took a drive to Deer Park, some three or four miles out. These grounds are extensive and most beautiful; the natural surface has been preserved, and it is interspersed with heavy ancient oaks and other trees, lawns,

and gardens, hills and rocks, and water in abundance, making a most picturesque and healthy resort for the citizens, who seem to appreciate and enjoy it thoroughly.

In the evening the King and Queen arrived from Christiana, and passed our windows in two phaetons, followed by many officers of state and of the army. They were cheered as they passed through the street by a large assemblage of the people, and both bowed their acknowledgments as they were driven to the palace, which stands at the other end of a beautiful bridge immediately in front of our windows. We had a fine view of the royal pair.

Immediately in front of our windows stands a fine equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, that "noblest Roman of them all," who stemmed the torrent of Popery when it threatened to sweep over Northern and Middle Europe and obliterate the work of Luther. I almost instinctively bow in the presence of his statue and his grave.

*August 13th.*—Mrs. B. is not able to go out to-day ; upset by the bad water and food, and rough travelling in Russia, she remains in her room. I went among the few shops to-day, and saw what they called Russian sable muffs, at from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty rix-dollars, and seal-skin jackets at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty rix-dollars ; one of such jackets, trimmed with Kamschatka beaver, cost eight hundred rix-dollars. Black fox skins from Siberia, large enough for two muffs, cost three hundred and fifty rix-dollars. Seal-skin vests, natural color for gentlemen, fifty rix-dollars.

The Prince and Princess Imperial of Prussia arrived to-day, and are the guests of the King. The royal carriage has been going all day. We have a fine view of all this from our windows. There is a military post just opposite the hotel, where some thirty or forty soldiers are stationed. When any of the royal carriages are in sight, or are expected, the corporal calls the guard, which musters in double quick,

the drum is beaten, while the guard presents arms, and when the carriages are fairly passed, the guard is dismissed. I have been sight-seeing afoot to-day, which is far more satisfactory than on wheels. I have visited the monuments and some of the public buildings, and am much pleased with what I have seen. But the sight that was most curious and pleasing, because entirely novel, was that of a group of Dalecarlian peasants, in the ancient and highly picturesque costume of their native province. These people adhere to their primitive manners, customs, and dress with a tenacity which is said to grow out of the belief that they are a distinct and superior class from the rest of their countrymen; they are highly esteemed for their industry, morality, and stern adherence to their religion and to the education of their children. They are Lutherans. Their dress is extremely neat, clean, and bright, with lively colors tastefully blended. They visit Stockholm in summer, to sell their products, and retire to their valleys and dales when cool weather begins. These simple, honest people are skilful in manufacturing wicker ware of osiers, tools of various kinds, clocks, etc.

*August 14th.*—Introduced to Mr. Bergstrom, a highly intelligent man, an old citizen and Mayor of Stockholm; he gave me much information about the city and on other subjects, and invited me to accompany him and a son and daughter, to see the great fête given in honor of the Prince Imperial of Germany at Drottningholm, one of the royal country palaces, seven miles by water from Stockholm. We started in a steamer and had a magnificent trip; the scenery is charming. We reached the palace at 6 p.m. and strolled through its splendid grounds, ornamented with every device to make them enchanting, and intersected with streams of water dotted with islands of exquisite beauty and stately swans gracing its surface. We rambled thus till nearly 10, when it was scarcely dark, and then took a position to see

the fireworks, which were such as it might be expected a monarch would entertain his royal guests with. There were thousands of people present, and when the pyrotechnics were nearly at a close, it was amusing to witness the rush of these thousands in the direction of the boats. We reached Stockholm at 12, rather used up, but much pleased with our excursion.

*August 15th.*—A beautiful day. Mr. Albert Bergstrom, a son of my newly made acquaintance, insisted on going with me, and showing me the sights of Stockholm, so we drove to the Mosebacke, a very high hill, and had a complete view of the city and its surroundings, which lay at our feet. We spent the rest of the day until 3 P.M. at the National Museum, where I saw a multitude of interesting things, including some of the regalia of Sweden, used in ancient times. Here are preserved many things which were the personal property of Gustavus Adolphus. Among them, the dress and arms he wore when he was killed at the battle of Lützen, the clothing, just as it was, when he fell pierced with many wounds, and covered with blood-stains. Here, also, is the horse he rode on that fatal field, which was also killed. The costumes of the sovereigns of Sweden, for many centuries, down to those of Charles the Fifteenth, who died in 1872, are preserved here, and give a good idea of the manners and customs of court life.

There is a fine collection of works of art of all schools in painting, and of statuary of all ages; also a splendid and most valuable collection of gold, silver, and copper coins, and medals extending through many centuries. I have read and heard of the gold and silver currency of ancient times, which was in the form of coils of wire, from which the sum required was broken and given in payment, but I had never seen it till I saw it here.

After spending several hours in the museum, we went to the hotel and dined, and my young friend again accom-

panied me on a stroll through the city, and thus ended a very pleasant day.

*August 16th.*—Another charming day. Our young friend lunched with us at 2, and at 3 he got an easy carriage, and took us several miles into the country. It was a charming drive ; principally through a forest of magnificent trees, pine and larch, interspersed with oak, birch, ash, elm, etc. After driving three hours, we returned to the hotel and dined, and Mr. Bergstrom spent the evening with us. He is an educated youth, and has a large fund of valuable information, which he dispenses freely. His profession has taken him to England, where he learned to speak the language very well ; he inquired the name of my son-in-law, and on being told, he said it was a Swedish name of ancient origin ; it is spelled the same way as in America, but pronounced Rickt ; he says the English Wrights originated in Sweden.

*August 17th (Sunday).*—We went to the storkyrka (church) with Mr. Bergstrom, who called for us ; the form is Lutheran, the established religion of the country. This church is a very ancient one ; on its site stood a temple dedicated to heathen worship, which was burned down in the ninth century. The present building, which is very large, is somewhat Gothic in style. The interior is decorated with some good pictures, one of them said to be by Raphael, which is immense ; it represents Christ sitting in judgment at the last day. In this church the sovereigns of Sweden are crowned.

The service began at 11 by solemn music on the organ, followed by choral singing in slow and solemn measure, in which the congregation united. Then a prayer was read, and afterward a hymn was sung by all the people in the same slow and solemn time ; then a portion of the New Testament was read, and the whole congregation united heartily in singing a psalm to the tune of Luther's hymn. Nothing could exceed the heartiness and sincere devoutness of this per-



formance, in which the utmost harmony was preserved, both in the vocal and instrumental parts ; it was worth a journey to Stockholm to hear it. There was a commingling of patriotism with religious devotion in this performance ; the people sing it as heartily as do the French "The Mar-seillaise," or the English "God Save the Queen." This is the air that the army of Gustavus Adolphus sang on going into his last great and, to him, fatal battle at Lützen ; it is, indeed, a noble air, and calculated to stir the soul to its lowest depths.

We again ascended to Mosebacke, and had a grand view of Stockholm, resting on its many islands ; a truly beautiful city, with which we were both delighted.

*August 18th.*—I have done nothing this whole day but prepare for our journey to Carlstadt to-morrow morning early.

*August 19th.*—Up early ; a splendid morning ; the Swedish people are very hard working ; work begins at daylight, and ends at twilight ; there is no "eight hour system" here. This may, perhaps, be due to the inequality of the days in summer and winter ; light continues eighteen and one-half hours on the longest day, and five and one-half on the shortest, and it may be that the hours of labor are regulated by that inequality. I recommend the "Hotel Rydberg" as an excellent house. Mr. Bergstrom goes frequently to the great annual fair at Nijni-Novgorod in Russia, and, as he did not go this year, it is likely he will go in July, 1874. I have sent him word that, if agreeable, I will accompany him next year. I could not have a better companion on visiting that wonderful collection of Orientals.

We started at 9 A.M. for Carlstadt, one hundred and fifty miles, where we arrived at 8 P.M., showing that railway speed in Sweden is very low. Mr. Bergstrom and his son Albert met us at the station, and the latter went an hour's journey on the way with us. An Episcopal clergyman, who said he

was from Bridgewater, Massachusetts, joined us in the railway carriage; he was on his way to Hull, England, and thence to the United States. I did not learn his name.

We passed through an exceedingly wild country between Stockholm and Carlstadt, much of it a wilderness. The road lies through forests of pine, larch, birch, elm, and other trees, and passed in sight of many beautiful lakes and streams of the purest water. The railway is laid with heavy iron, and the stations are good and neat. The restaurants are very clean, and supplied with excellent dishes at moderate prices. The "Stadt Hotel," at Carlstadt, is a good and clean house, but the bare floors of the bedrooms are not conducive to comfort; only a strip of carpet in front of the beds is allotted to each room.

Carlstadt is a shire town, the seat of a governor; in it are a cathedral and a court-house, and it has a population of four thousand. The streets are wide and very clean, and the houses are excellent and present a fine appearance.

*August 20th.*—Rain fell in torrents last night, and the morning is cold. Mrs. B. is not well, and so I have reluctantly determined to give up Norway, and go on to Copenhagen to-day. The fear of being overtaken by the approaching stormy weather of an early northern autumn, as natives tell us, is quite likely now, and the dread of increasing illness makes us believe that to hasten south is advisable.

I took a ramble of an hour or two through this beautiful town, and saw its ancient cathedral, once Roman Catholic, now Lutheran.

We started at 1 for Jonkoping, where we arrived at 8, after passing over a diversified country, mostly covered with heavy pine forest, and much of it very lovely with numerous bright and sparkling lakes and rapid streams.

Just as we were passing along a high ridge, overlooking splendid hill, valley, and water views, a shower suddenly came up on our right, and on the left the most magnificent

rainbow that was perhaps ever formed in the heavens appeared, spanning the entire valley, and literally bathing the landscape in the most gorgeous colors imaginable.

Lake Wetton, in the south of Sweden, is a vast inland sea of great extent and depth, and of the purest water, and is navigated by steamers and sailing-vessels of a large class. At the southern extremity of this lake stands Jonkoping, with its harbor and revolving light. "It is a large town of," as Murray says, "ten thousand inhabitants, and carries on an active trade in iron and lumber ; it is very beautifully situated, and is a great resort as a watering-place, in summer." From our windows, which overlook the lake, we had extensive and charming views over the land and water. I think that this place and Carlstadt are delightful summer resorts, with good living at both, and very moderate prices.

*August 21st.*—Up early to begin a twelve hours' rail-ride to Malmo, opposite Copenhagen. The morning is splendid, and we somewhat regret that we did not go to Norway, but as that would have extended our journey a week or ten days, we were told that it would have brought us into cold and damp weather, so that the trip must be reserved for the future. We left Jonkoping at 7.40 A.M., and reached Malmo at 8 P.M. ; a journey which would have been more tedious and tiresome but for the novelty of everything on the way. We had a carriage to ourselves; the day was fine until the moment of leaving the train, when rain fell in a torrent.

The road traverses a country, two-thirds of which is covered with forests. Some of the wheat was stacked, but could not be taken in on account of the constant rains, and a large part of it is yet standing. We are much pleased with the Swedish people ; they manifest great kindness and politeness toward each other and toward travellers, and there is a wide difference between them and the stolid, selfish Germans. We found agreeable quarters at "Kramer's Hotel" in the market square.

*August 22d.*—Up at 5 ; the rain has cleared off, and the

sun is bright and warm. I took a stroll through the town and down to the steamer, to survey the accommodations my poor wife will have across the Sound. Everything looked promising.

Malmo is on the Sound which connects the Baltic with the Cattegat ; it is a clean town and is said to contain a population of twenty-two thousand. The emigrant offices for America are numerous, all holding out tempting inducements to the enterprising, in the shape of handsome pictured placards of fine steamers, and rail-trains running through beautiful scenery, etc.

We left Malmo at 10, and in fifteen minutes we sighted Denmark. The sea was calm, and the day beautiful, but in spite of all Mrs. B. was not free from nausea. We had a fine, steady, and swift boat, and landed at Copenhagen at 11.45. The approach to Copenhagen is very fine. To the right is seen Elsinore, famous as the scene of "Hamlet." The shore between that place and Copenhagen is thickly built up ; the city is defended by a series of what appears to be, impregnable walls and fortifications. We passed the royal dock-yards, which contain a lot of hulks, roofed over and used for naval purposes. The shipping of various nations crowded the quays, and it was quite a beautiful and an animated sight.

On landing, we were invited to step into the Custom House on the dock, but the examination was a mere formality. Our luggage was delivered to a porter, we entered a carriage, and in a few minutes were comfortably stowed away in the "Phoenix Hotel"; the rest of the day was spent in rambling through the town.

*August 23d.*—Denmark. Finding the "Phoenix Hotel" not as comfortable as we supposed on going to it, we changed to the "Royal Hotel," opposite the palace. Mr. Griffin, the United States Consul, recommended the change also, for other reasons.

We visited the museum of Thorwaldsen, with which we were perfectly delighted; the building, which is somewhat on the plan of an Egyptian temple, was erected by the city for the preservation of the works of the greatest of all modern sculptors, who was a Dane. I err in saying that the building is Egyptian in style, it ought rather to be called Etruscan, as it resembles the Etruscan mausoleums we saw in Central Italy (Perugia and Assisi). The building is in the form of a hollow square, and the great sculptor rests in a vault, in the centre. An inscription in bronze letters tells the visitor that Thorwaldsen was born in 1770, and died in 1844.

The building is divided into two floors; the ground-floor contains an immense vestibule running the entire length of the building, three corridors, the Christus Hall, and twenty-one side-rooms. The upper floor is similarly subdivided, so that there are forty-two rooms, six corridors, and two vestibules, nearly all of which are filled with the works of the great artist, in clay and marble. Besides these, there are many paintings, engravings, coins, and other curiosities of antiquity, all, I believe, contributed by Thorwaldsen to this great collection. The Christus Hall contains those well-known and most remarkable figures, representing "Christ," the "Twelve Apostles," and the "Baptismal Angel," which were done in marble, and now stand in the Church of Our Lady.

This vast collection comprises every description of works in marble, some colossal, others of size of nature. In the great vestibule stands a grand design for a monument that was to have been erected in Warsaw, representing Prince Poniatowski on horseback, so strongly resembling the equestrian monument of Marcus Aurelius on the capitol at Rome that I took it for a copy at first sight.

There are colossal statues, busts, reliefs, classical, Scriptural, and sepulchral, besides a vast number of figures illustrating chiefly Scriptural and classical subjects. It is useless

to attempt a description of these splendid works, which will forever perpetuate the fame of their great author.

After dinner we took a drive through the city and its environs, and visited the Church of Our Lady, where we saw some of the great sculptor's works referred to above. One of the most impressive of these is a relief, representing the "Last Supper." Our Saviour stands, and is surrounded by a kneeling group of eleven of his disciples; the twelfth (the traitor) is skulking away, grasping the bag, and intent upon his errand of betrayal.

A stranger cannot go through Copenhagen without observing the educating influence of Thorwaldsen in the taste of the people. Almost every house has some work of the great master, copied in bisque, porcelain, parian, or marble, according to the means of the occupant. Denmark owes a large debt to its great sculptor, whose fame will increase with the advance of time.

*August 24th* (Sunday).—Sunday is a close holiday here; all business is entirely suspended, and the people fill the streets in their best clothing, going and returning from church.

After dinner we rode out to take the air; the streets and roads were filled with well-behaved and well-dressed people. We then drove to the Church of Our Lady. The service began at 6. There was a large congregation of attentive listeners. The choral service is very effective; it is led by a fine organ; all unite in singing. The music is slow, but grand and elevating. I could not detect the least departure from harmony in that multitude of voices.

*August 25th*.—Visited Rosenborg Castle, which was built in the sixteenth century by Christian the Fourth. It contains many rooms, and an immense Riddersaal, or banqueting room, all well stored with objects of much interest illustrative of the history of Denmark, more particularly from the reign of Christian the Fourth, who lived and died in this

castle. After spending an hour and a half there, we drove to the Ethnographic Museum, the contents of which illustrate the civilization of the various nations of the world, or, more properly, the progress in civilization made by those nations. The objects are ably classified, beginning with those which are prehistoric, and then the stone, bronze, and iron, according to the progress in art. Each quarter of the globe has its respective rooms, and the whole constitutes a collection of rare merit and great extent, whose equal, perhaps, does not exist. After a 3 o'clock dinner, we spent the rest of the afternoon at the Christiansborg Palace, the largest and most prominent building in the city; remarkable for the immense number of rooms in it, but still more remarkable for a famous frieze, executed by Thorwaldsen, some three hundred and fifty feet long, containing as many figures, not far from life size, representing the entry of Alexander the Great into Babylon.

*August 26th.*—A very fine day. I strolled about the principal shopping streets to find some things, but saw nothing sufficiently tempting. I spent the afternoon in the Museum of Northern Antiquities; a very large and interesting collection, and arranged in a masterly manner. There were some oak coffins formed of the unhewn trunks of trees, cut through the middle, and hollowed out; human remains were found in some, clothed with the garments they wore in life, which are preserved in cases. There are several very rude stone sarcophagi, and monumental stones, covered with Runic characters, which were found in Iceland and Norway; also, a very large collection of various articles of gold and silver, of very primitive workmanship; these are spoons, cups, goblets, drinking-horns, bowls, ladles, plates, bracelets, anklets, diadems, ear and finger rings, crosses, some plain, others ornamented with uncut precious stones, and rude chasing. Among them were eleven dishes of gold with handles, beautifully made, of which even modern art would not be ashamed;

these were found in a clay urn buried in a peat-bog, where it was found by a peasant ; these are attributed to A.D. 250. There are also vast quantities of gold, silver, and bronze coins, many of them exceedingly rude, a few are Roman, which it is thought were brought by traders, as that people did not reach Denmark in their conquests. There are also some Pagan altars of stone, curiously sculptured ; a large collection of heavy two-handled swords, battle-axes, halberds, lances, etc., many of them ornamented with gold and silver inlaid. There is a large assortment of helmets, shields, and visors of fine inlaid workmanship, coats of mail, and shirts of iron rings. Here, also, is to be seen the famed Dagmar cross, which was worn by the Queen of Valdemar, or Vladermar the First and was taken from her sepulchre at Ringstead. Here is also a large collection of clocks and watches, some of them beautifully ornamented by diamonds and jewels ; among the watches is one that belonged to the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe. Here, too, is shown a piece of rude armor, which belonged to Canute the Great.

It was impossible to get entirely through this great and most interesting collection before 7 o'clock, when, time being called, visitors were notified to leave.

*August 27th.*—Up at 4 to begin a fifteen hours' journey to Hamburg. There is no good place on this line where travellers can pass the night, otherwise we would divide the journey. The morning is very fine, and Mrs. B. desires to go through without stopping.

We left the hotel at 6 A.M. and arrived at "Strit's Hotel," Hamburg, at 10 P.M. ; we had beautiful weather and no dust. The scenery from Copenhagen to about half way through Schleswig is very fine ; there is a great diversity of hill, valley, and plain, a fine rolling country interspersed with splendid forest trees, streams, and sheets of water. The cottages of the farmers are united with their barns, all being under the same heavily thatched roofs, and, with their surroundings,



forming the most picturesque views. The country buildings are just such as are frequently seen in fine old paintings.

After getting well into the Duchy of Schleswig the country becomes very level and prairie-like, with but few trees, but well-cultivated farms. That part of Jutland (the southern) which we passed through is charming, with scenery a little bolder than that already mentioned.

The numerous mounds and tumuli which are seen on the plains of Schleswig remind the traveller of the bloody conflicts that have been fought from time to time, coming down to 1864, when the Prussians waged the unjust war on Denmark, and by brute force seized that fair portion of the little kingdom and annexed it. I have made diligent efforts to learn the true history of the "Schleswig-Holstein" War from intelligent men of both countries, and am forced to the conclusion that the act of seizing and holding these territories by Prussia cannot be defended on the ground of right and justice. The people of Schleswig will not consent to be called any other than the subjects of the King of Denmark, more especially since the passage of the Treaty of Prague, the fifth article of which gives them their election to which country they will belong. In their election, since the passage of that treaty, they have unanimously declared their adherence to Denmark; but in spite of the treaty and the demand of the people, Prussia, with brigand arrogance, keeps firm hold of her stolen property; Bismarck, with the hypocrisy of a politician, answers the demand of the representative in the German Parliament by tacitly admitting its justice, but adding that he is only one of forty millions!

*August 28th.*—Hamburg. The morning is fine; Hamburg is a most beautiful town.

*August 29th.*—Went to the Zoölogical Gardens and the Aquarium, but we did not see more than half of the "Zoo" before a heavy rain came on, and we returned to the hotel. So much of this collection as we saw was very fine. The

Aquarium is small, but very complete ; the greatest curiosity in it is a water salamander from Japan, said to be the only living specimen in Europe ; it is a hideous-looking brute, and crawls lazily around the vessel in which it is kept.

In the afternoon I visited some of the most noted buildings in the ancient part of the city, among which the Church of St. Michael is, perhaps, the most interesting. There are some purely Gothic buildings in Hamburg.

*August 30th.*—Up at 4 ; left the hotel at 6 to go to the station, and the train left Hamburg at 7 ; we occupied, as usual, the entire first-class carriage ; everybody in Germany seems to travel second-class. The day was rainy until we reached Hanover, when it cleared. The country between Hamburg and Hanover is flat, prairie-like, and uninteresting ; much of it is in heather moors, with scarcely picking for sheep. After leaving Hanover, and between that city and Cassel, the scenery changes ; the country becomes rolling until the base of the Hartz Mountains is reached, when it is exceedingly beautiful. The road winds around the hills, making a constantly shifting panorama, of great diversity and splendor ; the country is highly cultivated, and the farms look like those of England and Scotland. The towns and villages are very numerous ; all the houses are roofed with red tiles, and at a distance they look like red patches on the green landscape. One of the most interesting of these towns through which the road passes after Hanover is Göttingen, with its great university of eight hundred or nine hundred students ; rough specimens of humanity they are too, if all accounts of them are true. They all smoke pipes, drink, and fight duels ; sometimes four or five duels occur in a day. These conflicts take place in a house just out of town ; few are killed, but not a duel takes place in which one or both are not wounded ; one youth is said to have fought twenty-seven ; I did not see him, but it is said his face and limbs are scarred all over.

At Cassel we stopped to dine, and after that there was not sufficient time to visit, as we intended, Wilhelmshee, the place of confinement of Napoleon the Third, after his surrender at Sedan. At the hour of leaving, a great crowd of peasants, of both sexes and all ages, gathered at the station to return to their homes, and they took the same train we were in as fourth-class passengers; they were packed in like cattle, with all their belongings; there were several hundreds of them, and as the train stopped at each station, a number went out; they were all jolly, and singing merrily.

We had a fine view of the palace, castle, and highly ornamented grounds of Wilhelmshee, where the train stopped a few minutes. There is a resemblance to Chatsworth in this place. The prison of the late emperor of France is surrounded by a dense forest, and must have been an irksome place for him. Here Jerome Bonaparte, father of the American Bonaparte, lived, when he was king of Westphalia.

The country between Cassel and Eisenach is very splendid. The road runs through the winding valleys on a level with the mountain streams, and only in one instance does it go through a tunnel.

We reached Eisenach at 9 P.M. instead of 6, as we were told on starting, and which, had we known it, would have induced a division of so long a journey; this, however, is a sample of the universal ignorance of those whose duty it is to give accurate information to travellers. The porters in the European hotels are the usual sources of such information, but I have been so often deceived that I seldom refer to them. Our courier is as ignorant of travelling information as if he was a total stranger in the country, and when I set him right he is not amiable.

We were driven to the "Hotel Zum Rantenkranz," and as it was late we retired supperless from choice.

*August 31st (Sunday).—Eisenach.* Up at 6. Our windows open on a beautiful, well-paved, and clean square, sur-

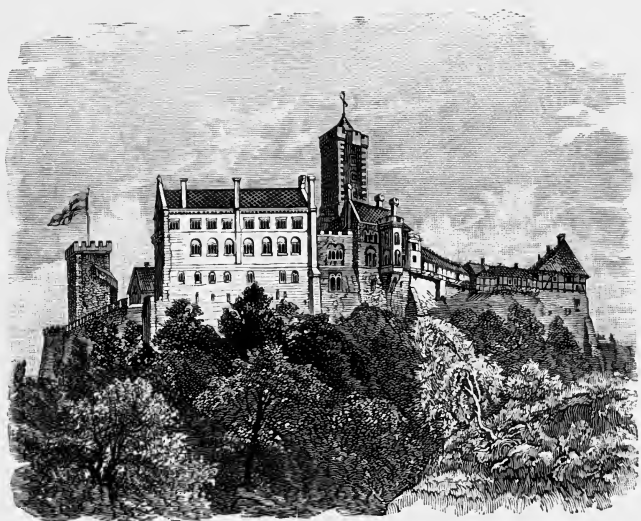
rounded by nice buildings, with a fountain in the centre, and a high-wooded hill, crowned with a house in the background.

The servants are flocking to the fountain with their neat, clean tubs on their backs to get water, and the boys are going to school with their books in their satchels. Eisenach is a stirring town at this early hour. The shops were opened at 7, and closed at 9, when divine service began ; they were reopened at 11, when the service was over.

I attended service at the principal church ; the form was Lutheran. The building is, perhaps, two hundred years old ; the interior is large, and will contain a vast congregation ; it has four tiers of galleries. The church was well attended. Like all churches of the Lutheran denomination this one is severely plain ; its adornments consist of some carved and gilded tablets, a suit of armor, some visors, and other antique things, concerning which I could get no reliable information. I was very much impressed with the dignity and deep solemnity and harmony of the congregational singing, which begins with the sound of the first note of the organ. Like the Scandinavian vocal service it is slow, well measured, and beautifully rounded, the cadences and inflections of the voices are so regular that they seem to be almost univocal. I never heard church singing which so entirely harmonized with my idea of the true and proper mode of worship. Would that we could imitate it in our American churches, and utterly discard the choir, which cannot be considered worship at all. "Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise."—*The Cotter's Saturday-night*.

The sermon, being in German, did not interest me. The devotion of the congregation during prayer was a striking feature in the service.

This is a very neat and clean town. We strolled through a part of it and saw a ruined tower and gallery which has a Roman look ; many of the houses are quaint looking. The people are primitive and simple in their dress and manners ;



Luther's retreat when protected by the Elector of Saxony after the  
Diet of Worms. 1521.



they adhere closely to their old costumes, some of which, especially those of the peasantry, are very picturesque. We visited a house in which Luther occupied rooms before he was married; that in which he slept is very small and low, and the sitting-room is not much larger; each has only a single window in it.

We visited the Castle of Wartburg, the ancient seat of the Landgraves of Thuringia, rendered famous as being the prison or, more properly, the refuge of Martin Luther after his denunciation by the Papal Bull in 1521. It was when on his way home from the Diet of Worms, where the great reformer vindicated his faith so boldly and ably, that he was waylaid in the Thuringian forest by a party of armed men in masks who seized, bound, and hurried him off to this castle. Luther himself, it is said, was not aware of the true meaning of his arrest until he arrived and found that he was the prisoner of his friend, the Elector of Saxony, who adopted this course to save his life, otherwise he would certainly have been assassinated.

The Wartburg is situated on the summit of a hill, six hundred feet above the town, and is surrounded by other hills which are covered with dense forests. The views on all sides from the castle windows are exceedingly wild and beautiful, especially that from the windows of Luther's room, which takes in a great expanse of beautiful landscape. It was while he occupied that room that he translated the greater part of the Bible. The chamber is said to be nearly in the same condition as when he left it; the furniture is the same. There are also paintings of his father and mother, which were taken from life by Cranach, and a pen and ink portrait of himself, also some of his books and two manuscripts, which seemed to be letters written and signed in his own hand. The furniture is such as was used in his time, unadorned with paint or varnish; rude enough. The chapel contains the identical pulpit he preached in, and there is a rude stone

baptismal basin which he used in administering that sacrament. This castle contains many other objects of interest, such as a large collection of ancient armor, some of which belonged to distinguished personages; the most modern is a coat of steel mail, which was taken from the body of a Saxon dragoon, who fell in the war of 1870 with France. The fatal bullet entered in front, and passed out at the back, making two frightful holes in the steel plates, and, of course, penetrating the body, showing how useless is the formidable coat of mail of ancient times in these days of improved gunnery.

On descending from the castle we extended our drive to the Landgrafenloch, and a more beautiful and interesting one we never had before.

*September 1st.*—Cloudy, cool, and autumn like. At 6 this morning the great square in front of our windows was filled with boys and girls going to school, with their well-filled satchels on their backs. The procession continued until 7, when not a child was to be seen. The secret of the strength of Germany is the compulsory system of education. At 9 the boys and girls came out of school, each party attended by a teacher, who started a game in which all united, the teachers taking the lead; in half an hour the children formed in line and marched back to school in order, and without noise.

We left Eisenach at 11.30 for Ems, and arrived there at 8. We had charming weather, and our route lay through a region of Saxony which is exceedingly beautiful, abounding in mountain, hill, and valley scenery, with fine forests, splendid cultivation, and many streams of water. We enjoyed the journey exceedingly, and reached "The Prince of Wales' Hotel" as fresh and free from fatigue as if we had only gone a few miles. The railways in Germany are good, and so are the carriages; again we had an entire carriage to ourselves, so little is the first-class used by travellers in this country; indeed, there is so little difference in the comforts and fitting



of the first and second-class carriages, that I would have tried the second, and saved one-third of the fare, were it not that Mrs. B.'s liability to cold makes it necessary that we should keep all the windows closed, even in warm weather, a privilege which we could not expect in the second-class, where there are others with us.

*September 2d.*—EMS. Ems is built on both sides of the River Lahn, which flows into the Rhine. It is a village of hotels and beautiful country seats and cottages, whither the sick and well resort in large numbers, during the season, which is limited between June and September. It is one of the most fashionable watering-places on the Continent ; hence, the hotels are fine, well kept, and expensive. The waters are warm as they rise from the springs, and are said to be highly beneficial for many diseases. They are quite palatable, and in the morning, from about 6 till 8 or 9, the springs are surrounded by thirsty groups ; and again in the evening, after dinner, ladies and gentlemen go along in procession to and from the springs, most of them carrying a glass with a handle, and many of them drinking half a dozen glasses at a time ; between the drinks the drinkers take a walk along the terraced bank of the river, under beautiful trees, or, should the weather not be fine, under a covered promenade, on one side of which there are shops filled with fancy wares. The town sits nestled among lofty cliffs on all sides, some of the summits of which are crowned with buildings and observatories, and the slopes are clothed with vineyards. Gambling has, within a year, been abolished, and the magnificent Kursaal is converted into beautiful concert, reading, and other saloons. Here newspapers, from far and near, are at the service of the visitors. Carriages and donkeys for hire are numerous, and the charges are reasonable.

This is a great fête day in Germany, being the third anniversary of the fall of Sedan ; a great event truly in the history of this country. Flags are displayed from the houses, and

there is a general rejoicing. We drove all over the place, and then along the banks of the Lahn, to the town of Nassau. The scenery is most varied and charming ; at Nassau there was a great gathering of the peasantry in a field ; they had a band of music and were dressed in their best costumes. On returning to Ems we walked on the great promenade, where the fashionable were gathered to hear the music of the fine band, and to show their fine things. We drank of the waters again and found them palatable.

## XXXVII.

Belgium ; Spa ; Metz ; Gravelotte ; Sedan ; Paris ; St. Denis ; Marseilles ; Esterel Range of Mountains ; Nice ; environs ; Paris ; Belleville. (September, 1874.)

*September 3d, 1873.*—Up at 4 for an early start ; the morning is beautiful. We started at 7 and reached Spa, Belgium, at 3 P.M., after passing through a beautiful region of Rhenish Prussia, down the left bank of the Rhine, via Coblenz, Bonn and Cologne. We put up at the “Hotel d’Orange,” where we found very comfortable quarters. Spa, Belgium, is beautifully situated in a valley, with lofty cliffs in the immediate neighborhood ; indeed, it may be said to be surrounded by lofty hills ; it abounds in magnificent drives and walks. The climate is bracing on account of its elevation, which is some one thousand one hundred feet above sea-level. The waters of its springs are strongly impregnated with iron ; they sparkle as they flow from the earth, and are pleasant to the taste.

*September 4th.*—The rain kept us in until about 2 P.M., when we took a drive, said to be “The Drive” of Spa. We continued to ascend for half an hour, and having reached the summit of one of the thickly wooded hills of the Ardennes, we drove some three miles to some of the springs, and then descended by another road, at each turn of which we saw a beautiful succession of views in the valleys and the distant hills. The country is very wild, and affords ample cover to both large and small game. Bears are hunted here. The public ground is on a level with the town, at the opening of

which there is a stand for musicians who play every day ; it is very fine, and is laid out in splendid gardens of flowers, shrubbery, and lawns, and the promenade is a magnificent avenue of heavy shade-trees, which afford entire protection from sun and rain. One of the greatest charms of Spa is, that visitors may walk or drive in the shade on almost every road which radiates from the town.

*September 5th.*—The rain kept us in nearly all day ; at a fair interval between the showers we went shopping, but bought only a few articles, made of the wood of Spa, which is cured and colored in the waters of the springs, and is ornamented with fine paintings. At the Casino, once the great gambling-house of Spa, but now a lounging-place for guests, I found some late files of the New York *Herald* (August 23d), and spent a couple of hours over them. None but those who have long been absent from home can estimate the value of a home newspaper. I took a “mineral water” bath, and almost fancied myself in a tub of champagne, the water is so highly impregnated with gases. The tub is first charged with a quantity of water sufficient for a bath, which is then heated to the required temperature, by the introduction of a current of steam ; by this means the gases are liberated, and bubble up to the surface in myriads of globules. When I was immersed, my skin was covered with them, and the gases were so pungent as to immediately affect my breathing. In less than a minute I experienced a sensation of faintness, and rising instantly saw my face in a glass ; it was almost purple, and had I remained longer, apoplexy might have ensued. I soon recovered, and ventured first one leg, and then the other, into the tub, but did not lie down again, and thus I took my bath. The bath-house is magnificent ; it cost eighty thousand pounds, and is replete with every comfort.

*September 6th.*—Up at 5 for an early journey to Metz. The weather is still cloudy, and the air is cool and damp, but

we are told there will be a change for the better on going south.

Started from Spa at 8 A.M., and arrived at Metz at 4 P.M., and put up at the "Hotel de l'Europe," which seems to be a good house; the whole route was interesting. The railway passes through a wild, mountainous, forest-covered country; here and there is a ruined castle or tower perched upon an eminence, which adds interest to the region. That part of Belgium which we passed through, until we reached the frontier of the Duchy of Luxembourg, is very beautiful, and the cultivation is much like that of England. The surrounding scenery of Luxembourg is very fine; it abounds in mountains and streams; the railway passes through many tunnels, on emerging from which the views are singularly beautiful. The city of Luxembourg was, until within a few years, one of the most strongly fortified in the world. All are now in ruins, but enough remains to show what a formidable place it was. The railway enters the city over a gigantic viaduct; the city appears below, and in its arrangement, it bears some resemblance to Jerusalem, as viewed from the Mount of Olives. On emerging from the duchy, the train enters German territory, which was, until 1871, a part of France. All along the way till Metz is reached it is almost a garden, so superior is the cultivation. We passed within sight of Thionville and Mezières, which bore the brunt of the late terrible strife, and still shows its evidences in many ways; the stone walls have been loopholed for musketry, and many of the buildings have been much battered. The heights in the neighborhood of Metz are now crowned with fortresses, which seem quite impregnable, on which the work of fortifying is actively progressing by the Germans, who are determined to do all they can to put the recapture of the place out of the question. The surroundings of Metz still show the terrible effects of the war; on all sides are to be seen demolished earthworks and charred timbers. The city is strongly fortified with

trenches and double walls which encircle it entirely, and it seems marvellous that it should have fallen, especially when, in addition to its great strength, it contained an immense army of one hundred and eighty thousand men. The fall of Metz can only be accounted for by starvation or treachery; the trial of Bazaine, which is soon to take place, may throw some light on the subject. The first thing that impressed us on entering the city was its lifelessness. Many of the shops were closed, and such as were open had a scanty show in their windows, where, it is well known, the French put as much of their wares as they can; the streets had only a few people in them, not a pleasant face was to be seen, there were as many soldiers as citizens, and the place had the appearance of a camp. On reaching the hotel, we found two sentinels guarding the gate; we were told that this was in honor of General Fransechi, the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, who lives in the hotel. At dinner, he sat at the head of the table, with his staff around him. He is the officer who led his brigade through a deep ravine, and up an almost perpendicular steep through a thicket, to charge the French left wing, and cut off their retreat at the battle of Gravelotte. He is a short, thick-set, bullet-headed, rosy-faced, jolly-looking German.

*September 7th* (Sunday).—There is no English service in Metz. We were introduced to Mr. Hamilton, an Englishman who has lived several years in Metz as a teacher, but whose occupation is gone since the war, in consequence of the removal of that class who employed him. He has become a guide to the battle-fields, and a most intelligent guide he is; so, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton, we started in a carriage, to view the field of the bloody carnage at Gravelotte. The weather was beautiful, and the air was clear and bracing; we had a fine view of the walls and moats of Metz as we drove through the four gates, and over as many bridges, before we got outside of the city. The four moats are filled with

water from the Moselle. Metz is far more strongly fortified than I supposed when I attempted my description yesterday ; I cannot understand how it is possible to capture a city so strongly entrenched, even with the arms of modern warfare.

On emerging into the open highway on passing the last gate, we entered village after village on our way to the positions of the French and German lines. All these villages have some interesting incident attached to them growing out of the war ; for instance, at Longueville, a small place about three miles from Metz, the Emperor Napoleon took refuge in an humble house, behind a high stone wall, on his way to Châlons to get another army in aid of Bazaine ; he was accompanied by his young son ; while resting there, a Prussian shell fell in front of the house, and shattered it terribly. It was ascertained that a party of Uhlans had discovered the Emperor's retreat and shelled the house, hoping to finish him. Napoleon, however, escaped in disguise, reached Châlons, and brought up his army as far as Sedan, where he was attacked front and rear by a superior force, and compelled to surrender.

We drove along the high road as far as St. Privat, a small village on a vast plain ; here the right wing of the German army rested, and extended six miles in length and four in breadth, confronted by the French army, which stretched nearly as far. On this vast plain, which is slightly rolling, the awful battle of Gravelotte was fought, on the 18th day of August, 1870. The French army was one hundred and ninety thousand strong, that of the Prussians, two hundred and twenty thousand, a grand total of four hundred and ten thousand ; the battle was opened at 10 A.M., by an attack of the Prussian right wing, and it soon became general, and lasted till 8 in the evening, when both armies sank on their arms from sheer exhaustion. During the night Bazaine was obliged to retreat on Metz, and on summing up the losses on both sides,

they were found to amount to the horrible total of killed and wounded, of eighty thousand men ! These losses were nearly equal, that of the Germans a little the largest.

Three years have rolled by since that horrid crime, and the great field on which it was enacted would not now be recognized as the scene of such an event, but for the numerous tumuli, mounds, and graves which dot the surface, each surmounted by a wooden cross, bearing no other inscription than the never-to-be-forgotten 18th of August, 1870, surmounted by a copy of the iron cross, which was conferred alike on the living and the dead. There are also several prouder monuments in stone, decorated with bronze eagles, which mark the places of burial of the more distinguished. Here fell a whole corps of cuirassiers of the body-guard of Queen Augusta, who erected the monument which marks the bloody spot ; there fell an entire regiment of the Royal Guard, and the proud monument, from whose summit the visitor can view the entire field, was erected by the Prussian King to commemorate the holocaust. On this vast plain stand some eighteen or twenty villages, all of which tell the story of violence, in their battered and broken-down houses and churches and loopholed walls. We visited the ruins of a church, which was filled by Frenchmen after their arms were rendered useless ; Prussian shells drove them out, and, as they emerged, they were slaughtered by Prussian bayonets, as we were told by eye-witnesses. The soldiers of each army came to hand to hand encounters in the houses of these villages, and Frenchmen and Prussians were, in some instances, found as they fell, each transfixed by the other's weapon. In the ravine, up the steep sides of which General Fransechi's brigade clambered, the men had to press closely together to enable them to mount the steep ascent, and when they reached the top, some dropped from the ranks who had been shot dead while ascending !

We dined at Gravelotte, at an inn kept by a Frenchman ;



indeed, all the little villages still retain their French inhabitants, because they are too poor to move away. No language can describe the anguish of these poor people, who are so thoroughly French that they can never become Germanized ; they look upon the Germans with feelings of intense hatred, and both people and priests instill the idea of revenge into the minds of the children. The war is only smothered for awhile ; both nations may soon again whet their swords for a conflict which, it is thought, is sure to come sooner or later. We were taken to a farmer's cottage in Gravelotte, where Napoleon and his little son rested on their way to Châlons ; the humble chamber they occupied is just as they left it. The poor emperor, exhausted by bodily weakness and discouraged by defeat, was glad to eat the humble meal prepared by the good old woman for her husband. As I entered she extended her hand, and drew it away again to wipe her eyes. When, to cheer her up, I clapped her on the shoulder and cried, "Vive la France !" she shook her head, and said : "France perdue ! We are no more French ; we must stay here."

In all the villages which are scattered over this vast field of one of the most fearful battles that has yet stained the page of history, we saw many of the poor French people, whose all is here, and who are too much impoverished to leave the soil where they were born. Not a smiling face did we see ; all, even the children, looked sad and thoughtful. The mystery of the three defeats of France, which followed in rapid succession on the 14th, 16th, and 18th of August (the battles of Borny, Rezonville, and Gravelotte), is easily understood when the facts are known that the commissariat was so wretched, that there was no food to give to the soldiers ; the consequence, of course, was almost utter demoralization ; in fact, the French army was almost in a state of insubordination from this cause before the battles commenced ; yet, in the face of all these colossal difficulties, the French

fought well ; and in addition to this, when it is considered that the Germans outnumbered them, it may be truly said, that they fought better than their enemy, whose commissariat was complete in every respect, and who, indeed, had been preparing for the struggle long before war was thought of in France. The Germans deserve no credit for all their successes in France ; their enemy was weak from these causes, and it is only surprising, when all things are considered, that France did not sooner fall.

Now that the enormous amount of money with interest has all been paid to the uttermost sou by France, Germany is dissatisfied with herself for not demanding more ! How characteristic of this great, grasping nation !

At the head of our dinner-table sits a short, thick-set, bullet-headed, ruby-faced, jolly little man, in the uniform of a military officer of high rank, with an iron cross of the first order on his breast. On either side sit the members of his staff, and as each enters he walks to the head of the table, and bows profoundly to its burly occupant. That man is the German Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, or, in German, Elsass-Lothringen. He is the gallant Fransechi, who made the memorable charge on the French left wing at the battle of Gravelotte. He had obtained permission from the Prussian King to march his forces through a deep and dark ravine, up the almost perpendicular side of a hill, for the purpose of cutting off the French, who, at that hour of the battle, seemed as if they would be victorious. Fransechi's division was formed in close, compact order, man to man, to enable them the better to force their way up the steep ascent. On they went till the summit was gained, when many dead dropped out of the ranks ; these were men who had been shot as they ascended, and were so tightly wedged between their fellows that they could not be released until the level was reached. But gallant as was this movement it proved unavailing ; so vigorous was the French attack, that

only a remnant of Fransechi's men escaped, and on the spot where fell that brave band a multitude is buried, whose story is briefly told on a tablet erected to their memory.

*September 8th.*—A fine morning. Visited the Cathedral, which is remarkable for its size, dignity, and majesty of architecture, and its magnificently painted windows, some of which are said to be the finest in Europe. This Cathedral is also remarkable for its severe plainness and want of internal ornament ; in these respects it is not at all like a Roman Catholic church.

I walked through the city, and found it more than half deserted, many shops were closed and the people are sad and listless. It is manifest that there is a wide breach between the French and Germans ; the former take no notice of the latter. About six thousand of the latter have moved to Metz ; the better class, such as the families of military men, of the civil officers of the government, and judges of the courts, have no entrée into the better French families, and this is said to be annoying, so that many of this class of Germans stay a short time only. In short, the line is too severely drawn to be overstepped.

We left Metz for Sedan at 12, where we arrived at 5, and put up at the "Hotel de l'Europe," a comfortable old-fashioned house ; everything is clean and neat, the servants are attentive, and the table excellent.

The railway passes through a beautifully diversified country of hills, valleys, and streams ; but along the route are to be seen the harrowing evidences of the late bloody war in roadside graves, marked with crosses, ruined and newly repaired houses and loopholed walls.

The approach to Sedan is beautiful ; the country is thickly settled with pretty little villages, the most interesting of which is Bazeilles, a near neighbor to Sedan, on account of the part it took in the war. There were six hundred houses

and two thousand inhabitants. Scarcely a vestige of the former, and less than three hundred of the latter escaped the horrid cruelty of the Germans. The entire town was burned, and men, women, and children with it, as we were told. The non-combatants took refuge in cellars and other places of concealment, when the Bavarians entered and set fire to the place, and drove back to the flames those who attempted to escape, and shot others who were fleeing. When the Prussians left Bazeilles, not a house was left in the place ; a fearful smell of burnt flesh filled the air, and the bones of the inhabitants lay on the thresholds of their own dwellings. This was on the 2d of September, 1870, after all the stunning blows and overwhelming defeats of the miserable, disorganized French army, and after the surrender of their Emperor ! The pretence for this horrible crime, unparalleled except among barbarians, was, that the inhabitants fired upon the German soldiers from the windows of their houses ; who would not ? Ages will not wipe out the horrible disgrace of this German butchery ; it will stand out in bold relief on the face of history, with the broken treaty of Prague, which they flaunt to-day in the face of the world in the pride of their power. They will not restore stolen Schleswig to Denmark, pursuant to the fifth article of the treaty, because, they now allege, that France, who put that article into the treaty, is now humbled ! As if Denmark must be deprived of her rights on such a shallow pretext ! The authority for the above statements as to Bazeilles is Captain Fitz George, of the British army, whose book, published in London in 1871, contains them. He was, I believe, an eye-witness of the events he describes, and I have not found that his statements have been contradicted or explained away.

*September 9th.*—Sedan. Up at 5. Employed Mr. Thompson, the English guide, to go with us and show us the battle-fields in and around Sedan, and the remarkable places connected with the late war. We started at 9 A.M. in a carriage

and drove to Donchery, a neighboring village, where the Crown Prince of Prussia, Bismarck, and other German notables had their headquarters. On the return, we visited "The Weaver's Cottage," where Napoleon had his interview with Bismarck after his surrender. The interview began at the cottage-door, and was continued in a chamber in the second story, in which is the same table and two chairs which constituted the furniture then and now. On the mantelpiece is a small glass case, containing four gold pieces, each of twenty francs, which the poor defeated sovereign gave the weaver's wife on leaving; also a photograph of Napoleon and Bismarck.

On our way we saw the ground occupied by the French and German armies, the first numbering about one hundred thousand men, and the other two hundred and nine thousand. So rapid were the movements of the Prussians and their allies, and so slow those of the French, that before they were aware of it a complete cordon was formed around them, which soon insured their utter defeat, and the surrender of eighty-three thousand men.

We drove to the Château-de-Bellevue, where Napoleon met the Prussian King, and where the capitulation was signed. Mr. Thompson told us that the owner of this château, whose property had been used by the high German officials, his wines consumed, his furniture destroyed, and the house afterward pillaged of nearly its whole contents, wrote to the Prince Imperial of Germany, and requested restitution, on the ground that it was an exceptional case, and as his château had been used by them, and his property consumed, he considered that he had a claim as a non-combatant to indemnity; to this the Prince replied, that he could take no notice of the demand.

We drove over the ground occupied by the Prussian forces, along the lands of the River Meuse, to the village of Bazeilles, which was totally destroyed, and its people

butchered, without regard to sex or age ; several of the houses have been rebuilt, but enough of the ruins remain to horrify and disgust the beholder ; Germany can never wipe out the stain of this act of barbarism. But Bazeilles was not alone the victim of their vengeance against a weak and innocent peasantry. An author, who leans strongly to the German side (Archibald Forbes, an Englishman), in his book entitled, " My Experiences of the War Between France and Germany," says " that the burning villages lighted up Sedan on all sides." This same author, in speaking of the manner of celebrating their victories, says that they did not carouse, but sang psalms.

We were glad to get out of the ruins of Bazeilles, a sickening sight indeed, and we then drove to La-Moncelle, another village which had also been nearly all destroyed by this nation which celebrates its brutal successes by praising God. Very near this village, MacMahon was severely wounded and was carried off the field ; the spot is marked by a commemorative monument. In this neighborhood the French lines extended many miles. We were shown the places where they made gallant attacks on their powerful enemy and swept them down by hundreds. Here, many tumuli and graves are seen where thousands were buried ; it is said that the ground in this region was literally covered with the carcasses of men and horses. The grand total of slain on both sides in the battles around Sedan of three days, was thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, besides wounded, of whom a vast multitude died.

*September 10th.*—We have resolved to go on to Paris ; Mrs. B. is not well, and we must omit our visit to Rheims.

We started at 8 A.M. and reached Paris at 5.20 P.M. and drove to No. 35 Rue de Luxemburg.

*September 11th.*—Moved to the " Hotel de l'Alma," where we are quite comfortable.

*September 17th.*—This is the seventh rainy day and it is

growing colder. We dined at the "Hotel Bristol," with Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Stuart.

*September 23d.*—Fine weather continues. We moved to the "Hotel Castiglione," where we are more comfortable than at the "Hotel de l'Alma."

*September 29th.*—Breakfasted with my old friend Samuel J. Tilden, at the "Hotel Bristol." He takes a very gloomy view of the financial situation of the United States. Everybody (that is, of the Americans in Paris) is despondent at the news from home.

*September 30th.*—Spent two hours in the Gallery of the Louvre, which always pleases the oftener it is visited.

*October 1st.*—Moved again, the fourth time in as many weeks ; we are now pleasantly situated in the "Hotel du Parlement," on the Boulevard Madeleine, where we have a fine suite of rooms, large and airy, and a sunny exposure.

*October 4th.*—A hot and sultry day. Drove to the Butte Chaumont, a lovely park in the outskirts of Paris, where the Communists were defeated with great slaughter, in 1871.

*October 7th.*—We visited St. Denis. The Abbey Church is, of course, the chief attraction ; it is a grand edifice, one of the most magnificent Gothic structures, perhaps, in the world ; it was founded by Dagobert, early in the seventh century, and is consequently upward of twelve hundred years old. From the reign of its founder it has been the burial-place of the sovereigns of France. It has survived the violence of many wars and revolutions, the marks of which it bears. Time has done less to disfigure this stately pile than man, from whose blind rage it has suffered terribly ; this is especially visible in the windows, in which but little of the stained glass remains, and it is both interesting and curious to mark in the various restorations of these windows the different degrees of progress and retrogression in the art of glass staining. There is in this grand Cathedral some of the finest glass perhaps to be seen anywhere, and in greater profusion than in

any other church in Europe. In the Revolution of 1793, the vaults containing the royal dead were emptied, and their contents, in various stages of decomposition, were turned into a great trench dug near the church. It is said in the history of that affair, that a soldier cut off the mustache of Henry IV. and wore it. During the reign of Louis XVIII. the remains were taken from the ditch into which they had been ignominiously cast, and deposited in a great vault underneath the church. Vast sums of money have been expended from time to time on the restoration of the building within this century ; as I am informed some two million dollars have been so used.

The history of this Abbey Church is most interesting, stretching as it does upward of twelve hundred years back ; its abbots were distinguished both in Church and State. Within its walls Henry IV. renounced Protestantism, and became a Roman Catholic, actuated by political motives.

The high altar is elevated many steps above the floor, and on the right of the ascent is a strange-looking Gothic monument to the memory of Dagobert and his Queen. There are some magnificent monuments in the transepts : one to Louis XII. and his Queen, another to Henry II. and Catharine de Medicis, his Queen, and the third to Francis the First and Claude, his Queen.

Scattered over the church are several other monuments, such as that to Francis, the second husband of Mary Queen of Scots, another to Henry the Third, another to the fourth Henry. The transepts and chapels are filled with various monuments and long ranges of royal tombs, in chronological order, each with a recumbent effigy on it.

This magnificent Cathedral may be regarded as a volume of French history.

*October 16th.*—Another fine day. Called on Dr. Louis Ménard (3 Place Sorbonne), my Egyptian friend ; spent some time in looking over his vast stores of ancient curiosities, coins, medals, engravings, and books, and afterward rambled



with him along the quay, looking at collections of old coins and buying a few selected by him.

*October 18th.*—I spent five hours with M. Ménard, which were very interesting and instructive.

*October 23d.*—Drove to Ménard's, and spent a couple of hours most agreeably among his treasures of antiquity.

*October 29th.*—The grand Opera House, built in 1821, was totally destroyed by fire last night.

*November 4th.*—Started at 10 A.M. for Cannes. The day is magnificent, and we enjoyed the journey thoroughly.

*November 5th.*—Arrived at Marseilles at 6.30 A.M., scarcely fatigued by our long journey of five hundred and thirty-six miles from Paris. Got breakfast, and started again at 7 for Cannes, where we arrived at 1.30 P.M., one hundred and twenty miles, in all six hundred and fifty-six miles in twenty-six and one-half consecutive hours. At the station we found our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Parsons, who came to meet us, and take us in their carriage to the "Hotel Alsace-et-Lorraine," where we found rooms with a fire ready for us.

After passing Avignon, we experienced a manifest change in the temperature, which is far milder than that of Paris. Here the olive flourishes, and marks a decided change of climate. Farther on toward Marseilles flowers were in bloom, and before we reached Cannes every garden was brilliant with them, and the palm, fig, pomegranate, olive, and orange were most abundant and flourishing. The air was soft, balmy, and genial, a rapid transition from winter to summer.

*November 6th.*—What a charming morning after a fearful night of wind, rain, lightning, and thunder. It is warmer than yesterday, but suddenly there arose a violent "mistral," or northwest wind, which rolled the sea in huge waves on the beach, and when it subsided in two hours, the air was at least six or eight degrees cooler. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons came early to take us to their villa to spend the day, and breakfast

and dine with them. Mrs. B. was not well enough to go, and I went to breakfast, and returned at 3 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons have a magnificent villa and garden, beautifully furnished.

*November 7th.*—I never saw so fine a 7th of November, that I can recollect. The sky is cloudless, and the sun warm and brilliant. We opened our windows at noon, and found the air warm and vitalizing. Our surroundings are beautiful, a great variety of flowers are in full bloom in the grounds, and the palm, olive, fig, orange, aloe, and other tropical fruit trees are in splendid condition.

*November 10th.*—This has been such a day as I imagine must have shone in Paradise. The sky was cloudless, the sun bright and warm, the air balmy and summer-like, and at the same time so fresh as to admit of active exercise from morning till evening. Cannes is well situated as a resort for invalids. The Alps protect the town in the rear from the north wind, the mountain belt is complete, and spans the town from end to end. Originally it was only a small fishing village, composed of a few dwellings, which clustered around the base of Mont Chevalier, a walled elevation crowned by a ruined castle of the tenth century, and the ancient church of Notre Dame. Cannes has, indeed, acquired all its importance since 1837, when Lord Brougham, travelling on the Riviera in search of climate, and intending to go farther south, was accidentally detained there, and finding it just the place he was looking for, he settled there until his death. The Alpine slopes, which completely environ the place, are beautifully cultivated and dotted all over with hotels and villas, all facing the south, and looking seaward. It is hardly possible to hide anything on this extensive surface from the light and heat of the sun ; nearly every house is covered in front by its rays from morning till evening, as the sun describes a very small arc at that season of the year when Cannes is most resorted to.

One of the grandest scenic features of the neighborhood is the Esterel range of mountains, which form a spur of the Alps, shooting many miles out to sea on the west. These mountains raise their towering heads aloft, looking like giant sentinels, and assuming a sublimity and beauty (especially when the sun has sunk below their summits) which it is not easy to describe. On the opposite, or east side of the bay, stands the "Isle St. Honorat," and between it and the beach the "Isle Ste. Marguerite," which break the force of the sea during the severe gales which often prevail and rise suddenly. On this latter island is a ruined castle, in one of the dungeons of which the "Man in the Iron Mask" was confined, in 1686—twelve years, and died in the Bastile, 1703.

*November 16th* (Sunday).—A day of almost unexampled loveliness, clear and warm. Mrs. B. walked a little in the garden ; I went to St. Paul's, and heard the beautiful Episcopal service mumbled over, and a sermon of exactly eleven minutes.

*November 17th.*—Splendid weather continues ; we walked in the forenoon, and drove on the Antibes road in the afternoon. Every field and garden is in full bloom, and there seems nothing wanting to make it a scene of enchantment ; another Elysium.

*November 18th.*—This is the finest day of all ; it is quite perfect. We walked again, a long distance for my wife, without fatigue ; her health is greatly improved ; she sleeps all night, and wakes in the morning without a cough, which is wonderful for her ; she would be quite well but for the rheumatism, which is also better.

*November 19th.*—This morning Mr. Parsons called and took me to a boat, and went to the Isle of Ste. Marguerite, where we visited the great fortress, built in the seventeenth century, which has been used for several years as a State prison. We were shown into cell No. 5, where that prisoner, whoever he was, the "Man in the Iron Mask," was

kept. It is a large, vaulted chamber, with two doors of enormous strength, double barred and locked, and lighted by a single window with three independent iron gratings, but formerly with four, of great strength. This window looks toward Cannes, and takes in as much of the view as can be obtained through walls of twelve feet in thickness. From the top of the signal-tower, which crowns this fortress, most extensive and beautiful views can be had at all points. In a clear day, to the southeast, Corsica is visible. On the west, the splendid Esterel Mountains raise their lofty peaks, and, stretching inland northward, meet the magnificent range of the Maritime Alps, of which they form a spur. On the north, and extending from the shore in crescent shape, and rising gradually up the hilly slopes, stands the town of Cannes, and its suburban hotels and villas. Beyond the first range of hills rises a second, whose summits are crowned with numerous villas, and still farther north rises the grand Alpine chain, whose summits are covered with snow. These successive and unbroken mountain-belts form an impenetrable barrier to the cold winds of the north and east, and their slopes, facing the beautiful Mediterranean on the south, amply and satisfactorily account for the genial warmth of the climate. From sunrise to sunset Cannes is illuminated and heated with an almost unvarying temperature.

At the auvent, within the walls of the fortress, our skipper, who is owner and commander of the *Avengeur*, and who has spent most of his life in the French navy, prepared our luncheon, and, after viewing all that was interesting, we gladly accepted his invitation to a breakfast of "boullabaisse," a dish composed of fish, lobster, onions, and other unknown condiments and ingredients, savory enough to the taste of the hungry, but not the most wholesome to those of delicate digestion.

After seeing Ste. Marguerite we again embarked and stood out to sea, but the ground-swell and the boullabaisse com-

bined produced a sensation akin to *mal de mer* in some of the party, who saw the prow of the *Avengeur* turned toward the Isle of St. Honorat with a feeling of relief. Here we landed among the beautiful pines, and strolled on the island, visiting, as we went along, several ruined forts, which were erected for defence against the Saracens and Barbary pirates, a strongly fortified convent and church, erected in the twelfth century, both rapidly going to decay, the convent still in use ; several monks occupy it for the instruction of boys, who are taught agriculture, etc. We saw several of the Brotherhood, in long frocks, fastened at the neck and reaching to the heels, with hoods of the same material on their heads, leaving only their brown faces visible. Some were gathering olives, and others were guarding sheep. With the aid of our glasses we could see distinctly the ruins of forts, at short distances apart, all along the coast, showing how difficult it must have been to protect the country from the pirates who infested it for years.

The return to Cannes was rendered most interesting, by the peculiar phases of the scenery on both land and water, arising from a cloudy sky, through openings in which the setting sun shone with peculiar brilliancy, lighting up now a small portion of the town, then a little village, perched upon a mountain-top, with its church spire glittering in the rays, like a jewel set in the landscape ; again, a green slope was lighted up, contrasting strangely with the dark surroundings. We reached the landing at 4, after a day of unalloyed delight, and found our wives waiting for us in Mr. Parsons' carriage, which took us to our respective homes.

*November 20th.*—Walked in the forenoon, and drove on the "Boulevard California" in the afternoon. This boulevard is built to the summit of the first range of hills, which rises from the shore of the Mediterranean, and from it is obtained magnificent and extensive views of the sea and the land, and in a clear day Corsica is easily made out. The

views from the citadel of the Isle of Ste. Marguerite, yesterday, were of Cannes and its mountain backgrounds, to-day they were of Cannes and the magnificent water front.

*November 28th.*—A magnificent, clear, dry morning. We drove several miles on the Frejus road to the base of the Esterel Mountains, where we saw groves of magnificent stone pines and cork trees. The country is most beautiful, in full leaf, and the roses and flowers are in full bloom.

*November 29th.*—I awoke at 5, and, from my bed, watched the coming of the first rays of dawn, white and cold looking, but soon tinted with the glow of the rising sun, which emerged from the Mediterranean bright and warm at 7. It was a glorious sight, one which is seen here nine mornings out of ten. The atmosphere is almost immediately warmed, and fires are really not required except in the evening, and not then when one is in ordinary health.

*December 2d.*—Another charming day. Started after breakfast and drove to the deserted village of Napouli, situated at the base of the Esterel Mountains, distant five or six miles from Cannes. The drive is beautiful, and comprises a view of Grasse and several other towns which are perched on the summits of the surrounding hills and spurs of the Alps. There is a splendid ruin of a mediæval fortress and castle at Napouli, which stands in silent grandeur on the edge of the cliff overhanging the shore, and commands a splendid view of Cannes, the surrounding country, and the distant range of snow-covered mountains.

*December 3d.*—Never was there finer weather ; this whole day has been cloudless and summer-like ; we took a drive of two hours. *Galignani's Messenger* brought us the deplorable news of the foundering of the *Ville de Havre* at sea, with the loss of two hundred and twenty-six lives. An English steamer ran into her, and she sank in ten or twelve minutes.

*December 4th.*—The beautiful weather continues. We went in a landau to Cape d'Antibes, distant about eight miles ;

everything conduced to make it a drive of unusual interest and pleasure. The scenery is exquisite and varied, combining the lovely meadow decorated with flowers, hills clothed with verdure, or gray with olive trees, mountains grand in their barrenness, and, beyond and above all, the majestic snow-clad Alps.

Our road lay through the village of Golfe-Juan, which is interesting as the spot where Napoleon landed in March, 1815, on his return from Elba ; a memorial column of that event is seen here. We visited the "Grand Hotel," on the Cape, and found it a most comfortable house, and one which commands very extensive views of both the land and the sea.

*December 6th.*—At 6 A.M. the full moon lighted up the landscape ; the eastern horizon was slightly tinged with the dawn ; at 7 it reddened rapidly, and in a few minutes the glowing sun rose from its Mediterranean bath, and at 7.30 the earth and sea were brilliantly illuminated, and the temperature rapidly changed from the coolness of autumn to the genial warmth of summer.

At 9 we started for Auribeau, distant eight miles ; the drive was enchanting, the air very dry, bright, and mild, and the scenery a constant shifting panorama, combining river, meadow, valley, hill, and mountain views of great beauty. The products of the valleys are chiefly flowers of all the varieties used in making perfumes, which is the chief business carried on in this region.

The village of Auribeau is seen at a sudden turn in the road, crowning the top and sides of a conical hill, and presenting an exceedingly picturesque appearance.

*December 9th.*—We started at 9, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, for Grasse, where we arrived at 12 ; the day was very fine, and the country magnificent. Grasse lies northwest of Cannes, and is built on the side of a hill which overlooks a vast expanse of sea and land. This whole region is devoted to the culture of the olive and grape, which are

the staple productions ; besides these, immense fields of every variety of the sweetest flowers are cultivated to supply the perfume distilleries, which carry on an immense business with Paris and all the cities of Europe. It is impossible to conceive of more picturesque views than the valleys present ; every turn of the road shows new beauties. Here are groups of the stately umbrella pine ; farther on, a hill rises to view, covered with a village ; villas dot the hillsides all over, amid forests of gray olive trees interspersed with the cork oak. Grasse is an ancient town, with some twelve thousand people. It contains a venerable Cathedral, from the terrace of which there are extensive views of mountain, valley, and sea.

*December 23d.*—At Nice. Dr. Montanari advised Mrs. B. to ride out, and we were driven to Cimies, as far as the Roman amphitheatre, and returned by way of the Promenade des Anglais.

1874.

*January 16th and 17th.*—Both stormy days ; raining steadily. The River Paglione, which flows under our windows, is slowly rising.

*February 14th.*—In the early morning the fountain in the garden of our hotel had a thin coat of ice on it. Mrs. B.'s improvement is scarcely perceptible. What a winter we have passed ! We have been delayed at Cannes and Nice since November 5th, by reason of Mrs. B.'s illness.

*February 15th (Sunday).*—At last the rain has come. The carnival, for which very extensive preparations have been in progress for some weeks, was to begin to-day ; but the rain prevented the intended processions and public displays of other kinds. The festival will be continued on the 15th and 16th of the month.

*February 16th.*—The rain continues ; the surrounding Alps are capped with snow, and the River Paglione, which



was a trickling stream over its almost dry bed, is a torrent to-day, tearing its way to the sea. In the afternoon there was a procession, in spite of the rain which fell copiously, and multitudes turned out to see it.

*February 17th.*—The sun shines bright and warm to-day. In the afternoon the city turned out *en masse* to see the carnival, for which more than usual preparations have been making for some weeks. The pageant was very extensive, and much art and skill were displayed in the planning and carrying out of many of the groups.

*March 15th* (Sunday).—It is evident that a mistral is in preparation; the wind is northwest, which is a sure indication of its approach; if it comes, it will be the first storm of the kind we have seen since our arrival in the Riviera in November last.

*April 5th* (Sunday).—It is raining and storming severely. The Paglione River has swollen from its insignificant rivulet into a tearing torrent and carrying everything before it.

*June 16th.*—The weather is a little cooler. All vegetation is perfectly splendid, everything is in full, fresh leaf, and flowers bloom on every side in endless variety; the magnolia is in perfection. Many of the shade trees that line the streets and promenades bear beautiful flowers, which are bursting out in bloom. The whole appearance of Nice has undergone a complete transformation since "the season" for visitors closed. The hotels, with the exception of two, and more than half the shops are closed. The inhabitants gather socially together in the cool of the evening, to chat and smoke, and the streets are nearly deserted. At sunset, the Promenade des Anglais is much frequented, and the people bathe in the sea in great numbers. The bathing kiosks are strung along the shore, gayly painted, and ornamented with flags and streamers.

The mountains which environ Nice have completely changed their aspect; instead of the red, gray, barren sides

and summits of the winter they have a beautiful green covering, dotted here and there with the more sombre verdure of the olive. On the other side of the river, in full view of our windows, the Boulevard of Acacias, which, in winter looked like a grove of barren logs and sticks, now affords a cool and impenetrable shade for the market in the forenoon, and for loungers in the afternoon and evening. During the winter, it was used for drilling some of the million of fresh recruits which France is preparing for another struggle with her deadly enemy ; morning and evening, early and late, men are disciplined in the Boulevard to the use of arms ; many a sham fight, in which the men rushed at each other with the murderous French bayonet, have I seen there. Now, how changed ! the arts of peace are there where only those of war were lately practised.

*June 19th.*—The patient continues to improve. At 1 P.M. we started from the hotel, Mrs. B. was carried down stairs to the carriage, and from there in an invalid's chair to the railroad car ; a bed was made up in our coupé-lit, and she was laid on it. Our friend Mr. Vesey, U. S. Consul, came to see us off, and gave Mrs. B. a magnificent bouquet. All went well on the journey, and the patient improved by the change of air till we passed Toulon, and got about one hundred miles, when she began to feel fatigue. At Marseilles, Mr. and Mrs. Day met us at the station, and brought a beautiful basket of provisions and a variety of fruit. We started from Marseilles about 10 P.M., and after giving the patient her usual dose of morphine, she slept well and soundly through the night.

*June 20th.*—We reached Lyons at 6 A.M., got breakfast, and at 6 P.M. reached the station at Paris, where good Miss Leclere met us, and took Mrs. B. to our quarters at 35 Rue de Luxemburg in a carriage. Of course she experienced some pain after a very long and hot journey of six hundred and fifty-six miles ; but she is much better than I expected,

and no doubt the change will do her good, and restore her to health again.

*July 7th.*—A cool and beautiful morning. Toward evening it began to be very hot and oppressive. I visited the great collection of paintings and works of art, which are on exhibition at the halls of the Legislature, on the left bank of the Seine, for the benefit of the people of Alsace-Lorraine. The collection belongs to the French nobility and other distinguished individuals, and must be presumed to be very rare, and of the very highest order of art. I spent two hours in viewing only a small part of this great and wonderful collection, and after another visit will endeavor to note a few particulars.

*August 12th.*—In the afternoon I visited my esteemed savant, Louis Ménard ; found him hard at work in his garret home, almost buried in books, manuscripts, and works of art, in a great state of confusion to all other eyes but his ; as was exemplified to-day by his going to the very spot, and finding the book he wanted among a mass of others. As usual, he poured out a stream of learning, on Greek and Roman literature, mythology, and art, with all the unaffected simplicity of a child, and the fluency of one who is profoundly learned. He is utterly forgetful of his personal appearance, and, indeed, most other considerations, except the great pursuits of his life. It is most refreshing to visit him ; I am always benefited.

*August 15th.*—This, being the Festival of the Assumption, is a holiday in Paris. I went to Notre Dame, and saw the celebration of Grand Mass, in which the music was exceedingly fine ; then I went to the Church of the Hospital of the Invalids, and saw Mass, which was celebrated in true military style, by the veterans. The music, which was entirely martial, was very fine, but the service was not impressive.

*August 28th.*—Drove to the Butte Chaumont with Mr.

Vesey, and saw the places where the last of the Communistic rebels were shot and bayoneted by the hundred.

*September 5th.*—Another clear and cool morning ; in the afternoon I went, with Mr. Vesey, to visit the tomb of Lafayette (my second visit) ; drove also to the Place du Trône, and the scene of the executions in the Revolution of 1793. Adjoining the cemetery where Lafayette is buried, and walled off from it, is a small plot of ground, in which one thousand three hundred and six of the victims of that bloody era (the Reign of Terror) were buried. It was, in fact, a huge pit, into which they were thrown after decapitation by the guillotine, which stood in the immediate neighborhood.

We afterward drove to, and through, Belleville, the stronghold of the Communists in 1871, and saw the place where these brutes in human form shed the first blood ; where the two Generals, Thomas and Lecomte, and forty-eight others, were slain in cold blood, after going through the mock formality of a trial. The victims were marched through a lane, until they reached a small building, on the balcony of one of the windows of which sat the "Judge," who heard the accusation against each prisoner, and pronounced sentence of death, as he passed the mock tribunal to the place of execution, a few feet beyond, where a file of soldiers were posted to put the sentence into immediate execution. As they were shot down they were at once precipitated into a pit, while yet writhing in agony.

*September 9th, 1874.*—Wrote a letter to Abd-el-Kader, ex-Sultan of Algeria, and sent him a portrait and autograph of General Grant by the hands of Mr. Roe, of the American Bible Society, New York, who starts to-morrow for Constantinople and Beyrout, thence to Damascus. On Mr. Roe's arrival at Beyrout, he learned that Abd-el-Kader was on a visit to the interior, and he sent the portrait and letter to the Rev. Mr. Wright at Damascus for delivery ; but it failed to reach him, and nothing was heard of the package.

## SUPPLEMENT.

Extracts from the Diary of Mrs. Buckham, during the first seven weeks of the Siege of Paris by the Prussian Army, having been prevented from leaving by severe illness and the absence of Mr. Buckham on a short visit to the United States.

*September 16th, 1870.*—Paris. The city is greatly excited on account of the gradual but steady approach of the Prussian army, which is marching on with intent to besiege it. Being under the care of the doctor, who insists that there is no danger of a siege—in which opinion my friends, including Mr. Washburne, United States Minister, and the “American Colony” of two hundred concur—I rest quietly in the daily hope that my husband will return soon, when we will leave and resume our travels. There are only two persons besides myself in the hotel, and our larder is gradually diminishing in quality and quantity. Nothing now is served but beef and mutton, not of the best.

*September 17th.*—Consul-General Reed sent me notice to register my name with the “American Colony.” I did so, and he said it was necessary I should leave Paris to-morrow if possible, and that he would aid in making arrangements for my departure. Next day he called, and said that the secretary of Jules Favre strongly advised that I should procure a courier and not delay my departure, so I at once sent for our old courier, Cataldi. Upon reaching the depot, we learned that no train would start until the morning; so I directed the packing up as well as in my weak state of health I could; but, on again attempting to leave, was prevented

by the stoppage of the train, and I started in a carriage and drove to the nearest railway station. On the way I called on Messrs. John Munroe & Co., to procure funds for the journey, and these gentlemen advised me to consult Mr. Washburne, United States Minister, who would give me a permit to pass the lines. Under a change of circumstances, it became necessary to reduce the amount of baggage to be taken with me, so I repacked and took my two smallest trunks, leaving all the others at the banking-house of Munroe & Co. in Paris. Next day, accompanied by my courier, Cataldi, I purchased a coupé and a pair of horses, and having passed the French barriers and forts, all went well until we reached the Prussian lines, and were challenged. The officer was persuaded to let us pass, but on reaching the next cordon we were again challenged, and told by the officer in command that to pass was impossible, and we were turned back. To describe my emotions on this defeat of my hopes and purpose would be impossible. I did not apprehend any immediate, serious danger from this mishap, but the siege was an accomplished fact by this time, and Paris was exposed to the wild consequences resulting from the entry of the Prussian army, which, it was supposed, would sack and burn the city. It was the dread of such horrors hanging over one's head that made me most unhappy. I again consulted Mr. Washburne, who is confident of safety, and again I felt assured.

The next day I made my third application to our Minister for a permit to pass. He asked me why I did not remain, and earnestly assured me that all would result favorably. I thanked him for the new permit, and said I preferred to join my husband in London. My hotel had been turned into an ambulance, and I took a room in another hotel, where there were only five guests, all strangers to me, and French. Cut off from my husband and children; no mails—what could be more disheartening? On Monday I dined with Consul-General Reed and half a dozen American ladies

and gentlemen, and found it a great relief to see some of my own countrymen and hear them speak encouragingly, and I slept all the better for my "outing."

*October 12th.*—Still in Paris, patiently as possible awaiting an opportunity to escape. During the two past weeks I made many efforts to get away, but the great city was too closely guarded by its enemy; it was, in fact, hermetically sealed, with no egress, except by balloon, which a few successfully availed themselves of. Thus repeated disappointments hemmed me in, but my courage did not forsake me.

My sincere and ever-to-be-honored friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reed,\* of the house of Tiffany & Co., of New York and Paris, insisted on my staying with them, which was, indeed, a true and never-to-be-forgotten kindness, as I was entirely alone in the hotel, the great gates of which closed every night on me, the only guest. Meanwhile, the city was more quiet, and exciting rumors less frequent; there were yet enough of them, distressing and alarming in the highest degree. Provisions were much scarcer, deteriorating in quality, and rapidly duplicating and quadruplicating in price; common cheese, six francs a pound; codfish, usually three sous, now thirty sous; a small Dutch cheese, forty francs; a very small turkey, forty francs; a pair of small chickens, sixty francs; and to increase the anxiety and dread of the near approach of famine, notice was circulated that the stock of bread and wine in the city might, with economy, last three weeks; within a very few days, each person's rations were reduced to half a pound of meat per day, and for this extra was demanded.

By this time I found I had become well known for what the "American Colony" called my courage in making so many attempts to pass the Prussian lines. Meanwhile, as I afterward learned, my husband had exhausted every device and plan to communicate with me by letter. Mr. J. S. Morgan informed him that a pouch was being made up, in

which unsealed letters of London bankers and others would be forwarded and passed through the lines to Paris, and he kindly offered him the same privilege, which he accepted ; but alas, in a few days the pouch and contents were returned, permission to pass them being absolutely refused by the besiegers.

I had written him nine letters, which were sent by "balloon post," all of which, strange to say, reached him, though very irregularly.

My husband applied to influential friends in New York and Washington, which resulted in his receiving a letter from Mr. Motley, our Minister to the Court of St. James, inviting him to call. That gentleman heartily interested himself in the matter by promptly calling on the Prussian Minister in London, and, after several interviews, a correspondence was opened by Mr. Motley with Mr. Bancroft, our Minister in Berlin, who communicated with Prince Bismarck at Versailles, who instructed his secretary to forward a pass to Mr. Washburne, under which I finally reached London accompanied by my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reed and Mr. Charles Reed, their son, who, with three American gentlemen, availed themselves of a curious and most fortunate wording of a pass, which permitted myself and servant to leave Paris. The error was in the word "servant," which was written "seven," and on consulting Mr. Washburne, he advised to make up the party to that number.

The rigors of the siege began early to appear on the poorer classes, large numbers of whom came to the city, and so sudden and entirely unexpected was the event that thousands were shut up in the city and egress denied, so that all provisions might the sooner be consumed and capitulation or famine hastened.

I was in the daily habit, in fine weather, of walking in the streets, accompanied by my courier, and witnessing sights of terrible distress. Toward the end of my stay in Paris I



heard that animals of every kind, especially horses, were eaten. I had many opportunities of seeing harrowing sights from my windows. One day, a large gathering of all ages and sexes of French peasantry, who perhaps never begged before, were clamorous for alms, while the little children were eagerly searching the streets for something to satisfy hunger. What a gaunt, pale, hollow-cheeked crowd it was !

The party left Paris on October 25th, and reached London on November 1st. They travelled in their own carriages, each under the American flag, my courier acting as driver of my carriage. On passing one of the French forts my carriage was fired on, and we were placed under arrest and driven to the fort, where, after a detention of two hours, we were allowed to proceed.

On arriving at Rouen, having no farther use for my carriage and horses, which cost one thousand francs, they were disposed of for one hundred and fifty francs by my courier.

The journey from Paris to Rouen occupied nearly five weary days. The first night after leaving Paris we slept in cramped, narrow, exposed quarters ; wherever sunset found us we were compelled to lodge, and we felt ourselves happy even to possess any shelter. One night we passed in the green-room of a ruined and deserted theatre, through which the wind and storm had free sweep all night.

On leaving Versailles, we were given a double line of army wagons as an escort the first day, to protect us from the marauding Franc Tireurs ; a most kind and considerate act on the part of the German commanding officer, as afterward appeared from the number of depredators which scoured the highways in plain sight.

Despite our passes, written over the powerful signature of Bismarck, we received scant courtesy at the hands of some of the German officials, and, indeed, at one moment, feared that we would again be compelled to retrace our steps under

the rigorous military ruling to which we were subjected. We were, however, finally allowed to proceed, but only under close surveillance and examination. The attention we received at Versailles was, however, exceptional. The German officers showed us every courtesy and kindness, even to the giving up of a room, and waiting on Mrs. Reed and myself at table.

The persons composing our party were the first who were released from the siege of Paris.

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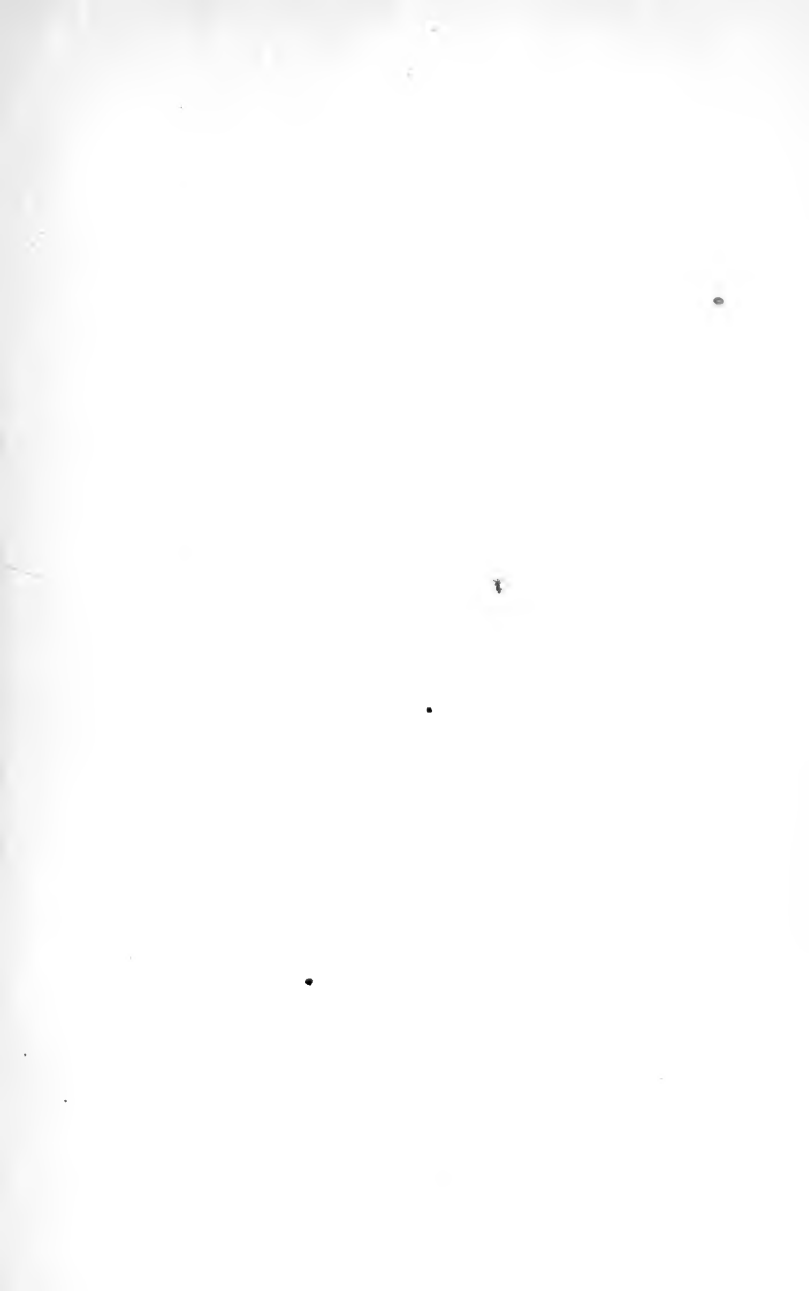
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